# Outdoor America

JANUARY, 1927

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

EL COMANCHO - JACOB M. DICKINSON - THOMAS AMBROSE
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN - WM. H. RINKENBACH

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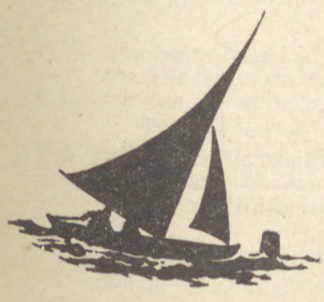

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

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*Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life*

# Outdoor America

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Drawn for Outdoor America by William Schmedtgen

Vol. 5 No. 6

January Outdoor America 1927

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# Credit or Debit?

*Most of us hope to do something really worth while during our brief span of life. John Howland found the answer to that age old question "what can I do?"*

By JOHN W. HICKORY

Illustrated by R. Hilson

JOHN HOWLAND sat before his wide desk trying to solve a problem which was troubling him greatly. After long thought, there seemed to be no starting point, no loose end that he could grasp and with this advantage follow through to a complete solution.

When he had any trouble with questions which arose in the big business of which he was the head he could usually touch a button, summon a clerk with a file, containing information, and out of it find trace of someone who had such knowledge on the subject in hand that would aid in its final determination. From the wealth of information in his office, as to men and materials, nothing could be found that was of any assistance.

John Howland, after years of hard work and close application, had built up a business which was running smoothly and efficiently. He had put into this business all of his time, his energy and the best years of his life, and now that it had reached the place where it did not need so much of his time and thought, he found that he did not have the strength for even the lesser duties. Alarmed, he consulted a great specialist, and was told that he must play, and he did not know how to play. His earliest recollection was of hard work on the rough hillside farm. At home all of his time was taken up with some sort of hard labor, as he grew older the tasks became heavier and harder. His mother and father were constantly toiling, trying to wring a livelihood out of the rocky and stubborn acres. Their existence was indeed difficult, but upon the drab background of work, were sketched on his mind in undimmed colors a few occasions of real joy.

When he was just a little chap, he was sent to the spring for water. While the big jug was allowed to lie in the spring to thoroughly cool, he would slip out of the few clothes that he wore, and feel the delicious prickling coolness of the water in the pool just below the spring, on his hot and dusty little body.

One day he found an old fishing pole on the bank of the little stream. He caught a grasshopper, impaled it on the rusty hook and dropped it into an eddy just below a big rock. There came a quick tug on his line, a wonderful electric thrill shook his arm and shoulder as the pole bent, and the line cut through the flecks of foam on the clear water. The fish was landed, and that night when it came on the table, it was not so much the taste of the freshly caught fish, as it was the look of pride in his father's eyes, which had lasted through the years.

These were the only chances that he had to play, for his father had died, leaving the care of his mother and the old farm on his young shoulders. In the long winter evenings he would sometimes sit before the wood fire in the old fireplace with his head against his mother's knee and dream of the time when he could again catch a fish, as wonderful as the one taken from his own little river.

When he had been told to play, a friend had suggested golf. He went out to a Country Club, where a professional tried to teach him, not the spirit of play, but rather how to stand, how to hold his head and his hands, how to swing the club, to follow through, and a dull technique. He looked out across the golf course, with its closely clipped fairways, and bushes, showing so much care and attention. He contrasted this with the tall trees and the tangled underbrush among which the birds sang and the rabbits dodged about on the high rounded hills of the old farm as they sloped down to the little stream. He knew that for him the spirit of play was not among surroundings so faultlessly manicured as a golf course, and he gave it up.

He wandered into a store in which out of door equipment was sold, thinking he would get some fishing tackle, go out to the old stream and catch a fish as wonderful as the one catch of his youth. There were long rows of show-cases filled with all sorts of appliances for the taking of any sort of fish. Along the wall were cases of rods. The salesmen were not unduly persuasive, and the

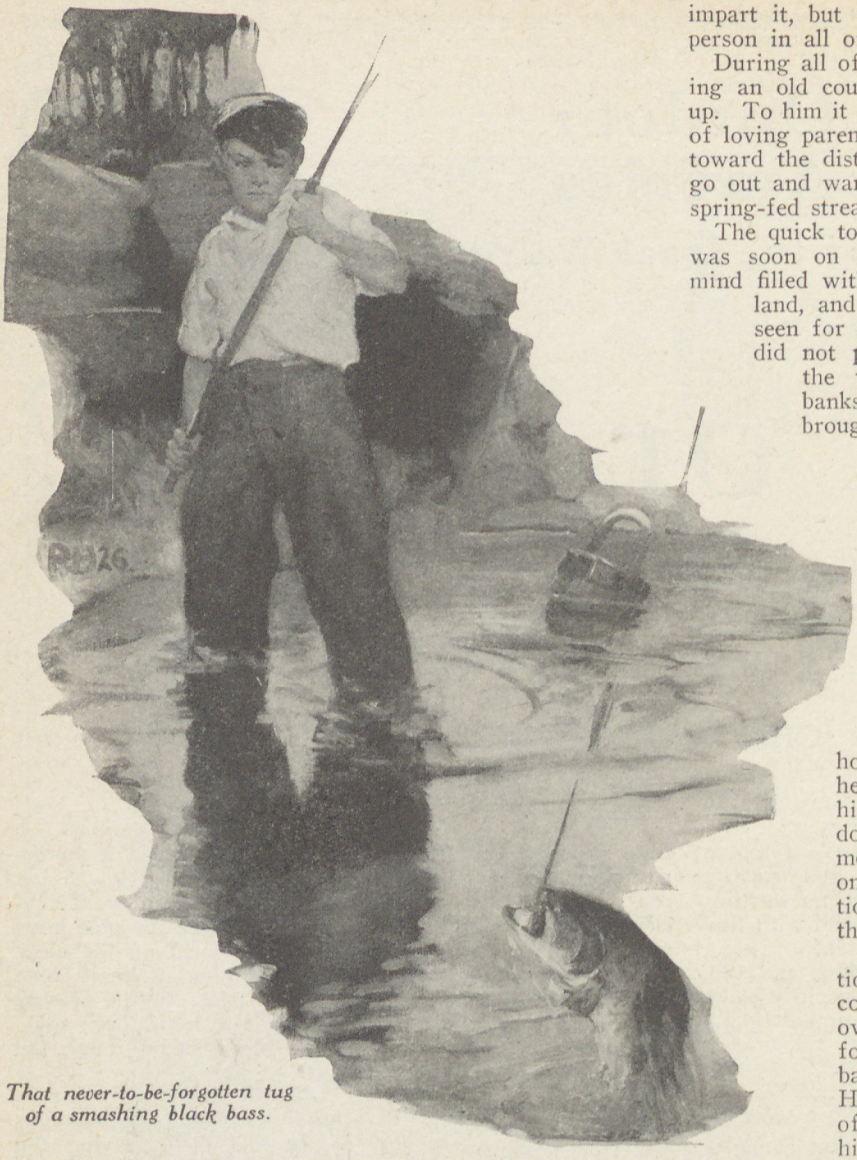
EDITOR'S NOTE: Every Waltonian should read this fascinating tale—not from a standpoint of duty but from a standpoint of genuine absorbing interest.

We know John W. Hickory very well. He is a nationally famous circuit judge who prefers to write under a pen name.

While the story is of itself highly entertaining, the legal phases pointed out by John through the medium of his characters are authentic, and should be known by every man who is interested in preserving America's out of doors.

We strongly suspect that the judge in this story is none other than John himself, and we can see those brown eyes twinkle when he reads this.

—E. H. R.



*That never-to-be-forgotten tug of a smashing black bass.*

whole atmosphere of the store was rather that of friendliness than of salesmanship. He asked for a rod, thinking it was a simple matter to pick one, but soon discovered there were multitudes of rods of various weights, sizes and lengths for different varieties of fish, and he did not even know the name of the fish he had caught so long ago. He was so conscious of his ignorance that he did not stay to get the help he could have had from the friendly salesman.

He wanted some one who could teach him to play, not the mere mechanics of play, but how to get it into his heart and blood, the real call which, in the spring, in spite of teachers, parents and rules, calls the youngster to play hookey and stand all of the punishment for the sheer joy of wandering alone along the brook, or in the woods. He could find no record of any expert in this line, and no classified list showed any such heading.

The years of close application to his business had taken him apart, and he was alone, with no family. He did not know how to begin, or where to start. He did not have the background of a happy, carefree, joyous youth, spent in and along the streams.

He got up and went to the window of his office, which looked out toward the range of hills in the distance, among which the old farm lay. He looked down at the crowded street where the busy lines of traffic moved or stopped at the shrill call of a policeman's whistle. Along the sidewalk, far below him, the waves of pedestrian traffic eddied and whirled, some to be sucked into the huge building, up the rapidly moving elevators, scattered among the offices, to later rush out into the restlessly moving throng below. He felt that somewhere among this crowd of people, might be one who held the great secret, and who could perhaps impart it, but it was a tremendous task to find this one person in all of this multitude.

During all of the years he had kept the old farm, allowing an old couple to stay there merely to keep the place up. To him it was a tribute to the hard and unselfish work of loving parents. As he looked out of the office window, toward the distant hills, he felt something calling him to go out and wander through the woods and along the clear spring-fed stream that whirled its way along its rocky bed.

The quick touch of a button summoned his car, and he was soon on the road toward the old home farm, his mind filled with the pictures of the beauty of the woodland, and stream of his boyhood, which he had not seen for some time. When he reached the farm, he did not pause long at the house, but plunged into the woodland pasture toward the stream, the banks of which he soon reached. The first sight brought back despondency, for, instead of the clear, sparkling waters of his boyhood, which whirled about clean rocks, he found a dull, sluggish, slowly moving accumulation of slime, disreputable, dirty and unbelievable filth, which attached itself to the rocks and wavered slowly in long slimy tendrils below them. Upon the banks, this accumulation lay thick and moulding, where a little rise of the water had left it. No plants grew along its banks. It was a dull, desolate, sickening picture, and here, where he had expected to find hope in the sparkling clearness of the water, he found only despair. When he saw how his own little river had been defiled, he sat down on a stone, overcome by the disappointment and anger. He felt that he must at once find the ones responsible for this desecration of a once beautiful picture. He followed the stream, finding further evidences of filth.

He finally came to the source of the pollution, a manufacturing plant owned by a large corporation, with many factories scattered over the country. As soon as John Howland found the source of the trouble, he hurried back to his car, and he was driven to the city. He went immediately to the offices of the firm of attorneys who, for years, had looked after his interests. He was ushered into the office of the senior partner, to whom he told his trouble. A few quick questions gave the lawyer the facts he wished to know, and he said that there was undoubtedly a cause of action against the company for allowing their refuse to run on the land of a lower riparian owner and that the company would have to respond in damages, but that the amount which could be recovered would be so small that it would hardly amount to the fees of the lawyers in collecting it.

He had not quite finished, before John Howland interrupted him, and in the most emphatic language possible to one who, through long years had daily come in contact with those who used the language of unrighteousness fully and freely, he said that he did not want any of their dirty money; he wanted what they had taken away—a clear, clean, pure little stream. He wanted to see the flowers again growing along its banks, reflecting their beauty in clear pools of water. He wanted to see the foam-flecked surface of the little stream broken by the ripples of rising fish. The old lawyer smiled at this outburst, and said that he thought they had one who was better able to handle such a case. He pressed a button, and in a moment a young man came in, tall, straight, with the marks of wind and sun on his hands and face, and with the clear light of the wide open places in his eyes. The older lawyer spoke to him, introduced Mr. Howland, and said, "I think I have heard that you are very active in this new Izaak Walton League, which I understand is trying to save some of the beauty of our country, and to keep it clean and wholesome. Mr. Howland has a matter which will be of unusual interest to you; I would be glad if you would undertake this matter for him."

When the circumstances were explained to the young

man, he said that he had been looking up the law relative to just such a case, and he was sure that the courts would grant an injunction to restrain one from allowing deleterious matter to be carried on the lands of a lower riparian owner. He had hardly finished before John Howland had him by the hand, exclaiming that that was just what he wanted, telling the young man to go ahead and clean it up, no matter what it cost. John Howland felt sure that there was a warmer clasp in the hand of the young lawyer than that of mere attorney and client. He knew that this was a case into which the lawyer was going to put his whole heart.

After some time in getting the evidence of the contents of the stream, and its composition, the case came on for trial. Behind a high, wide desk, in a huge chair, sat the Judge by whom the case was being tried. John Howland looked him over with the deepest interest, as the evidence was being presented, and when the opposing attorney was arguing his side of the case, there was no indication on the face of the Judge as to what he was thinking. This did not disturb John Howland, as he was so interested that he did not want to see the Judge enthuse at the other side of the case.

When his own side of the case was being argued by the young lawyer, who presented the cause of clear rivers, and the decency required by the public, of corporations, who would defile the streams without compensation, the Judge's face remained impassive, with no indication of his innermost thoughts. John Howland expected him to show some interest, and seeing no indication, he turned to the older lawyer, who sat beside him, and asked if the bloodless little devil was alive. The lawyer silenced his inquiry with a wave of his hand, and a slight smile.

The argument closed, the Judge quickly leaned forward, clasped his hands before him on the wide desk, his voice incisive and clear, in a few, quick sentences gave his decision. He said that one of the first and vital principles of the law was that a riparian owner had the right to have the water come to him in the same quantity, and quality, that nature provided, and when anyone poured into the stream any matter which destroyed its purity, so that it endangered the health of those along its banks, or interfered with the natural rights to the stream, that there was good grounds for injunctive relief. That in the case at bar, the right to an injunction had been clearly established. That the courts had no desire or purpose of interfering or being unduly harsh with existing conditions and in view of that fact, a decree would be prepared enjoining the company from depositing any deleterious material in the stream, after ninety days, which he was sure would be ample time for them to remedy the trouble. When John Howland heard this, his heart sang within him. He was further pleased when he heard the opposing attorney say that they were fairly beaten and that they did not deem an appeal advisable.

The time passed, and clear water commenced to flow between the rocks, disturbing the accumulated slime, but not washing it away entirely. John Howland made frequent trips to the old farm, and tramped along the banks of the little stream. One day he saw the clouds gather above the hills, darkening the sky, which was broken by the quick flash of the lightning. Rain commenced to fall in torrents, hiding the outlines of the hills. Soon, yellow, discolored water swirled among the rocks, which disappeared under the rising torrent. The rise (*Continued on page 67*)

*Here was a boy who could teach him how to play.*

# OUR REMOTE ANCESTORS the FISHES

*No matter what your theory may be regarding the origin of mankind, the comparisons drawn in this article will at least intrigue your bump of curiosity and may serve as an excellent alibi the next time you are called upon to explain the need for another new rod.*

By THOMAS AMBROSE

Vice-President I. W. L. A.

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

*A fire-mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell,*
*A jelly fish and a Saurian, the cave where cave-men dwell,*
*Then a sense of law and beauty, and a face turned from the clod—*
*Some call it "Evolution"*
*And others call it "God."*
*(W. H. Carruth.)*

MOST of us are familiar with the Mosaic account of the creation as set down in the book of Genesis, but now, some 6,000 or more years later along comes a modern historian with a very interesting and illuminating volume entitled, "The Story of Mankind," and it is *some story book* I assure you.

a large ball of flaming matter

In *his* version of the creation he says: In the beginning the planet upon which we live was a large ball of flaming matter, a tiny cloud of smoke in the endless ocean of space. Then one day, *The Great Wonder* happened. What had been dead gave birth to life. The first living cell floated upon the waters of the seas. For millions of years it drifted aimlessly, developing certain habits that it might survive more easily upon the inhospitable earth. Some of these cells took root in slimy sediments and became plants. Others depended upon a swimming motion, and gradually populated the ocean with myriads of fishes.

Meanwhile, the plants so increased in number that there was no more room for them at the bottom of the sea, and they had to seek *new* dwelling places. After centuries of training they learned to live as comfortably in the air as they had done in the water. Then some of the *fishes* began to leave the sea and learned how to breathe with *lungs* as well as with gills. The first frog you may happen to meet can tell you all about the pleasures of his double life, if you can only understand his guttural talk. Once outside of the water these animals adapted themselves more and more to the life on land.

Then a strange thing happened. All the gigantic reptiles died within a short time. The world now began to be occupied by very *different* creatures. *They were descendants of the fishes and reptiles,* but they were quite unlike these because they fed their young from the breasts of the mother. They had shed the scales of fish and covered their bodies with hair.

And now we come to the parting of the ways when *one* finally leaves the endless procession of dumbly living and dying creatures and begins to use his reason to shape the destiny of his race. After innumerable attempts to learn how to balance the whole body upon the hind legs, this creature became the most successful hunter and fisher, could make a living in any clime, and in the words of Henry James, *"THERE YOU ARE."*

Our inspired author goes on to say: "Why read fairy tales when you can read history," to which I might add, why read history when you can read *other* fish stories far more interesting?

Now, in addition to the frog, which is at home equally upon the land or in the water, there is the helgramite, beloved of bass, which lives under a rock in the swift waters of the stream for three years, comes at times upon the land to return to the water again, and finally culminates *his* dual life by taking unto himself wings and flying away like a bird or a bat.

The Mayfly, beloved of trout, lives also a matter of three years at the bottom of the stream, until feeling the supreme moment of existence approaching, he rises to the surface of the water, spreads his gossamer wings, seeks and embraces in the air his dainty dancing mate for one blissful moment, expires in ecstasy, and drifts, a "spent gnat," helpless upon the stream, a delectable morsel for the rising trout.

There are fishes that fly, others that climb trees and still others that travel overland from one stream to another.

The Periopthalmus of Africa, Asia, and Australia prefers to seek its food out of water and clambers up stems and slides along branches of trees. Unlike most fishes it can turn its eyes in all directions.

In Guiana there is a fish with four eyes, two on each side, one pair of which it keeps above and the other below the water as it swims.

And it is in Guiana that the natives entice gigantic spiders to weave six foot webs in bamboo frames to serve as dip nets for fishing.

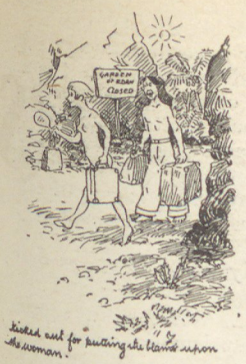
The flounders and other flat fishes have two eyes on one side of the head, none on the other.

In the Carnarvonshire Lakes are fishes having but one eye, and in the underground waters of the Mammoth Cave and elsewhere are fishes with no eyes.

A species known as Scopelid Ipnops has no eyes, though living among fishes which have eyes, but has instead a large luminous organ inside the skull. A human derivative bearing approximately the same family name, "Scopes," with surname symbolizing The Doubter or Unbeliever, in very recent times, made a splash in the placid educational waters of Tennessee, attracting fishers of the legal, religious and scientific world seeking to entangle him in their

plants had to seek new dwelling place

Note—The artist alone is responsible for the pictorial interpretation of the text.—T. A.




Search out for putting the blame upon the woman.

nets. This poor fish thought he had a "large luminous organ inside his skull" and that he was swimming about among those "who having eyes, see not."

Some fishes are provided with electric storage batteries, and long jointed rods on their heads, whilst others carry incandescent lanterns to light their fearsome way along the dark bed of the deep sea.

A small fish of the East Indies burns its meterless electric light by day as well as by night, and is able to turn out the light by rotating the luminescent organ inwards, as well as by putting up an outer fold of skin like a shutter.

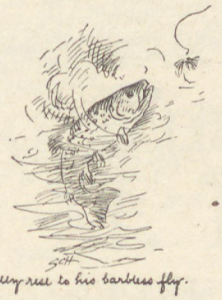
The Norway Haddock is said to change its sex and the Hag fish (Myxine) is first a male, later a female—which would seem to be Evolution or Development carried to *nth* power.

Fishes have a single, bipeds and quadrupeds have a double heart, while the turtle and the crocodile have something midway between the two.

The young frog or tadpole breathes first by the gills, afterwards by both lungs and gills, and lastly uses its lungs alone as respiratory organs.

Nowadays we Humans are taking blood tests as conclusive proof of the paternity of offspring. Professor Thomson says: "An interesting fact in regard to the salts of the sea is their correspondence with the salts in the blood of land animals," and quotes Sir William Bayliss: "When vertebrates with a closed circulatory system took to the land, they took with them a blood of the same composition, as regards salt, as the sea water which they left behind."

It is averred by Kyle that our ancient derivation from the sea is indicated by our need of salt.



joyfully rise to his barbless fly.

This thought may have led the poet Masefield to ask,

What am I, Life? A thing of watery salt
Held in cohesion by unresting cells
Which work they know not why, which never halt;
Myself unwitting where their Master dwells,
I do not bid them, yet they toil, they spin
A world which uses me as I use them.
Nor do I know which *end* or which *begin*,
Nor which to praise, which pamper, which condemn.

So, like a marvel in a marvel set,
I answer to the vast, as wave by wave
The sea of air goes over, dry or wet,
Or the full moon comes swimming from her cave,
Or the great sun comes north; this myriad *I*
Tingles, not knowing how, yet wondering why.

According to Arthur Brisbane: "Man's instinct is to go back to the water whence he came. That is why your little boy annoys his mother by rushing into every mud puddle. He is going back to the age when he and you were in the amoeba class."

Langdon Smith in his poem on Evolution sings:

"Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I was a fish."

Not only are there fishes that fly short distances—but there are birds with wings, that do not fly, and in Australia, that land of contradictions, which, according to geologists, is a million years older than *our* continent, are some curious creatures, among them the Lung fish, a double breather showing evolution *in process*. For seven months of the year, the dry season, it can remain inert in the mud, getting air through an open pipe to the surface. When water fills the pools it uses its gills again.

Then there is the Ornithorhynchus, who could not make up his mind just what to be, and now is in a class to himself. "A small aquatic creature, having a bill resembling that of a duck, dense blackish brown fur, five-toed webbed feet and having a flattened tail something like that of the beaver. It lays eggs, and suckles its young at its breast." Can you beat it?

Scientists tell us that the theory of evolution which involves the descent or ascent, if you prefer, of man from lower forms of animal life is based on facts abundantly disclosed by every branch of biological study, but I shall leave this discussion to the Scientists and merely call attention to a few sayings from *everyday life* which seem to have come to us by hereditary transmission through countless ages, down "the corridors of time."

We say of a man: "He is slippery as an eel," or "he's a scaly fellow" or "as close as an oyster," or "as happy as a clam at high tide" or "he drinks like a fish"—which is true to present Volsteadian conditions, as a fish drinks water only. You say to a departing friend, "Drop me a line"; to another, "Well, what is it, I'll bite." You do not like to be called a "shrimp," "a cheap skate" or "a great lobster" and it gives you an uncomfortable feeling about the "gills" to be told that "someone is stringing you."

This is no more figure of speech. Professor Thomson in Outline of Science tells us that "the visceral clefts in mammals are telltale evidence of remote ancestors breathing by gills."

In Webster's New International Dictionary we read: "The branchial arches support the gills of water-breathing vertebrates and are best developed in fishes, but vestiges are present in *all land vertebrates.*"

And in the Century Dictionary: "Only a small part of the first branchial arch persists in higher vertebrates. *In man* it is found in the greater cornu of the hyoid hone."

Some of us wear a "shad-bellied coat" and look up at "a mackerel sky." The "sharks" of Wall Street gobble up the "gudgeons" as of yore, and "a sucker is born every minute."

In the north of Europe is a nation of Finns. Hamilton Fish was our Secretary of State, and Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Ancestry is perpetuated in family names, so it is not at all remarkable that we find many families of the same name in the aqueous and in the ambient element, such as: Bass, Brille, Becker, Brett, Butt, Chubb, Conger, Herring, Jack, Ling, Miller, Pollock, Pike, Pope, Parr, Ray, Rudd, Roach, Salmon, Skate, Spratt, Trout, Whiting, besides a great shoal unclassified, but christening their young with water and the generic name—Fish—fondly hoping that some day they may be "in the swim."

Some of the greatest patrician families of Rome bore the names of fishes, and fishes still figure in the heraldic quarterings of many of the proudest of the nobility of England and the Continent.

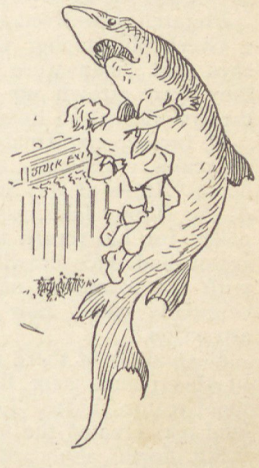
A poet of the Elizabethan period sang:

"If I have freedom in my love,
And in my mind am free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty."

The "tippling fishes" may then have got "half Seas over" on "Bass's Ale," and now be crowding the "bars" just outside our three mile limit. So it is doubtless owing to *inherited tendencies* that "we poor fish" feel so acutely the discomforts of a habitat gone "dry."

In hieroglyphics fishes represented all the cardinal virtues.

Among all creatures and animals appointed for sacrifice in the Old Testament, fishes and human beings only were excepted.




the sharks of Wall Street gobble up the gudgeons.

The Chinese and Japanese who are given to ancestry worship, hold sacred a fish called the Tai. We must hand it to the nimble-minded Japs for preferring to *worship* rather than to *eat*—something very like—*a carp.*

To the primitive Christian a fish was the symbol of the true faith, often forming with his initials the only epitaph on his tomb.

When the Redeemer was to pay a tribute to Caesar, he found the requisite coin ready for him in the mouth of a fish. The fingerprints of Peter are still to be seen upon the shoulders of the Haddock, the fish from whose mouth the coin was taken.

We designate our spiritual essence as a Soul—no pun intended. If man be endowed with an immortal soul, and cherishes the hope of a future home, eternal in the heavens, why should not his remote ancestors, the fishes, have a heaven of *their* own, after *their* hearts' desire?

Oh, never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than *mundane* weeds are there,
And mud celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And paradisal grubs are found:
Unfading moths, immortal
flies,
And the worm that never
dies;
And in that Heaven of all
their wish
There shall be no more
land, *say fish.*

Theologians tell us that this life is but probational preparation for a more perfect life to come, and what we practice here we shall bring to perfection there. If the ancient Egyptians embalmed their household pets to serve them in the Shadow Land of Osiris, if the Viking was interred along with his ship, his horse and sword, if the departing Hindu took with him his favorite wife upon the funeral pyre, if the Red Indian be buried with his implements of war and of the chase, why should not the *angler* take with him upon the Long Trail his favorite rod and fly book, for surely in the River of Life are beautiful golden trout that will joyfully rise to his barbless fly. Were it not for a certain *lower* form of aquatic life there could be no *Gates of Pearl.* The keeper of the Gates was himself a fisherman and the button Waltonians wear should prove an "open Sesame."

Now this theory of the evolution of man from fishes exploited by our modern historian reminds me that: "There is nothing new, save that which has been forgotten."

Plutarch, who lived about A. D. 100, quotes Anaximander, a Greek philosopher who flourished about 600 B. C., who says that "men were first produced in fishes, and when they were grown up and able to keep themselves, were thrown up and so lived upon the land."

If further confirmation were needed, I refer you to that veracious chronicler, Frederick O'Brien, who in his latest book, "Atolls of the Sun," describing the native pearl diver of the Happy Isles, says: "All his robust brown body was naked for his return to the sea-slime whence his first ancestor had once crawled. The romance of man wrestling with the forces of nature in the element from which he originally came, now so deadly to him, was a supreme attraction."

Beyond doubt there *was* a period when all the inhabitants of this planet were fishes, previous to the moment when the Creator said: "Let the dry land appear"; for before land was created the fiat had gone forth: "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life—" and Paleontologists tell us in confirmation that fishes were the first vertebrate animals.

In the extent of their dominions, fishes far surpass terrestrial animals, so, in the antiquity of their possession and in the uninterrupted tenure by which they have held it from the beginning of time, they are our superiors.

For my part I think we should be proud to trace an ancestry back to the only living creatures endowed with sufficient mental and physical qualities to take care of themselves at a time when all other beings fled for safety to the Ark of Father Noah, rather than boast descent from that poor creature who was very properly kicked out of the garden for putting all the blame upon the woman. "The woman tempted me, and I did eat."

Men of Science study assiduously these creatures of elegant forms whose colors vie with the rainbow and reflect the hues of every precious stone. What satin sheen or heavenly sunset can vie with the prismatic colors of the living trout or the dying dolphin "glowing with such orient tints, he might have been the rainbow's offspring, where it met the ocean." What gold so finely burnished as the disks upon the Spanish mackerel?—or what shade of carmine so brilliant as the spots upon the samlet? What so transcendently lustrous and beautiful as the silvery fresh-run salmon? In symmetry of form and beauty of coloring fishes stand at the head of animal creation. Who among us would disdain kinship to the lordly salmon, the jeweled trout or the flower of fishes, the grayling? What romantic dreams may we not weave about that remote grandmother who was a mermaid. Do you not believe there were mermaids?

A Dr. Meyer assures us that in 1403 a mermaid was cast ashore near Haarlem, "was fed on bread and milk, taught to spin and wore clothes like any christian."

In 1609 Henry Hudson, an English navigator in the service of Holland, in the logbook of the voyage of the Half Moon, claimed to have seen a mermaid near Cape Cod:

"Shee was come close to the ships side, looking earnestly on the men. Her backe and breasts were like a womans, her body as big as one of us; her skin very white; and long haire hanging downe behind, of colour blacke. In her going down they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a Porposse, and speckled like a Macrell."

In the same year he reports sailing past the island of Manhattan up a great river which today bears his name. Later this island was bought for $24—and a keg of rum.

In Cox's "The Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1694, is the following account of a merman:

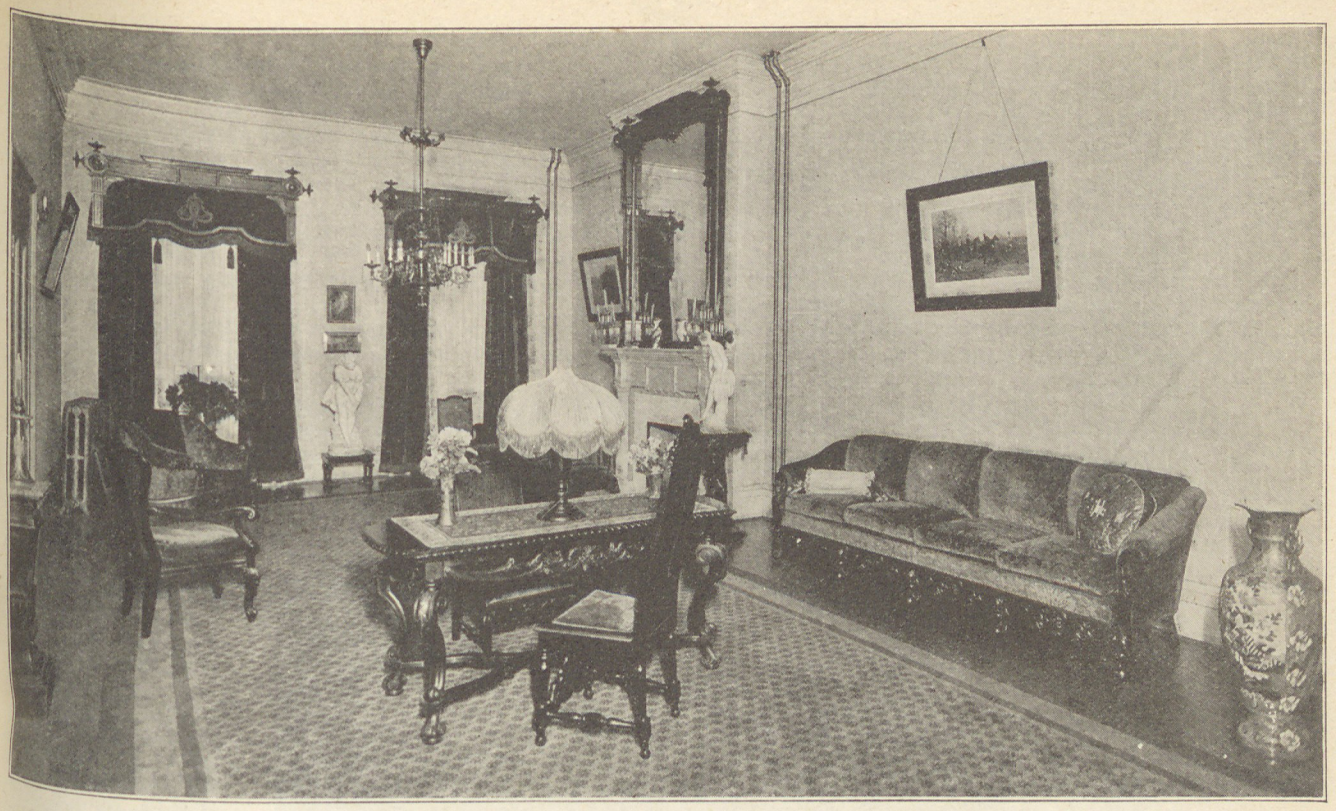
"In the year of our Lord 1180, near Orford in Suffolk, there was a fish taken in the perfect shape of a man; he was kept by Bartholomew de Glanville in the Castle of Orford above half a year; but at length not being carefully looked to, he stole to the sea and was never seen after. He never spake, but would eat any meat that was given him, especially raw fish, when he had squeezed out the juice; He was had to church, but never shewed any signe of Adoration."

These narratives are very positive and circumstantial. Coming down to our own times, do we not have confirmation by Dr. Holmes who tells us of,

"Gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings, and coral reefs
lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair."

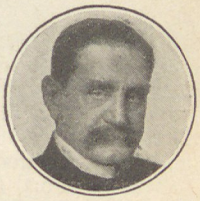
How can we account for the deeply rooted belief of our Greek and Roman progenitors in the existence of mermaids, sirens and tritons, unless they had evidence upon which to base that belief. An amphibian, half man or woman and half fish would not be a more improbable combination than the Australian ornithorhyncus platypus paradoxus.

The ancient Greeks believed (*Continued on page 59*)



*The Drawing Room at Belle Meade.*

# Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson



*J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.*

*IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.*

*Editor's Note: In this issue Judge Dickinson continues his tale of General Harding and other notables who have made enviable records in the country's history. This article, written from actual contact, is woven around that internationally famous old estate, Belle Meade, known as the "Cradle of the Thoroughbred Horse in America."*

*—E. H. R.*

AGAIN after the Civil War he vigorously took up the question of foreign immigration in opposition to some who advocated it, to supplant the negro, saying that "The negroes are already here, and citizens of the country, we have raised them, they have been our slaves, we have enjoyed the fruits of their labor in the past; humanity—even common justice, demands that we, their former owners, give them a fair and patient trial. If we cast them off, they must necessarily become paupers, and as a consequence, thieves and robbers, and a most dangerous element in society. From their organization, physical and mental, they are better adapted to the drudgery of farm work than any other race of people, they are the most patient, contented, and happy race in their humble position, resulting from an organization that did not belong to any other people."

His attitude as a slave-holder was notable. He owned more than a hundred and fifty slaves and they became a burden. Being opposed to selling them, or buying lands in cotton states where lands were cheap and where they would be under overseers beyond his personal supervision. he continued to expand his land holdings at high prices and to a large extent unremunerative.

Charles Sumner, the protagonist of abolition, visited Belle Meade before the Civil War and was given unrestricted opportunity to visit and talk with the slaves in their own houses. On leaving he said: "General, if this is a fair type of Southern slavery, I shall have greatly to modify many of my preconceived views of it." Too frank to have him misled, General Harding replied: "I fear that this cannot be taken as an average specimen."

He strongly advocated blooded stock and the race course, as a means of developing the blood-horse, and said, "We can only judge correctly of the intellectual and moral worth of our great men when we view them on the world's stage in competition with distinguished competitors. Without a theater the world could never have known those distinguished delineators of human character whose names now fill many an honored page in human history. Without a race course the world would never have known of the great powers of Lexington, the horse that has contributed more to the improvement of his race than any predecessor."

He had in view the general improvement of the horse for all purposes. Speaking after the Civil War on this subject, he said: "Never did blood tell with more effect than in the beginning of the late Civil War when the success of the Southern Cavalry proved more than equal to the North, two to one. But toward the close of the war, when the well bred horses of the South fell into the possession of the Northern Cavalry, this superiority failed to

appear. A thorough scrub is incapable either of speed or endurance." (This has been fully recognized by our War Department which established breeding places for our Cavalry horses by thoroughbred sires.)

Although he raised and raced horses he never bet on a horse.

When his mare Gamma was about to enter the lists with the famed Wagner, which she beat, the owner of Wagner offered to bet him $10,000 against $1,000. The General said he felt confident of victory, had the $1,000 and needed the $10,000, and "Feeling the force of the temptation, under excitement, to violate a purpose I had deliberately formed to guide my life, I turned away, walked a short distance, leaned against the fence, turned the question of gain and principle over in my mind, and turned back and declined the bet. Gamma won, as I believed she would do, but I was then and ever after more gratified at my victory over the temptation to bet than of my favorite's triumph over the most celebrated racer of the day."

At the entrance of Belle Meade is a bronze plate with inscription as follows:

*Belle Meade*

Cradle of the thoroughbred horse in America, established 1839 by General W. G. Harding, Home of Virgil Bonnie Scotland, Iroquois, Luke Blackburn, Enquirer, Proctor Knott, Great Tom, Bramble, and The Commoner.

Site of Fort Dunham built in 1783 as defense against the Indians. Erected by the Historical Society of Tennessee.

The date given refers to the time when under General Harding it was mainly devoted to the breeding of thoroughbreds. His father, John Harding, had bred race horses from a much earlier date. Boasted stood there in 1816, Massena in 1819, and Eagle in 1822. In 1823 he was one of the purchasers of Bagdad of pure Arabian blood once owned by the Minister to England from Tripoli. He was a member of the Nashville Jockey Club in 1829.

The original acreage of Belle Meade was increased to 5,200 acres under General Harding.

Vandal stood at Belle Meade. He was a son of Glencoe, the greatest horse imported from England, who did more to improve the thoroughbred of America than any other horse. There are few great horses in America today who do not trace on one side or the other to this famous sire.

In 1829 sixty-nine thoroughbred stallions were in the state of Tennessee. It was far in advance of Kentucky in breeding thoroughbreds. Before 1841 thoroughbred yearlings in Tennessee brought an average price of approximately $1,000.

In 1883 the Belle Meade yearlings sold for an average of $650 and the get of Enquirer brought $850.

*Judge Dickinson, from a recent photograph.*

About 1891 General Jackson held a sale at Madison Square Garden, New York, at which 52 yearlings brought $125,000, which is thought to be the highest priced lot of yearlings ever sold in America up to that date. In the fall of the same year at Belle Meade he sold 35 yearlings, the balance of that year's crop.

At one time at Belle Meade there were three hundred thoroughbred brood mares, nine stallions, seven hundred Shetland ponies, five hundred deer and elk, and about three hundred dairy Jerseys. The milkers, about fifteen in number, had practiced and performed pretty well to the tune of Dixie.

Among the most noted horses bred at Belle Meade were Gamma, that beat the celebrated Wagner, Proctor Knott, who won the first Futurity, Uncle Bob, who won the American Derby, Helen Nichols, Advance Guard, Rambler, Belle of the Meade, Bonnie Meade, Tulafonsa, Tullahoma, and Bramble, one of the most famous sires of America, by Bonnie Scotland out of Ivy Leaf by Australian. It was the home of the famous sires, Enquirer, Iroquois, Luke Blackburn, Childe Harold, Bonnie Scotland, sire of George Kinney, Great Tom, Bramble and The Commoner.

The house in which John Harding lived and in which General Harding was born was built on the site of Fort Dunham, and near it are buried under a monument to commemorate them Enquirer, Luke Blackburn, The Commoner, and Iroquois, who was the only American horse that won the triple crown in England, namely, the Prince of Wales, the Saint Leger and the Derby, all of which he did in one year. There are but few horses in the history of the turf that ever accomplished this. Bramble was the sire of Ben Brush and he was the sire of Broomstick, one of the greatest living sires of today, owned by Harry Payne Whitney.

As General Harding grew old the management of Belle Meade was taken over by his son-in-law, William H. Jackson, a Major General of the Confederate Army, who greatly improved its renown. His brother, Judge Howell E. Jackson, married the other daughter of General Harding. Howell E. Jackson was a noted lawyer in Tennessee, a distinguished State judge, United States Senator, U. S. Circuit Court Judge and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Belle Meade was the greatest show breeding establishment in the United States for a long period of time. It was the custom for almost every visitor to Nashville to see Belle Meade, and for a long period of time hundreds of people of more or less prominence were entertained there. Generals Jackson and Van Buren visited it. In the present

house have slept six presidents, Hayes, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Cleveland, and Taft. It is built of brick made on the place, and the stone columns at the front of the house were quarried on the place. This work was done by slave labor. Although the house has been standing eighty-six years, it is as substantial today as it ever was. The walls are very massive and all of the cross walls are of brick.

Andrew Johnson was Military Governor of Tennessee. He had been in Congress, was Governor of the State and was United States Senator before the war. He had come up from an humble origin and was trained in a political life of bitter strife. He was honest and fearless but a most relentless enemy. He laid a heavy hand upon prominent people who stood for the South. He made a speech on the public square in Nashville saying that treason must be made odious, and that the Government must make an example of representative rebels.

Shortly thereafter he had General Harding, General Washington Barrow, former Governor Neal S. Brown, and Judge J. C. Guild, all men of outstanding prominence, arrested. None of them had joined the army, all being too old for active service, and only two of them had sons in the Confederate Army.

When a detail came to arrest General Harding, his slaves, with guns, axes, hoes and staves surrounded them and were about to attack them. General Harding made a speech, told them the futility of such an attempt, its evil consequences to him as well as to themselves and with the authority habitual to him ordered them to disperse.

These men were incarcerated in the penitentiary in Nashville and thereafter were imprisoned at Mackinac. Now this was an unknown country. None of them had ever heard of it. A map was gotten and they located it. General Harding said: "Gentlemen, we are all old men unused to that severe climate and will never come back alive." Guild said: "There is one consolation. It is at the top of the map and when we get there, they cannot send us a damned foot farther."

When the negroes heard that Harding was coming home from Mackinac they met him in a body on the public road, took him out of the vehicle, bore him upon their shoulders first to the house and bedside of Uncle Bob, who had been wounded by Federal soldiers, and then to his own house.

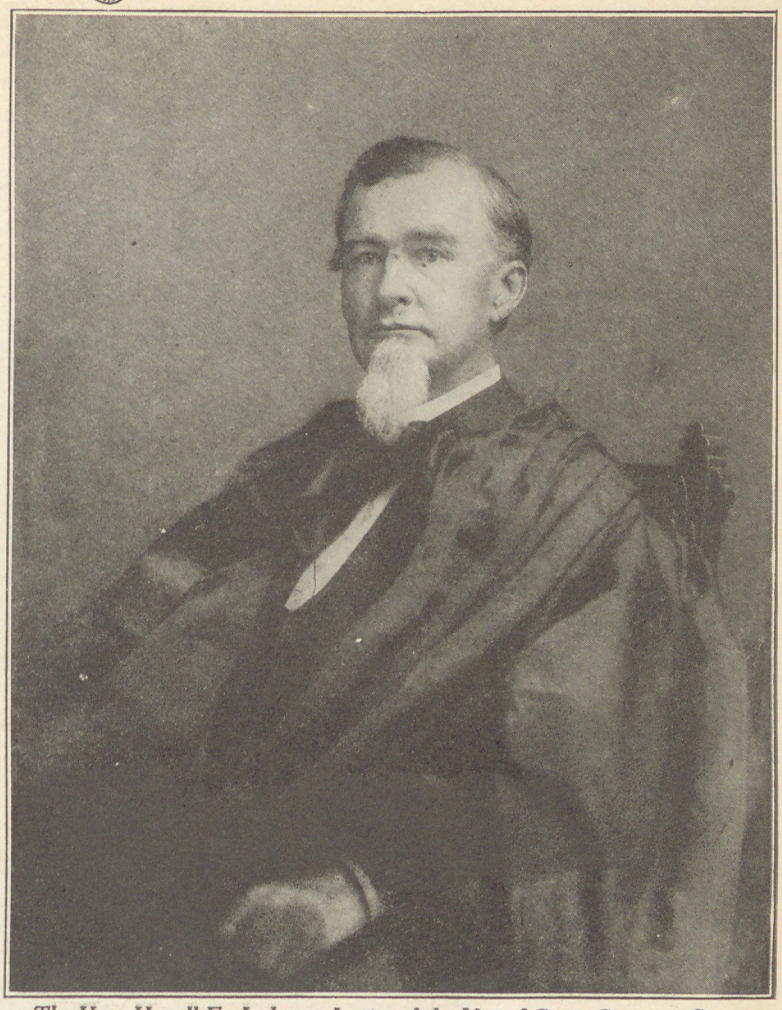
They had been free to leave from the fall of Nashville, but most of them remained at Belle Meade throughout this war and long after his death.

I personally knew three generations of the same families born and living on the place.

I have before me a handsome volume of 700 pages bound in green morocco and profusely illustrated, published in 1864 by Lippincott and Company, entitled "Annals of the Army of the Cumberland; also its Police Record." A liberal portion of this is devoted to Nashville under the heading, "Nashville as a Type of the Rebellion."

Almost every Southern family in that vicinity is arraigned. Not to be noticed in that hostile record would now be regarded in that community as prima facie evidence of obscurity, or disloyalty to the South. On pages 635-7 General Harding and Belle Meade are conspicuously portrayed, of which extracts are as follows:

"General Harding is one of the notable rebel citizens of Nashville, possessing great wealth and descending from an old and influential family. He lived six miles west from the city, on the Harding Pike. He had a little farm of some five thousand acres. His mansion and all its appurtenances would, in many respects, vie with those of the old manorial estates of the English barons. His buildings were very extensive—great barns, and outlying tenements for his tenants and his slaves. He was reputed to be worth two and one-half millions of dollars. He was not only a millionaire; he was also a great stock fancier and breeder. His stables were filled with the most beautiful and valuable horses and horned cattle, many of them imported. He kept two or three celebrated blooded stallions. A herd of elegant deer tossed their antlers in his park, unmolested, and a herd of buffalo,—the genuine article, from the plains of the far West—bellowed and butted over the great pastures in half-civilized mood. A flock of imported Cachemere goats were also here upon exhibition,—possibly divers other quadrupeds, too numerous to mention,—and also barnyard fowls of all the ordinary and fanciful varieties. Added to all this, Harding was a man of social note: He was a live general.



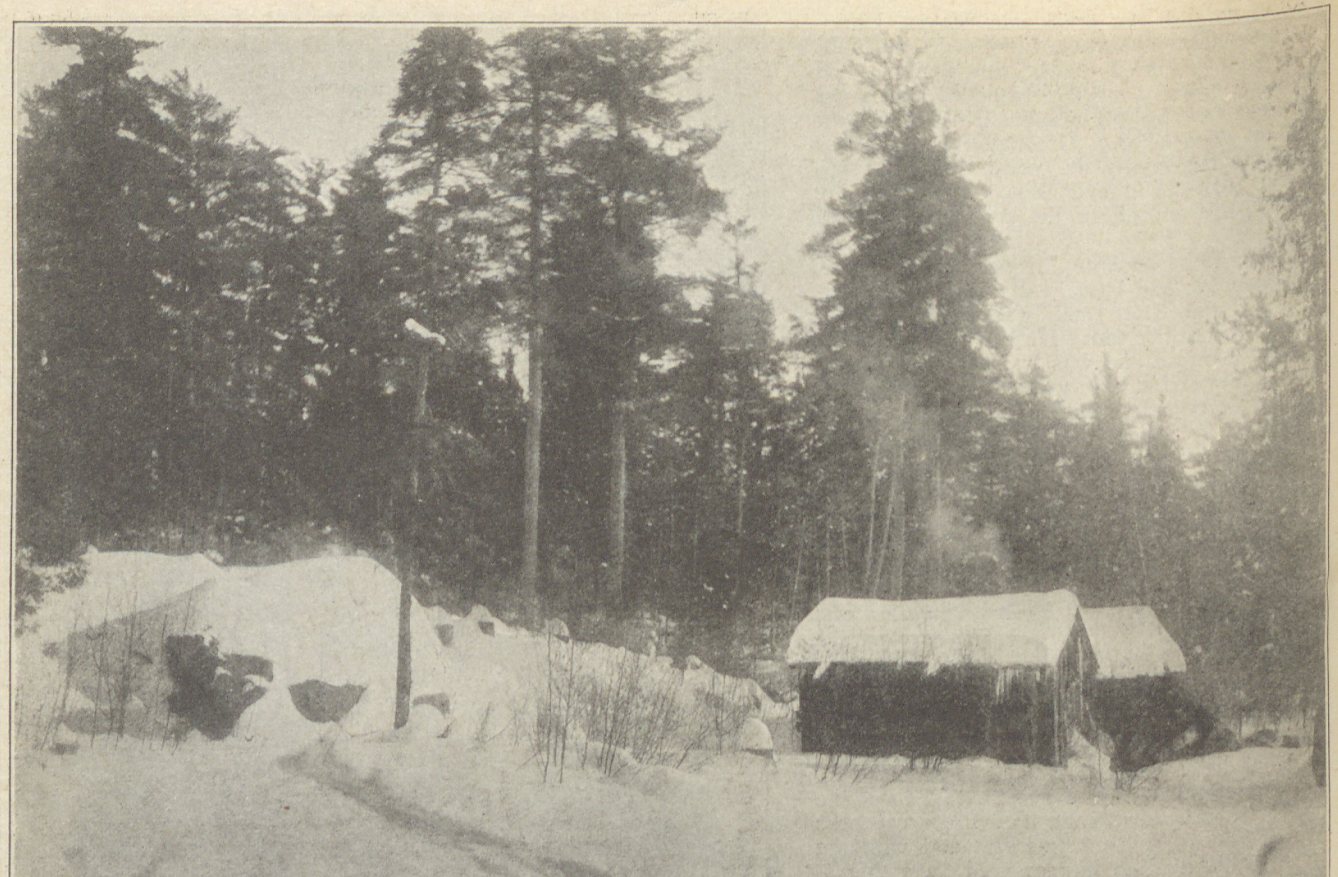
*The Hon. Howell E. Jackson, Justice of the United States Supreme Court.*

"When the Federal troops entered Nashville, General Harding did not evacuate. He was summoned before the military authorities, and, with General Barrow, was sent to Fort Mackinaw, Lake Michigan, where he remained as a prisoner of war from the 6th day of April until about the last of September, 1862, when he was released upon a bond of twenty thousand dollars to appear and answer before the United States District Court of Tennessee to the charge of treason, and the trial is still in abeyance. We must briefly conclude with the statement that civil war has well performed its mournful task in the case of Harding. A portion of our army was quartered on or near his place during many weeks. There was grand hunting after those deer and buffalo. The goats were ruthlessly taken 'in the wool.' The stables were confiscated,—what were left of the stud, the rebels having taken the best of the serviceable blooded nags. Hundreds of tons of his hay and thousands of bushels of his grain were hauled into our camps. Miles of his fencing were burned."

The writer fails to note that there were water buffalo originally imported from India.

None of those gentlemen were tried, but the suits were dismissed by the Government. There had been many depredations by irresponsible soldiers.

*Judge Dickinson will continue his splendid reminiscences in the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. We are receiving many letters congratulating this magazine on its success in getting the judge to return as a contributor to our columns.*



*Blanket snow melts all at once.*

# Snow Stuff

*What do you know about snow? In this article Comancho tells you some things that may be entirely new to your line of thought*

By EL COMANCHO

Photographs by the Author

"I *HATE* snow!"

I suppose everybody in the world has heard that remark, and most of us have made it, more or less times, as we came in from the outside, half frozen, and with wet feet from wading through slush or disgruntled from any one of the other disagreeable contacts we have with snow.

The trouble with us is that we don't stop to think, therefore if we look into it we are pretty apt to find that our remark is not well taken.

Snow, spread over a city, is a nuisance as well as a disagreeable experience to everyone in that city, but the same snow spread over the country is a blessing in more ways than one. As a matter of fact, the earth gets a greater per cent of usable moisture from its snowstorms than it does from its rains, and snow is a form of moisture much more beneficial than rain.

We don't stop to consider snow as moisture in cold storage. Yet that is what it is and the earth, as a whole, needs that moisture, so nature has arranged a sequence of events to spread the moisture where it is needed most, and do it in a way that gets the greatest and best results from the least expenditure of energy.

Nature is always prodigal, she always provides a surplus. We see that if we just remember that the birth rate of any species is always a little bit more than the death rate. If this were not true, the different species would not survive, because the excess of birth rate provides a margin of sacrifice, and still insures that the species will be numerous enough to carry on.

This is exemplified more clearly, perhaps, in the fishes than in most any other species. A Salmon runs up the river, spawns a good many thousand eggs and then dies. Immediately the eggs are attacked by destructive agents, and these never quit until the fish that comes from the egg is dead.

This means that many of the eggs themselves are destroyed before they have a chance to hatch. Then many of the fry are destroyed while still attached to the egg sac, and before they have a chance to move about for themselves. This process of destruction goes on continually until the fish that escapes has lived its life, and comes back to its birthplace spawn, at which time that spawning fish represents less than one per cent of the total spawn deposited by its parent.

All of the rest have been sacrificed to supply the demand for food existent in other things. Those other things all feast on the surplus spawn which, if it were allowed to mature, would produce such numbers of adult fishes that the ocean would be full of them in a single year!

Nature sacrifices her trees in the same way. In the coniferous forests she plants sixty-one seedlings in order to produce one full grown tree in the finish. The ratio of sacrifice of the deciduous species is not so high, for these trees grow more in the open and under different conditions, so the number sacrificed is not so heavy; but this does not mean that nature does not provide for a sacrifice among deciduous trees.

You will find that, whatever the sacrificial ratio is in deciduous forests, it will be high enough to cover the necessary loss, and still provide for perpetuation of the species.

The same idea is carried out among all live things, even to people. You will see this exemplified in different parts of the world in increased population which overbalances living conditions to such an extent that a tremendous sacrifice is finally staged by nature in the form of pestilence, plague, or war.

Each, or any one, of these will sweep away such great numbers of people that finally balance is restored and the destruction stops.

That was the real cause of the great World War. Agencies used by nature to carry this out were quarrels, dissatisfaction, and ambition among rulers. These caused war to be declared, and then carried out and continued until destruction was sufficient to balance the situation.

This same margin of waste is provided everywhere. You see it in the rain. Every time it rains you will expect more or less of a flood, and it occurs because only a portion of the rain that falls is absorbed by the ground, and the balance runs off downhill before it has a chance to soak into the ground. This sacrificed surplus is used by nature to flush the streams.

Perhaps you have never looked at it in just that light; but when you stop to think, how could streams function if they were always at one stage of water? Floods are necessary to clean the stream beds, to shift the gravel bars, to bury objectionable matter that has accumulated on the bottom, to fill up one hole in the stream bottom by digging another.

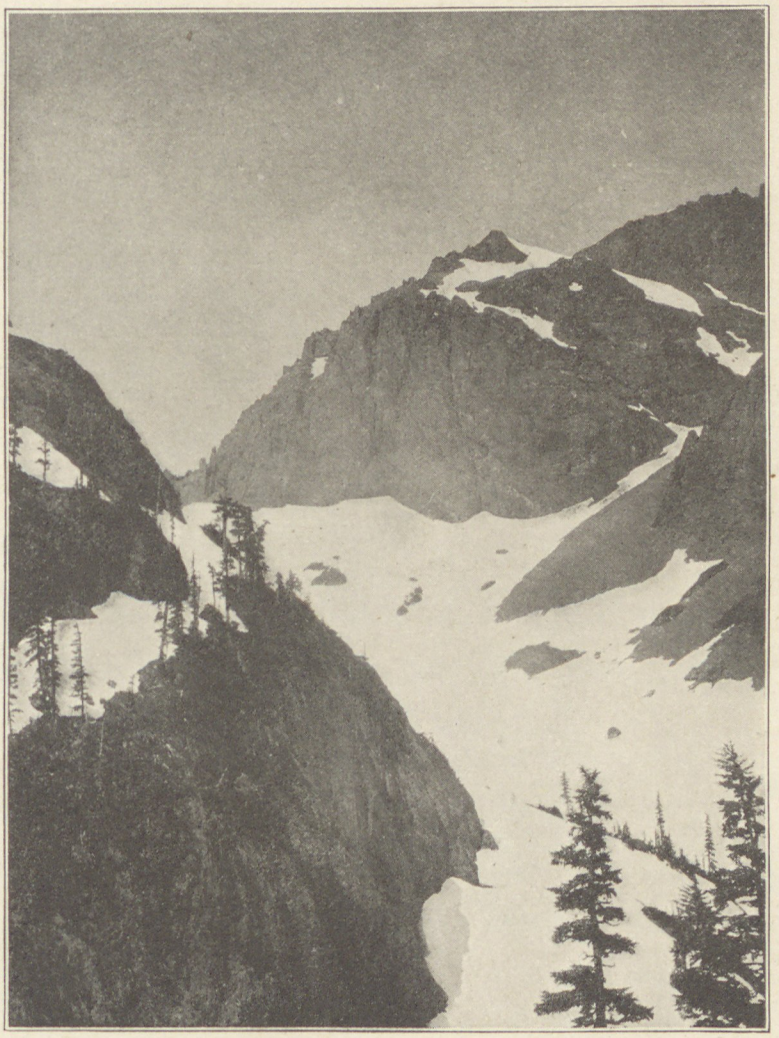
In the end, by the agency of flood, a temporarily cleaned-up river bed is obtained which carries its water and functions as it should until it becomes fouled by the accumulated debris that falls into the water, is blown in, or washed in by some side-stream, or is deliberately thrown in by man who has the faculty of upsetting a lot of nature's plans by his own foolishness.

When all of this has reached the point where it is dangerous, it advertises this fact by offensive smells, and we begin to howl! A flood is what is needed then to clean it up—and nature stages a big storm to produce the flood—much to the discomfiture of humanity.

We notice the fouled condition more in polluted streams than anywhere else, and the way to stop it is to stop this man made pollution which is neither necessary, advisable, or even permissible.

The world is finding this out, and the Izaak Walton League of America has its work cut out for it, just to convey to the public understanding that stream pollution is entirely a selfish proposition and unnecessary.

As long as we allow selfishness to exist, pollution will exist, because selfishness is the cause of pollution, and nature cannot overcome this pollution by flooding the streams often enough, and flooding is the only way nature has of cleaning up foul streams.



*Drifts that are deep and small surfaced for the air's contact.*

Rainfall is designed by nature to provide moisture for the soil, using the surplus, in the form of floods, as the agency to clean up the unnatural conditions made by man. Thus floods are important only when mankind by his interference, one way or another, has highly overbalanced natural conditions by polluting the streams to such an extent that the ordinary river flow cannot take care of the pollution. If man would just use ordinary kitchen sense, individually, in all his contacts with nature we would not have pollution at all.

Rain is responsible for stream flooding more than snow, but snow also is an agency for producing floods, and can be made more or less an agent of control if handled rightly.

Snow that falls in a blanket of even thickness over a large territory is always a potential flood which needs only warm air to make it effective. Snow melts only as it comes in contact with warmth in the air. Contrary to common opinion, sunshine does not melt snow, it merely warms the air that touches the snow and thus transfers its warmth to the snow by air contact that breaks up the crystals and changes snow to water which then runs off. Ice is melted the same way, and is one of nature's great purifying agents, too.

It is plainly evident then, that the warmer the sun's rays in contact with the air, the faster the snow and ice will melt. If this condition continues long enough at any time to warm the air sufficiently, then it melts the snow rapidly, there can be but one answer—floods.

This is why and how we get the heavy spring floods when the warm spring weather melts the snow faster than the air and ground can absorb the released moisture. Of course, a percentage of all moisture that comes in contact with the air is absorbed by the air, but the warm spring air creates a greater surplus above this absorption than the air can take up, and a blanket of snow is the greatest agency for providing this sudden surplus, and thus it creates a flood because such snow usually covers a very much larger

space of country than a single rain does, because it is created by overlapping storms and holds all the accumulation of the entire winter snowfall, and when this melts it most always melts at about the same time because of its broad surface exposed to the air.

Snow that is piled in heavy drifts melts slowly. The heavier the drift, and the less surface it has exposed to the air, the longer it takes to melt because the melting takes place on the surface only.

This is why we have "perpetual" snow in the mountains, for snow in the mountains, above timber line, is always in comparatively small surfaced, deep, compact bodies.

It is only the snow down in the timber that holds the menace of flood, because there it is an even blanket of snow all the same depth that does not drift, for it is always protected by the trees so the wind can't reach it, consequently it has a large level surface exposed to the air, and it melts much faster than the dense, small surfaced body of the drift.

I am very well aware that a lot of half-baked conservationists are going to jump on me for this statement, and tell me that "forests preserve the moisture."

This has been a stock argument in conservation and reforestation circles for a long time, but that is so only because people have not investigated the real situation.

I have lived in and about the mountains for forty years and I have never yet seen a river that originated in the forested mountain country that was not notorious for the volume and the destructive character of its floods.

On the other hand, I have never yet seen a river which originates in the high, compact snow banks of the upper mountain peaks in the barren country above timber line that was not a pretty steady flowing stream.

The reason why these things are fact is apparent when you study snow and snow habits because, as I have said, snow melts on the surface alone and only in contact with the air, therefore the more surface it exposes to the air the faster it melts. (The same holds true with ice, only the ice responds to heat more slowly than snow does because it is harder.)

That is where the timber comes in. When heavy snow falls in the timber it is not carried along by the wind so it does not drift, consequently it is spread evenly over the surface of the entire forest area. The timber covering the forest area then shades the snow, thus stopping the early spring sun's rays that would otherwise come in contact with the air touching the snow surface and thus the shade keeps the air cool in early spring and cool air does not melt snow. This is the mechanics of the operation and it is plain and simple because the trees do shade the snow and that retards the early melting and early evaporation which takes place even in the winter time, more or less, on every sunny day. If the early spring sun could melt this shaded snow as it does that in the open, a large amount of snow would be melted and run off before the heavy melting begins from the date when night freezing stops in the spring.

I do not doubt that you, yourself, have seen little protected corners and sheltered nooks in the open where there was a little bit of winter or early spring melting going on in the snow, even though the wind was blowing and the average temperature was low enough to be uncomfortable. At such times snow melts only where the air is not moving appreciably and therefore has time to store a little heat from the sun's rays and transfer this to the snow it comes in contact with, but this process continues daily even in winter and the net result is to melt a lot of snow before general melting begins.

All this being so, it is plainly evident that the forest that contains a blanket of snow retards the melting of that snow through shading it in the early part of the spring and thus the snow is held there in a body until the *air* is warm enough to melt the snow by contact later on, then it all goes off in a hurry and becomes a destructive flood.

We can control these floods without a great deal of trouble as it is merely a matter of meeting known conditions with some agency to change those conditions. In other words, if we were to cut all our timber from all watersheds draining into a given stream we would not have the heavy floods that we would have if we leave the forests in place to hold the blanket snows.

I realize, of course, that the cutting off of all the timber on a watershed would be idiotic destruction and the height of folly and I would not and do not, for a moment, advocate that. I am only telling you facts as they exist.

*"Smiling Bill" Jamison, sportsman, who died last month.*

The *remedy* would *not be* to cut off the forest at all but to impound the flood water high up on the stream. The beaver was the best water conservationist in the world because he built a series of leaky dams on the headwaters of the streams and these dams had capacity enough to impound more or less of the flood waters at the point where they originated, namely, at the head of the stream, therefore the beaver produced a series of ponds and settling basins that, in time, filled up with sediment, producing, in a term of years, the well known beaver meadows which are so often found in all the high country. These ponds and reservoirs, when they were functioning, held back a large portion of all flood waters, releasing it gradually.

To conserve moisture and to prevent floods we could well study the beaver's methods and follow his example; it would not cost such a great amount to build, high up, a series of small leaky dams across the head of every stream (and its branches) that floods such rivers as the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and also on all other large streams and tributaries in proportion.

In fact, if we made it a part of our general conservation plan to put a series of small leaky dams across the head of every stream, big and little, and of the draws draining into them all over the whole country, we could hold up an enormous amount of water for future use and prevent destructive floods entirely and do it at a small cost compared with the cost of big irrigation schemes for instance. We would not need to *stop* all of the water but merely to *check* it by providing reservoirs, each one of which would fill up slowly, by overflow from the one above it, thus retarding the *flood-rush* of water and impounding enough of it to keep the balance on the safe side.

Of course, some of the water will run out naturally, and that is as it should be, but the *surplus* above bank-full is the destructive element and that could be retarded through the series of dams mentioned above and withheld long enough to let the stream-capacity run go safely out through the dams at bank-full stage and thus provide the flood-flushing needed to clean streams and stream beds.

This could be greatly augmented by retarding the melting of snow which is just as easily done, and in its turn just as effective as the dams, and would work out as a secondary agency of flood prevention.

What I mean by this is that we could adopt the railroad's idea of snow fences and use them to drift the snow into heavy bodies, or drifts, and thus prevent the destructive *blanket* melting.

If every farmer would plant hedge-rows running across the direction of the prevailing winter winds it would provide an agency to produce an eddy in the wind current and this would throw down the *(Continued on page 46)*

*Mine.*

# Your Boy *and* Mine

*Just what explanation will you offer that lad of yours if he reaches manhood in a fishless, gameless, treeless land?*

By the Editor

I HAVE a boy. He's just a little shaver—pretty much average boy, with, if anything, a trifle more than an average share of mischief in his makeup.

Like all youngsters he has an insatiable curiosity concerning the world at large, and demands stories and explanations without end on subjects almost entirely unrelated to this mundane sphere.

As he grows older we find it necessary to be a bit more accurate in our statements. We find a growing suspicion that Dad's stories are a trifle misleading and that it is no longer possible to bring the glow of interest, so dear to the heart of the story teller, with a fanciful tale of an elephant fluttering over the mountain. He has seen the elephants. In fact practically no Sunday is complete without a pilgrimage to the zoo.

One Sunday he eagerly watched hundreds of peanuts disappear down Jumbo's throat. I noticed a worried expression on his face as he glanced from the elephant to me. Thinking that he might be making an embarrassing comparison of our respective profiles I asked him what was troubling him.

"Well, Daddy," he said slowly, looking me in the eye. "That's a elephant, isn't it?"

We assured him it was an elephant.

"Is that the kind of a elephant you was tellin' me about?"

"Yes, yes," we agreed heartily.

"Humpf," he sighed, and we thought we noticed a trace of skepticism. "Where's his wings?"

We blushed a dull, painful red, coughed impressively, and ignoring the question pointed to a refreshment stand that stood nearby.

"How about one of those sugar popcorn balls?"

It saved the day—at least we thought it had. But every morning and every evening we are greeted by a demand to be shown the elephant with the wings (by the way, if any kind reader can put us in touch with a beast of this kind, we will be eternally grateful).

Since the elephant episode we have lost caste. Our stories are not so much in demand, and it hurts to feel that we have lost the confidence of the youngster. There may be some excuse for a ninety year old cynic, but a cynic aged three years and one month is rather a difficult problem.

All of this may mean something to you, and then again it may be the essence of blah. To me, being an amateur at this father business, it offers a rather striking problem. It proved the fallacy of trying to spoof the youngster, and it also increased my belief in the Izaak Walton League and the things for which this organization stands.

Soon that boy of mine will reach an age where he will demand an opportunity to enjoy a fishing rod or a gun. It will be a case of give him the rod and gun and a place to use both of them or resign myself to watching him hump his back over a pool table and breathe the reeking, foul air and gather in a lot of ideas that will never do him any good.

We want to be able to go with him afield and astream to show him, if possible, by comparison, the value of clean, decent sport.

We don't expect him to be an angel (there are not enough of them in his pedigree), but we do want him to be a citizen of whom we can be proud.

We feel that every father in America is interested in just the same way—we know that every Waltonian is—and it is up to the fathers of this generation to be decent enough to provide something for the youngsters.

The Izaak Walton League is a working factor in American life. The problem of conservation becomes more acute every day, and unless we can do something now—not ten years from now—we are going to find ourselves in some embarrassing positions when questioned by the boys.

I can visualize myself, say ten years from now, when the boy says, "Well, Dad—how about those fish you said we'd find?"

Maybe I'll be looking into an old creek so filled with deadly pollution that a maggot would have difficulty in surviving, let alone a fish.

It will be a rough spot and a hard question. I doubt whether I will be able to find a suitable substitute for the popcorn wagon.

—E. H. R.

*Pack train enroute to the Chaco.*

# *Hunting the* VICUÑA *and* GUANACO

## *Trailing the "wild cousins" of the llama through the Andes offers an interesting sport*

By WM. H. RINKENBACH

Photographs by the Author

THE mountain sheep and goat of the Rockies and Alaska have long attracted the pursuit of Nimrods with a bent for arduous, silent hunts on mountain-slope and peak; and some of these have found opportunities abroad to seek the chamois and gazelle. But few, however, realize that the vicuña and guanaco, wild cousins of the patient bearer of burdens in the Andes, the llama, offer nearly as difficult and probably as interesting sport in a part of the globe to which but little attention has been paid by sportsmen.

Ranging from Peru to Patagonia at elevations of from 10,000 feet and up, these shy and wary animals eke out an existence that is a tribute to the efficiency of Nature and a reproof to the casual wastefulness of mankind. Bearing a fur which is valuable, the native, or *roto,* hunters have so mercilessly depleted their numbers that today they travel in bands of from three to six as compared with the hundred or so that at one time formed a traveling community. Today the only wild American representatives of the camel tribe are approaching extermination, a fate which also threatens other animals of the same region.

Some years ago the writer was quartered in desert of Atacama, which lies between the Coast and Andean ranges of Northern Chile and five thousand miles from the land of deer and bass. Thirty-five miles to the east, the peaks and plateaus of the Andean *cordillera,* frequently swept in both winter and summer by snowstorms that temporarily obliterated their majesty, allured with a promise of even greater elbow-room and solemn desolation than that found in the barren, rolling country in which we stayed.

But most of the "Yanquis" were decided in their preference for a trip to port when opportunity offered; and so when the expedition set out one hot summer day in December, the party consisted only of Jim Watson, a happy and husky lad who knew the "hills" and was more than willing to go back, a picturesque *proprio* or guide with the equally picturesque and untranslatable nickname "Cheeweewee," and myself. On *Dobbin* and *Bicicleta,* with Cheeweewee installed on a mule and leading a pack-mule, we set forth on what was to prove a succession of laughable and interesting mishaps.

This was augured at the start, when the saddle-bags on *Bicicleta* slipped under the belly and aroused that usually peaceable pacer to such a frenzy that the writer—no *rodeo* performer at best—was compelled to "pull leather" in order to stay on. So it was with the echoes of raucous jeers from the bystanding Yanks in our ears that we departed from the *campamento* in a cloud of dust.

The first leg of the day's travel was over an almost level stretch of the desert. At an altitude of 7,500 feet the air was bracing and the heat easily endurable. Realizing that several days of hard travel were before us, we proceeded at a leisurely pace, though *Bicicleta,* an ex-racer, was anxious for the usual run. But our gentle canter threatened to become a snail's pace when the pack-mule—a young animal—displayed a truly mulish disposition and Cheeweewee was compelled to do some urging. Finally we two rode ahead toward the pink, brown, and gray slopes of the barren

foothills we must reach; the shifting shades of color and frequent mirages—sometimes miles away and miles in extent and at other times flashing pools but a quarter-mile away—serving to keep our interest alive when discussion lagged.

Late in the afternoon we reached the edge of the foothills and dismounted to await Cheeweewee. An hour passed and a second was spent in surmising the cause of his delay. Just as we were about to backtrack, the weatherbeaten, triumphantly grinning *proprio* rounded a hummock and came toward us. In his best manner he explained: After we had ridden ahead, he had found it necessary to adjust the pack. The *mula diabolica* had cleverly chosen this moment to throw the pack and take to its heels. Then must he catch the perverse animal which, by the kind providence of the saints, could bring no equally perverse offspring into the world, lead it back, and repack without aid. Hence the delay, *señores*.

Knowing Cheeweewee to be the best local guide, we assured him *"no importe"* and the reformed cavalcade passed into a sandy defile between hills. But the pack-mule continued in a mood to get out of the faintly beaten path which led to the water-station toward which we were headed; and as Jim and I had each been there before, after a time we confidently rode ahead once more.

An hour passed and darkness came with the suddenness of tropical latitudes. Slowing our pace a bit, we rode ahead in pleasant anticipation of reaching the station and a hearty meal. Another hour passed and doubts suddenly assailed us when vague, unreal shapes loomed against a sky in which myriads of stars shone as gold against black velvet. Reining in, Jim announced that we were not lost but had swung northeast and probably were at a deserted silver mine, the *Ojo de Inez*. With this announcement we began to question the wisdom of leaving the guide behind.

But one course was open to us—to retrace our steps, find a branching of the trail, and head southeast. Realizing that Cheeweewee might have passed the fork, our haste outran caution and the horses were urged to a slow gallop through the semi-darkness. There was a plunge, a shock, and I saw the ponderous *Dobbin* stumble, try to recover, and crash on his shoulder; Jim being thrown clear.

With a dismayed feeling that another of the traps of the wild places for the unwary had been sprung and an added set of unfortunate circumstances were about to face me, I hurriedly dismounted and ran to Jim as *Dobbin* ponderously struggled to his feet. To my relief, Jim also arose under his own power and assured me that he was not hurt; so it was with a feeling of considerable relief that we prepared to resume our way.

But caution now entered our counsels and a new plan was adopted. The chill night air renewed our energies and we decided that our wiser course was to head directly southeast and disregard the problematical value of faint, starlit trails. So, leading our horses, we set a course by the stars and resolutely started tramping over hills and across shallow valleys.

For an hour we plodded on, over bare, loose earth that yielded at every step; losing ourselves in the abstraction of a monotonous progress. But our senses quickened to measurable relief when suddenly we saw a light at some distance ahead. To the question as to which first saw the welcome beacon, memory refuses to reply and the writer cannot accept responsibility or credit. In some excitement, we hello'd and then fired a revolver. Our eager eyes soon caught the acknowledgment of our signal that came in a violent movement of the light—evidently a lantern.

Quickly we "doped it out." Cheeweewee had arrived at the Chaco water-station and, finding that we had not arrived, set out in search of us. Mounting, we carefully rode toward the guiding flame, whose distance we could not judge. At times, as we dipped into a hollow, it would disappear from sight; to reappear just above the horizon as our horses labored up the far slope. An occasional shot, as each could see, was immediately acknowledged by movements of the lantern; and with renewed confidence after each of these exchanges we pressed on toward our goal.

(From Brehm's "Tierleben")

*A band of vicuña.*

Another hour or so passed in a mild fever of expectancy, though we felt that we should have encountered Cheeweewee by this time. Suddenly the patient but tired *Bicicleta* stopped and refused to budge, and *Dobbin* also came to a halt. Dropping our glance to the ground for a possible cause of this strange behavior, we found ourselves standing at the edge of the deep, precipitously-walled Chaco canyon, over which a few more steps would have taken us. And the lantern? The light we had individually and simultaneously seen swinging about in arcs and circles? It was with deep chagrin that we realized that this was nothing more than a particularly large and brilliant star!

Reader, be truly gentle, for all this happened on a Christmas Eve!

Though our feelings were mingled, relief was one of them. We had but to follow the edge of the *quebrado* until a descent was practicable and then go up or down to the station. This program was soon interrupted by our hearing a shout, replying, and finding Cheeweewee on muleback—carrying a lantern. We were at no great distance from the station and soon arrived there. Well past midnight we ate a hasty meal and dropped into bunks, too tired to even discuss the day and its events.

Christmas morning found us more interested in prospects of the hunt than in presents. Stopping only to eat and inspect the carcass of a vicuña that Rojas, the jovial caretaker, had shot a few days before, we repacked and started anew with the hope that the hoodoo had exhausted its bag of tricks at our expense.

We were now at the bottom of a narrow valley with steep, bare sides—*the quebrado del Chaco*. Here, at an elevation of 10,300 feet, a slow seepage of water from winter snows came to the surface and supported a scanty growth of tough grass well protected by sharp edges and points. About this flew hundreds of small, dove-like birds.

Our path led up the valley, the floor of which rose steadily. The grass and birds quickly disappeared and once more we were amidst desolation. Progress was rapid, however, and by early afternoon the walls of the *quebrado* dwindled to nothing and we (*Continued on page 49*)

# Wood Smoke *and* Running Water

*As you read this magnificent tribute to our out-of-doors, try to remember that the author is totally blind and that this vivid word picture is painted from memory*

By CHARLES LOSE

Dry point etchings by the well-known British artist, Norman Wilkinson

TWO boys had made a camp at the end of a great boulder that stood at the edge of the stream. Their roof was a dozen slabs leaned against the boulder. Their bed was of hemlock twigs piled in a tumbled mass. Their camp was somewhat protected from the wind at the rear by a steep hillside. On a beach of sand and gravel at the front, their camp fire burned. It would light up the face of the pool at night and the trunks of the trees on the opposite shore.

The pool was perhaps a hundred feet in length. It was deep at the upper end, but wide and shallow at the lower end. At the head there was a noisy riffle, and at the foot, one with a lower, deeper note. A second boulder lay in the middle of the pool, just in front of the boys' camp. It made a harbor for the trout. Its top rose above the surface of the water and divided the current. The stream, as it ran past this boulder, made a soft swishing sound, now high, now low.

It was the opening day of the trout season, a gray day with a cold wind. The stream, in which the boys had been wading in ordinary shoes all day, was ice cold, for the snow was not yet gone from the deeper hollows in the mountains. The night was sure to be cold. Ice would form around the edges of the pool. The boys had no change of clothing, so far as I could see, and no covering for their bed. Yet, when I asked them to go with me down to the club house, a mile below, where there were warm stoves and spare beds, they declined my invitation. The older boy, a lad of about thirteen, told me, with some little show of embarrassment, the reason. He said he liked to smell the smoke from the camp fire and listen to the running water.

In the night I was awakened by a high wind. It shook the club house and made its joints creak. I could hear it roaring on the ridges like a gale at sea. As I snuggled down lower among my warm blankets I thought of the two boys in their open camp. But the next morning when

I hailed them from across the stream and asked them what sort of a night they had spent, one said "Great" and the other said "Bully."

It was two months later that I met the old fisherman some five miles higher up on the stream. His camp was made under two small oaks whose branches met and made a green canopy overhead. His shelter was a square of canvas hardly larger than a bed sheet. It was stretched low between the two oaks in front and pinned to the ground behind. The bed was of sweet fern, dry and aromatic. At the rear of the camp there was an open space of twenty-five or thirty acres, known to fishermen as "the field." In it ferns, huckleberry bushes, and red wood lilies grew and aspens quivered in the lightest breath of wind. There was a tall mountain across the stream in front of the camp. It had been ravaged by lumbermen and scourged by forest fires until it was only a great mass of gray rocks and rock ledges with here and there a clump of bushes like tufts of beard on an old man's face. But in the early morning light or after the sun had sunk behind the rim of mountains it would have a beauty and a dignity all its own.

The stream at this point ran down a long incline so uniform in width and depth that it might have been flowing down a gently sloping street. It was paved with stones, with now and then a larger stone around which the water gurgled, and below which there was always a little trout that rose at short intervals to capture a floating insect. On the farther side the stream was bordered with thick bushes, some of whose branches leaned over and touched the water and made a lapping sound as they moved slowly back and forth. These overhanging branches made a sanctuary for the larger trout. On the nearer side the stream was lined with tall grass among which the moving water made soft, low, whispering sounds. It was a place that would have made a strong appeal to the heart of every true angler and camper.

It was near the close of a perfect June day that I came upon the old fisherman. He was in the middle of the stream in front of his camp with rod in hand. I sat down on the bank to watch him. Soon I saw a ten inch trout rise to one of his two flies. He hooked and netted it with all the skill and precision of the complete angler. Then, for some reason, he stood still in the stream. Trout splashed unheeded all about him, the stream called to him as it went by, wood smoke drifted out to him from his camp fire, a soft wind moved among the leaves, and high overhead night hawks wheeled and mounted with sharp cries. Then, a whip-poor-will fluttered down to a flat stone not far away and began its shrill lament. Still, the old fisherman made no movement. Of what was he thinking? Was he dreaming of the days when he and the stream were both young, when the mountain side was covered and the valley was filled with murmuring pines and hemlocks, when streams ran clear and clean and full, and when trout were many and fishermen few? Or was he peering into the future and counting with keen regret the few such June evenings left for him? I could not tell.

I spent the night with the old man. Sometime after midnight I was roused by a long roll of thunder. I listened and found that a storm was coming up the valley. Soon it was so near that the brilliant flashes of lightning made everything light as day and the deep peals of thunder fairly shook the mountains. Between thunder peals it was deathly still, and I could hear the stream talking excitedly to itself for rods up and down. Then I heard the rain coming with its millions of pattering feet, and in a minute it was on us with a deafening roar. But the old man at my side did not awake. He edged a little closer to me, but his deep regular breathing went on steadily. His old body had long known thunder and lightning and rain and was not to be disturbed by them. Finally the storm passed and left behind it air so cool and moist and earth so clean and fragrant that one must know the mountains after a thunderstorm to understand.

In the morning as I was putting my rod together and preparing to depart I asked the (*Continued on page 65*)

*Bang! A flash and a strike.*

# Molly Cottontail

## *A treatise on hounding the hare*

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Sketches by El Comancho

*MOLLY COTTONTAIL* is an elusive little creature at best, and to say the very least, she keeps you guessing and often busy operating your wits to their full limit.

Without warning she will dart out, probably from under your very feet, from the cozy little burrow she has made, and is off at an awful rate of speed before you are aware what has happened. There you see her go, weaving in and out amongst the mazes of the brush, her powderpuff tail flashing here and there. Up comes your gun and you fire point-blank; and the chances are exceedingly strong that she will still be going absolutely unscathed, probably to dive into some burrow for safety until the shades of night are again on the land.

Molly Cottontail is looked upon with some scorn as being one of the dullest-brained of the animals that inhabit the earth. But the lie is promptly and unanimously set to this assertion when one considers that the tribe never seems to grow less for all the persistence with which they are followed through almost all the days of the winter season.

A philosopher once made the statement that the rabbit did not have a friend on earth. It may be true. At least it is true that it has been able to take care of itself even though closely followed up by man, a creature of great intelligence, aided not only by dogs of select breed, but provided with weapons for its decimation that are of the deadliest. Yet in spite of all of these advantages there are still rabbits to be had. In fact, when all other game has ceased to be, the rabbit will be with us, and probably in that dim, distant era, the annals of the day will chronicle the pleasure of hunting the cottontail with all the gusto that attends the narrating of an expedition against the Alaskan bear or the moose. Who can say?

No less a personage than the late Grover Cleveland, said of rabbit shooting, that it really was the only democratic sport in America, and that while there was some exhilaration to be had in chasing the deer through the cedar swamps and over the windfalls, or sprinting out of the reach of a bull moose, or tomahawking a denned-up bear—it remained for rabbit hunting to save the day. To go rabbit hunting one does not need to make reservations a year ahead for transportation to the field of carnage. There is no need of an expensive equipment and your name engraved on your gun. You do not need four guides, one cook and a cookee, a rabbit-skin sleeping bag, a hot-water bottle and a pair of opera glasses. The world will not know that you are going hunting, and you probably come in the back door. Your wife asks just one thing, saying: "Well?" And you answer: "None." All too often one returns without a powderpuff for the kid's stocking cap so that he will look like Daniel Boone. And the evening meal (generally very late) consists of pork chops fortified by a loaf of bread with corned beef for dessert.

*Senator-Elect Harry B. Hawes of Missouri and Mrs. Hawes take the dogs out for that first quail shoot of the season.*

There is no plan of action that answers in rabbit hunting. There are no hard and fast rules. Right here it may be said that the rabbit hunter has more elbow-room and downright latitude than any other type of hunter holding down the field. To walk far, diligently, patiently and, so far as possible, secretively, answers for the main essentials of the maneuvers. There are those who insist that the rabbit hunter should be clothed in garments to harmonize with his surroundings, in a phrase, that he imitate a cornshock or a brushpile, but this is merely a ribald jest and should not be taken seriously. Some rabbit hunters carry a rabbit foot for luck, others a potato in the back pocket for rheumatism; both are dignified and appropriate in their place.

Arriving at the field where you are going to start your devastation you take a long, deep breath and unbutton your hunting coat, revealing your expansive chest. You dump a box of shells in your pocket and load up at the same

time casting appreciative and studious glances to right and left to detect such tracks as may have been made by the unwary. You can easily tell if these have been made recently by removing a track bodily. If you can break the track in two without undue effort, it was made the week before. If you can move a track by stirring it around with your finger, look out, game is close at hand. That being the case you rise with a "I thought so" attitude and a grim determination to track the wildlings to their dens.

Now comes the strenuous part of rabbit hunting. If the snow is deep your advance may be like unto a polar peregrination. If the snow is light a man can walk twenty miles at a swinging gait. In walking, throw the chest forward from the hips up, breathe deeply, hold the gun in your two hands and keep it swaying from right to left, and from left to right. This is good exercise and is conducive to the delicious tiredness that insures sleep at the end of the day. You may go to sleep with your boots on and your sleep may be a three day snore, but one thing is positively and unanimously certain, you do not have to lie awake counting sheep leaping through the hole in the wall or be witness to the southern migration of an endless herd of maroon elephants.

No rabbit hunter should shoot a rabbit sitting—unless he be alone. Even then he should look around to see that he is the only witness to the cruel deed. Since nine-tenths of the rabbits shot are shot while they are sleeping with two eyes closed, and since nine-tenths of the rabbits shot at running are missed, some little attention must be given to the *modus operandi* of the *shoti rabbitus*.

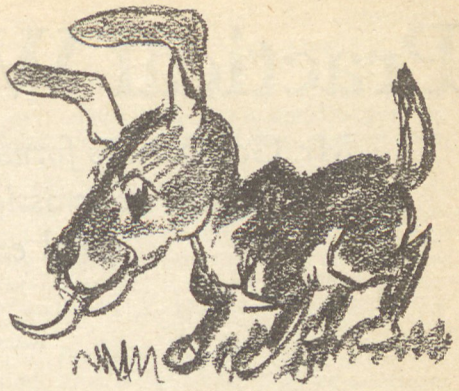
Having discovered a rabbit ensconced in a tuft of grass, taking its afternoon siesta, and after you have recovered from the "shakes," straighten up in your tracks, telling yourself to be a man, and take a long breath and hold it while you count to forty. If at forty the rabbit has not arisen from his slumbers, let go of your breath and you will be as cool and collected as though nothing had happened.

The prone position is favored by most firework artists in shooting the sitting rabbit. Very carefully remove the snow, take off your coat and hat, and taking rest, aim directly between the eyes of the rabbit. A position doted on by the more advanced and intelligent of the gun writers of this country is to turn with your back to the rabbit. The gun is pointed backward at the sleeper and is sighted by holding a plate glass mirror in front of you so that everything that goes on behind can readily be detected. This is only a warning in season for the rabbit is cunning and may sneak up on a person from behind. As this constitutes grand larceny on the part of the rabbit one is justified in cutting two notches on his gun immediately following the demise of the latter.

Contrary to the belief of most seasoned rabbit hunters, very few cornshocks ever are known to contain rabbits. However, knowing that a cornfield by outward evidence or otherwise (and without any tracks showing), does not contain rabbits, the hunter should approach a rabbitless shock on tip-toe, observing religiously and dutifully the need of utter noiselessness, silence, tranquillity and peace. When within fifteen feet of an unoffending shock a pause should be made and with a hand cupped to the ear one should listen intently that he might hear what he might hear. Hearing nothing the final descent is made.

*"Aw, come on down."*

There are two ways of leaping on a rabbitless cornshock. The first method is rather clumsy and is a cross between a leap and the Australian Crawl. Were a rabbit in the cornshock it would be frightened out of ten years growth and would become hysterical by this violent demonstration. The second method of scaring a rabbit out of a shock when it is not there, is more sedate and refined. There are no plans and specifications. One assumes a nonchalant, debonair air, approaching the accumulated fodder relentlessly. Deliberately turning your back to the shock, thrust out your foot and heave it forcefully into the shock. Then swiftly pull it out and run around to the other side and, throwing your hand up to your eyes, peer under it to see if anything happened. As nothing ever does, you proceed to ruin another rabbitless shock before embarking for the brushpile sector.



*"Come on up here!"*

The brushpile is to rabbit hunting what the lily pads and sunken log retreats are to the bass fisherman. There are many varieties and sub-species of brushpiles. There are those that are merely beginnings of brushpiles which one can leap upon by one fell stroke without throwing the false teeth out of gear. Then there are the brushpiles with a retiring disposition which have crept down close to the landscape and seem to be hiding out on you. These subspecies of brushpiles have, through successive past eras of rabbit destruction, been pounced upon by stern men with heft and determination to their credit. They have been manhandled, treated to assault and battery, massacred, and torn limb from limb. Occasionally one of these relics will produce a thoroughbred pair of drumsticks with the dumplings for trimmings, but on the whole their housing days are over. Of brushpiles there are many; some are new cut and well ventilated and will not provide means to meat until they have been leaped upon for no less than two years. Then when they have come down from their high estate it can be expected that a rabbit some evening will take up his bachelor quarters there only to be separated from the arms of Morpheus some day by a sound like the touching off of seven kinds of Hades. How speedily that rabbit will vacate can be guessed and the chances are strong that he will be in the next county by the time the demon on the top of the brushpile has come to the realization that it is time to shoot. Then two thundering reports will rip the vitals out of the atmosphere; the windows in the farmhouses for miles around will shake and shiver. In the silence that follows all that will be heard is the startled exclamation of a sap-sucker on the branch above the hunter's head.

There are those who make so bold as to say that certain rabbits have charmed lives. A rabbit has been known to run the gauntlet of five soft-coal burners and a self-regulating detonating blunderbuss and when last seen was still going strong. It is beyond belief. Positively. Occasionally the Sacred Order of Amalgamated Rabbit Hunters receives an addition to their ranks in the shape of the gun wizard who can hit a rabbit running, in the air, above or below ground and between the eyes. Every man who has ever aspired to be the champion rabbit hunter of the belt hopes some day to become so proficient with weapons as to be able to catch a rabbit in the ear two times out of three when it is on the run, the firearm being the familiar .22 caliber, the same to be shot from the hip. But it is sad to state that nine out of ten cannot even begin to do justice to the game with muzzle-loaders, howitzers, automatics, repeaters or fusees.

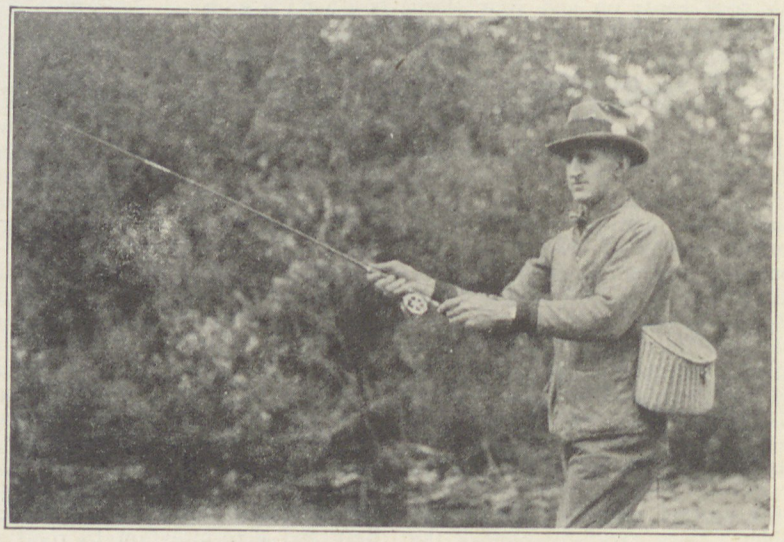
The popular notion in regard to the shotgun is that all one has to do is to point it at something sixty to one hundred yards off and pull trigger. By starting in on rabbits one will be able to find out (*Continued on page 50*)

# Practical Wild Life Conservation

*Mr. Gordon was formerly the administrative officer of the Pennsylvania game commission and this article is based on his personal experience and study of the subject*

By SETH E. GORDON

National Extension Director Izaak Walton League of America



*The author after brook trout.*

*"WHAT is retarding wild life conservation efforts in this country?"*—A question asked daily by one or more of the ten million hunters and fishermen in Uncle Sam's domain who has just roused himself from an age-old lethargy. Again and again some promising youngster not yet in his teens may be heard asking his embarrassed daddy what became of all the game and fish he just overheard an oldtimer telling about down at the village store, and why some of this sport was not saved for him and his companions to enjoy. The answer to both questions is exactly the same—INDIFFERENCE! Yes, an indifference by our ancestors, and to a large measure the present generation, toward their stewardship of our natural resources tantamount to criminal neglect.

Again we hear others, who undoubtedly mean well, but who never had a drop of sporting blood in their veins, inquire why anyone should urge the preservation of the fish and game of the country so "innocent" boys and "lazy" grown-up men may be encouraged to waste their time angling or hunting. Poor souls! They fail to catch the spirit or to appreciate the full value to humanity of such alluring outdoor recreation. Fortunately, they are far in the minority, and there is hope that they may yet catch the true significance of it all.

The indifferent individual, but who does know what it means to enjoy a day astream or afield, is the one who must be brought to a full realization of his or her responsibility if we are to conserve our wild life in a practical way. It is safe to say that less than ten per cent of the very people who get the most enjoyment and benefit from hunting, trapping and fishing take any material interest in guaranteeing their own future sport, let alone saving something of the remnants, as Hal Evarts so aptly puts it, for future generations. What is the answer to all this apathy?

Indifference, aided and abetted by the absence of nation-wide organized constructive effort, has made possible a hodgepodge, uncorrelated system of administration of our wild life resources in America. Very good progress has been made in a number of states, but the structure as a whole has lacked proper correlation and stability.

Wild life conservation must be handled in a business-like, scientific manner over a long term of years to accomplish results. Trained capable men must be placed in charge and retained in the service because of their fitness, not because of their ability as vote getters. In recent years, due to more active interest by the sportsmen, there has been a tendency to recognize the value of wild life conservation, to divorce such activities from politics, and to administer conservation activities in a business-like manner, but there is still a woeful lack of crystallized public sentiment and organized support.

The states which have made the most progress in game, fish and forest restoration during the past ten or fifteen years have clearly demonstrated that the first step is a broad constructive program based upon the needs of each state, yet not unmindful of the interests of their neighbors.

The type of organization which should direct the work is largely a matter of choice. However, in the long run it is evident that the non-salaried, non-political commission form of game and fish administration is more free from frequent radical changes in personnel and policy, also more likely to pursue a constructive program over a series of years than is the case with the average single-headed department. Services of trained, efficient employes are much less likely to be abruptly terminated under the commission form of administration than under any other plan—another vital factor.

Seventeen states now have a commission form of game and fish administration, and are making satisfactory progress except where the sportsmen are grossly indifferent and not giving the work necessary support. In a number of other states very good progress is being made, but they are the exception, rather than the rule. The only way to account for this difference is that an active, unselfish, non-political commission invariably enjoys a greater degree of confidence and more popular united support than any one person can hope to have, even though such individual is highly capable and efficient.

Those criticising the commission form of administration invariably advance the argument that it is not possible to get five or six good big upstanding business and professional men to accept such appointments, and that if they do they will not actively follow up the work, thus leaving the entire burden on one or two men anyhow. The experience in a number of states clearly refutes this argument. It has been proven that on the average the very best type of citizens will accept a non-salaried appointment, devote their best energies to the work in hand, and be more independent and efficient in every way than can be expected of the man who is unwilling to accept an appointment unless compensated for his services. On the other hand, no one should expect high class citizens to accept appointments to such commissions unless they actually have full authority to direct the affairs of that body. Advisory boards without authority invariably lose interest and often become more or less useless.

What desirable wild life of all kinds needs more than

anything else in America is an opportunity to produce a maximum annual increase under favorable natural conditions.

The actual program to be pursued in the several states to secure the best results varies considerably. Next in importance to placing the work in charge of an efficient organization with a comprehensive program, the following activities are considered of primary importance:

1. Restoring our forests and preventing and controlling forest and grass fires, thereby protecting our watersheds.
2. Preventing unwise drainage, also reclaiming improperly drained lakes, ponds and marshes.
3. Eliminating all avoidable pollution of streams and lakes.
4. Setting aside and maintaining suitable land and water areas of reasonable size for wild life refuges, surrounded by public hunting and fishing grounds.
5. Restocking refuges and other protected areas suitable to game and fish.
6. Controlling predatory species, commonly called vermin.
7. Improving the natural food and shelter conditions for game and fish, also judicious winter feeding where necessary.
8. Eliminating all commercialism in wild game and game fish.

Stringent regulations controlling the taking of fish and game, bag and creel limits, and restricted seasons all have their place, but they are of secondary importance. A careful survey of the statutes in force in the several states impresses one with the fact that up to this time the entire wild life conservation program of this country has been predicated upon the theory that such restrictions rather than proper recognition of the major issues above outlined will solve the problem.

Such restrictions have their place, but they are decidedly not of anything like the importance that has been placed upon them. Such details should, as far as possible, be left in the hands of responsible officials for adjustment as changing conditions may warrant. Consuming the valuable time of legislative bodies for the consideration of minor details which should be delegated to responsible administrative heads or commissions is an uncalled-for imposition upon the law-making branch of any state government.

There is now no semblance of uniformity or simplicity in the game, fur and fish laws of the states. Neighboring states especially should have more nearly uniform laws and cooperate much more closely at all times. The unnecessary difference in the statutes is a source of constant friction and annoyance, and is not conducive to neighborly cooperation.

The fish, game and fur laws in most states are badly in need of codification, so that such laws may be simplified and easily understood and observed by the public. At present officials in charge must frequently obtain legal opinions from the chief law officers of their states to help unravel conflicting provisions in the laws with which they are trying to function. If these officials are unable to discharge their duties without the aid of such legal advice, how in the name of common sense can we expect the average citizen to understand and observe such statutes? What we need in every state is simple laws, and place in the hands of trained, competent officials, more administrative power to adjust details as necessary without delaying until later sessions of the legislature can do so, thereby causing the loss of invaluable time and seed stock.

Everybody agrees that conservation is largely a matter of public education, but every educational effort, whether conducted through lectures, motion pictures, literature, the public press or otherwise, must be supported by an alert, trained and effective field organization. Such an organization is absolutely essential and it must *judiciously and without bias* exercise the police powers conferred upon it. Law enforcement, directed without fear or favor, but at all times tempered with justice and *(Continued on page 48)*

© S. B. Locke

*Deer in Kaibab forest. This photograph was taken during Mr. Gordon's inspection of the Kaibab.*

*How long are we going to stand for this?*

# Pollution Bureau Opens

*Special department to study water conditions in League's national campaign against pollution starts work under expert supervision. Chapters asked to fill out questionnaire*

Photographs by The Michigan Photo Company

## *Every Chapter Needed*

*Foreword by President Folds*

THE problem of pollution is a big one with hundreds of angles, legal, technical, and otherwise, and the Izaak Walton League CAN correct it, but only by hard work and enthusiastic cooperation.

Nothing injures a project quite so badly as sporadic failures—particularly projects of a national character based on the good will of the people.

There have been many attempts to combat pollution of our inland and coastal waters. These attempts have flared up and died due, chiefly, to impatience and lack of well laid plans backed by technical knowledge.

We know from the records of the past that a fundamental knowledge of exact conditions must, therefore, be the first step, and that to obtain such data with a minimum of expense requires thought and a careful study of the various plans offered.

This campaign is being carried on in cooperation with the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, and our findings will have vital effect in eliminating pollution and giving us pure water.

We anticipate the receipt of hundreds of letters from Chapters of the League asking that immediate action be

taken to clear up local situations. In these instances I personally ask you to be patient, as the new bureau will be working night and day, and it will take time to handle new situations constantly arising in this campaign.

I feel that we are very fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Hatfield. The accompanying statement by Dr. Ward will show that we have secured a man of wide experience and recognized ability.

It is my hope that representatives from Chapters will visit the new bureau at National Headquarters and meet Dr. Hatfield.

A careful survey will create a sound foundation for a fine piece of work in which all members of the League must take an interest, as it will be a magnificent contribution to both the health and happiness of our citizens.

—*Charles W. Folds, National President I. W. L. A.*

## *An Introduction*
### *By Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward*

AFTER many trials and tribulations we are all set to go in the advance against the evils of stream pollution. No one has been more conscious of the delay than I have been, as chairman of the Committee on the Elimination of Stream Pollution. You also chafe at the inaction, for I have been getting more letters than I could possibly answer. While most of them naturally expressed the disappointment of members or chapters that we were so inactive, most of them had in addition information and suggestions of marked value regarding our work. It has been absolutely impossible to reply so that you might all know of the difficulties and disappointments which have postponed our start from week to week and month to month, even after it seemed as if we were absolutely ready for the signal to go. However, there is little value in discussing the past. I may sum up its history in the single statement that every one of the officers of the League and every member of the committee has been working as hard as possible to get the plans perfected. You will readily appreciate that there was little point in starting a movement which could not be maintained, and it became evident at an early date that we must have on the job an expert who could devote constantly and exclusively a considerable portion of his time to the project. In fact, as the plan has been developed we have all come to appreciate that before long the movement will demand the full time and the best energy of the most capable man in the field, and we must plan also for enlarging the staff to meet the needs of the situation as the campaign proceeds.

The League is fortunate in having been able to secure the services of one of the best and most talented men in the field, who has made arrangements to devote part of his time to opening the campaign. I refer to William D. Hatfield, Ph.D., and a few personal facts about "Hap" will be welcome. He was born in Jacksonville long enough ago to have had an experience that fits him admirably for the task, and yet his friends say he looks and acts like a kid! That means, of course, that he is still young enough to have the energy and enthusiasm of youth. He raced through college and university courses, picking up degrees of A.B., M.S., and Ph.D., with high honor, finishing just in time to be given large responsibilities for the water supply of one section of the A. E. F., with which in the field as a lieutenant of the Sanitary Corps, U. S. A., he gained most valuable experience for this campaign of the Izaak Walton League. On his (*Continued on page 54*)

*Thousands of fish killed. The League's campaign will prevent this IF YOU HELP!*

# Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

*Owned and Published by*

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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Chicago, Ill.



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## Left Behind

*OUR* cover this month by William Schmedtgen is reproduced from an oil painting valued at $1,000. It is a splendid thing not only from a standpoint of art but because of the tragic story it so vividly portrays.

That old mallard drake with the broken wing calls to the flock passing south—but calls in vain.

In our estimation that cover should be reproduced on the back of every hunting license issued, as no man who loves a day in the blind can look at it and not do a lot of thinking. This thinking might lead to some really constructive effort.

"Left Behind" shows the effect of "barrage" shooting more clearly than thousands of words could describe it and each year many cripples are left helpless to either starve or freeze.

Most cripples are the victims of greedy shooting. You, no doubt, have seen it. The flock comes sailing in. Up flashes the gun. *BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!* A deadly barrage is poured into the flock with no two shells directed at the same bird. Perhaps two birds fall. Perhaps two more jerk in the air and continue their flight for a few hundred yards to fall crippled at the water's edge down stream.

To kill one bird and kill it cleanly should be the aim of every duck hunter. To rip into a flock, crippling several birds in an effort to make a big kill, is not only a very poor method of hunting but a rotten display of greed.

Duck hunting is a splendid sport if indulged in by sportsmen and sportsmen everywhere should be interested in its perpetuity. They should do everything possible to curb the activities of the "barrage" type as anyone who really studies the migratory wild fowl situation knows that the mythical increase of birds is at best illogical.

## The New Pollution Bureau

*YOUR* League has started the most constructive project ever attempted in the annals of conservation history—a national survey of our lakes and streams to accurately determine the extent to which they are polluted, and to ultimately correct existing conditions.

This campaign is being started in such a way as to insure its perpetuity. "Brass band" tactics have been eliminated and only facts derived from actual contact and study will be accepted.

A questionnaire has been mailed to each Chapter for the purpose of obtaining facts concerning local conditions. When all the Chapters have answered the questions asked, representatives from your League can go before the lawmakers of the country and demand that further despoliation of our water be stopped not only from a fishing angle but from an angle of public health.

Your representatives will be armed with FACTS and FACTS backed by public demand are the only things that count.

You can readily see the necessity for your cooperation, not only as a Waltonian but as a citizen of the United States who believes in giving his family every chance to live in a land where public health is paramount.

## Michigan Wins Pine River Case

*THE* inherent right of an American citizen to fish, to wade and fish the navigable streams of this country has been upheld by the Michigan supreme court in a recent decision given in the appealed case of Frank Collins versus Gideon Gerhardt, Henry A. Schuil, president of the Michigan State Division, states in a wire.

This is an important verdict, not only to the fishermen of Michigan but to all anglers, as it precludes the possibility of controlling a stream by obtaining riparian rights on both sides of the water.

The Collins-Gerhardt case started on the Pine River with the arrest of Gerhardt by Collins on a trespass charge, more than a year ago. Collins had obtained riparian rights on both banks of the Pine River. Gerhardt was arrested for fishing while wading the stream.

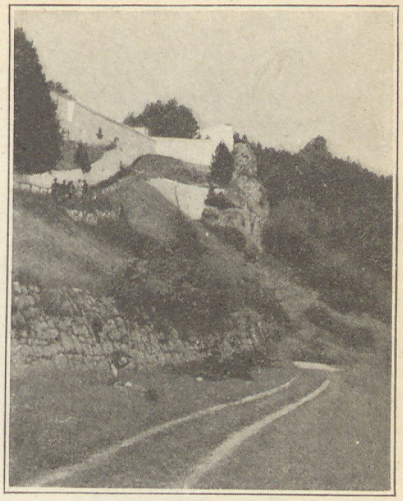
The case was carried from the justice court in which Gerhardt was first tried to the supreme court of the state. The Michigan State Division of the League backed the defendant and finally accomplished its magnificent purpose.

As this is written, the magazine is going to press, so we will have to wait until next month to print a complete résumé of this interesting case which has such vital bearing on the rights of the American fisherman.

# Better Amateur Photography

*This department has been created for the purpose of eliminating camera disappointments*

Edited by GEORGE H. HIGH
of The Chicago Camera Club



*Fort Mackinac.*

## Mixing Art and Photography

*By* F. M. Tuckerman

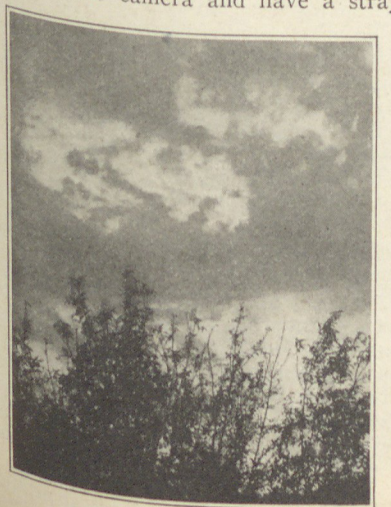
BACK in 1892, the year before the Chicago World's Fair, one of my fellow students in a Western art school introduced me to the "Kodak" and its marvelous possibilities.

Always of a more or less impatient temperament, the speed of its picture-making, compared with the slow pace of my pencils and brushes, caught my fancy—and I have been photographing ever since!

But there is so much of art schooling that may be carried over into amateur photography, with improvement of the latter, that it is well to tell you of it.

First, there are the so called "rules of composition" that, like so many other rules on various subjects, are nothing more nor less than applied common sense. Let's examine some of them.

Do you like to hear anyone tell a story and ramble all 'round and over the subject, until you begin to wonder what the point of the tale may be? No?—Then, in taking your picture of Bill and the string of trout he caught, don't drag in two or three boys staring into the camera and have a stray wheelbarrow off in one corner. Just picture Bill looking proudly at the fine catch he is holding. There you have concentration of interest and simplicity, two of the cardinal virtues of good pictures. And say! Don't you see that you have that young pine tree growing right smack out of Bill's head? Shift over a little so that you have that distant hill for a background. There's another point—always choose a background for your pictures that won't fairly yell for undesired attention.



*Clouds.*

Good, so far! But it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, forward as well as back, so just look at that foreground with its litter of two or three tin cans and a ragged branch of that dead tree to spoil its beauty. Either move Bill to a better spot or take the time to get rid of the objectionable rubbish.

So many good pictures of our friends are marred by lack of attention to the back- and foregrounds that watching just these two items will improve your work a goodly per cent.

Yes, you say, we do photograph Bill and the rest of the bunch a lot, but how about the scenery—the lakes and streams, hills and woods? All right, here's a picture of the outlet of Round Lake. You took it from one side, so that it shows just the line of the opposite shore. If you had swung around to get the sweep of the other shore line as well, then you would have had two lines leading your eye right into the very hub of the picture—the outlet itself. Get the idea? Arrange your picture so it will lead your eye (and thought) right to its main subject. Still unsatisfactory—too much watery "foreground"? Move a few feet to the right and get in that little point of land with the bushes on it that will provide a sort of jumping off place for the picture. Possibly, too, you can get it better by dropping on one knee, which will also help to decrease the expanse of water. It's quite a game, this photographic business, and like other games, if you will use your head a little your chances of winning go up fast.

And say! Hold that camera level or you will have Round Lake tipped up on one edge giving an unpleasant feeling that it is all going to spill out. Of course that can be corrected in the trimming of the print, but it's better to get it right in the negative. Remember, too, to hold the camera level when you take the club house or you will have it looking as if it had been squeezed together at the top. This defect also can be trimmed out of the print, but it may mean cutting off some part of the print that you may want to preserve.

Now that fine big pine that you want a record of. Background? The sky, if you can get it. Foreground? Have the lines of the forest trail lead right up to it from one corner of your picture, or if this can't be done, get some line of low bushes to lead to the tree.

Now for this view of the line of hills across the lake, dropping down at the right to the outlet. Be sure to get in the bushes that border this side of the lake so that you will have an interesting foreground and a better sense of depth into the picture. That should make the sky equal about one-third of the picture space which is a good rule to work by, except when making a "sky picture" when the portion above the horizon should be two-thirds. Swing the camera so that the gap in the line of hills through which the outlet flows is about one-fourth of the length of the picture from the end, and some of the near bank shows on the right. This is good spacing and much better than having the outlet, the hub of the picture, squarely in the center.

Apply this principle of spacing to all your landscapes, dividing the space in thirds up and down and in thirds or fourths crossways, getting the principal

*(Continued on page 58)*

*The Savages on portage.*

# You Wouldn't Think It

## *A big game hunter discovers the fallacy of spoofing the rest of the party*

By CHARLES DAY

Photos by the Author

IT was along in September that I began to organize a party of four and "make medicine" for a big game hunt somewhere in Canada. I felt a very serious responsibility in duties imposed upon me; for the previous year we had trusted to "medicine" made by a fisherman friend and did not get a single shot at game. Right here, let me warn the inexperienced hunter not to trust the stories of summer tourists about where to go for fall and winter hunting. To see plenty of game in summer and then to find it in fall or winter, may prove to be distinctly different problems. It is always safest to seek advice from hunters who have hunted, and then, only those whose information is drawn from experiences not more than a year or so old.

My three companions were two savage old farmers, one old Great Lakes fisherman, and myself, a "town feller." I am not going to tell exactly how old we are, but our total age would not be far from two hundred years; yet not one of us had ever fired a shot at big game, but we had dreamed and dreamed of a great hunt to come—some day. Now, with the prospect before us at last, we were tensely anxious about the success of it.

All summer long I sidestepped and shied at the responsibility of "making medicine" for the hunt, but along in September it seemed to me that the time was ripe. Anyway, I knew that melons were ripe so I drove out to John McLary's and found him with Thad Williams right where I had hoped they would be. I drove into the patch to talk things over. You might say that the hunt started in a melon patch. We talked, laughed over old times and seriously discussed the events to come; while those two old savages were picking nice ripe melons and tossing them into the trunk on my car. I said to myself, "This surely is great 'medicine.' I know now that a hunt started in a melon patch can't possibly fail."

Long and earnestly, we deliberated upon the expediency of taking a fourth party with us, especially a fisherman. For last year, did we not put faith in the tales of a fisherman only to be disappointed? Yet, this fellow proposes to be one of us, to hunt as we hunt, to hike as we hike, to boat—ah yes, boat as we boat. He knows much about boats, water and ice, so—"perhaps we had better have him along. It won't hurt anything." So it happened that one Bill Nelms was counted in, and good "medicine" it proved, dividing us evenly—wets and drys. McLary and I were drys, Williams and Nelms—wets; except, you might say, that the wets were also drys. This being the case, McLary claims that the drys have a majority. However, who wants to dispute an Irishman?

Our party was well balanced in other particulars also. For instance, McLary is a stickler for truth and honesty, while Williams—well, to illustrate, there are but three noted liars in our section of the country, and Williams is two of them. Every hunting party should have at least one good liar. The rough, wild hills, the cold rains, chill winds, long portages and shots that fail are enough of truth. Nelms and myself you might class as "just ordinary," no special lean in any one direction. So, looking us over all around, I concluded that we tuned harmonious like and ready for the show.

I went down to the ticket office hoping to learn something,

but came away with such an armload of railway maps, scenic folders, and "hot air" literature that I soon came to the conclusion that hunting a place to hunt is a science. There were tracks by the million and trails crisscrossed in every direction, so I sat down to take a correspondence course in hunting a place to hunt. After much writing, waiting, and trips back to the melon patch, I finally barked treed at a place on Big Bear Lake, seven miles north of Georgian Bay. The rest of the pack sniffed over the evidence, bellowed their approval and the "medicine" was made. You wouldn't think it, but the guide guaranteed each man a deer, if we stayed two weeks, with chance for bear and moose, although he did not claim moose country.

Looking at a map of territory around Georgian Bay, noting the railways and towns, evidences of much civilization, it seemed improbable that deer, bear, moose and other game would be found there, but true it is. One soon learns that a dot on the map marking a town in Ontario, does not mean tame farming country thereabouts. The total acres of tame land, compared with the vast wilds of Ontario, are small indeed. There is considerable business going on in those wilds, however. Families live in surprisingly out of the way places, with men busy at lumbering, trapping or mining. In those huge timbered ridges of rock where we hunted, is gold—gold everywhere—but that is the drawback. Not enough in one spot to mine. Still, there is ever a possibility that nature has hidden a rich store of precious metal somewhere, and the lure is sufficient to kindle the fire of lust in the heart of the prospector and send him cruising to the far corners of the wilderness.

On Bear Lake, a lake of pure drinking water, also full of trout and whitefish, surrounded by hills inlaid with gold up which the green pine armies march and leave lone sentinels to watch from bold heights against the sky, here was our island camp and cabin. From here we hopped off into the wilds; but we found the scouting and climbing of those beautiful hills rather stiff work.

On the first day out, after we had reached the top of the first ridge, I looked us over and noticing that our guides were breathing hard, we all stopped for a little rest. We sighted game the same day, McLary getting the first shot at a deer; and we returned to camp after our limbering up exercises, very confident of the future. On the third day, I was fortunate in bringing down the largest deer, a two hundred and fifty pound buck, with horn spread just right for a gun rack. You wouldn't think it, but he stayed on his feet with three balls, from a 405 rifle, in various parts of his anatomy.

I was on the side of a ridge looking across a little valley toward a stony, sloping bluff, which loomed in rugged outline against the sky, when suddenly the buck appeared, paused for an instant in a notch of the bold rocks, then tipped gently over the rim and came bounding, clambering, sneaking swiftly down the gullied slope, straight toward me. I shifted to a shooting position, resting on one knee. I heard the gun click and felt it press my shoulder, while the younger years of forty that I had waited, danced in gleeful visions, shouting, pleading, urging me to "Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!" But before a finger pressed the trigger, maturer years counseled me to stay my hand.

"Pause," they whispered. "View the scene. On your left, bleak, wild shores clasp a silent lake, and far away a pine clad island floats airily like a ship upon the water. On your right, is Pleasure Bay where lies your boat idling upon the sand; through the tangled valley, an old log road threads its way from lake to lake. The deer is crossing now. Look! He is coming up the slope. See those antlers laid back, and nose straight pointing as he breaks through the brush? Your chance at last. Aim, steady—F-I-R-E! Bang! Ah! He is hit! He is going down!"

No, there he comes faster than before. Swiftly he sneaks his way in, out, around and over brush, stumps and rocks. He is passing on my left, through an open space. My gun following low on the shoulder as I press steadily on the trigger. Bang! Impossible! I could not miss! He is still going. Then just as I was about to fire again, he staggered, stopped for a moment, then started on again. I fired low at the forelegs. He turned with a limp as if

*Left to right on log, McLary, Williams, Nelms, and two guides.*

stepping into a depression, and there he stood, turning his head calmly from side to side, surveying those rugged hills and peaceful lakes for the last time. No sign of fear disturbed the lingering gaze. No move disclosed infirmity, or sound expressed a morbid thought, his attitude that of a monarch born, eloquent and fit to teach men how to die. Slowly and silently, he sank to the ground.

I climbed to the top of a high ridge, endeavoring to locate my companions. I fired a shot and was answered from the far side of the lake, at my left. One of the guides came for me in a boat, and I told him of the big buck, but cautioned him not to tell the others, as I intended to make them believe it was a doe, until they saw for themselves. Quite a cute trick, I thought. They believed me implicitly, and wonderful was the surprise when I led them to the kill that evening; but later, those savages tortured me for two whole days and nights for my innocent little prank.

Saturday—yes, that was the day, I won't forget it. Saturday was the day of days for the savages. Nelms and I hunted together that day, and as we had both killed our buck, we made the drive assigned to us and brought up at the boat about 4 P. M. to wait for the others. The guides soon came in and said that McLary had a nice buck up the shore, and, as we pushed off in the boat, casually remarked that Williams got a bear, but changed the statement to two bears, and finally, after much discussion, concluded that Williams got three bears. By that time, I did not believe any of the story, and that suited the savages exactly. They picked up Williams with McLary and his buck, then headed the boat for camp.

"Hey!" said I. "Why don't you get those bears?"

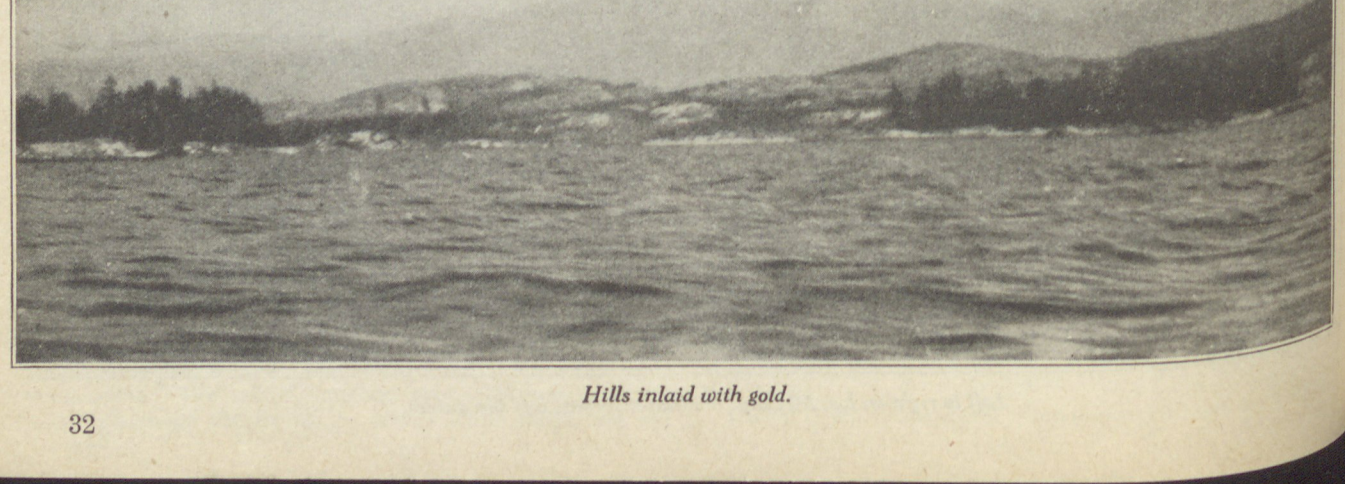
"Well," said the savages, "they might not be bears. They might be porcupines."

Then they all laughed as if something was mighty funny. Williams, the chief savage now, told a very plausible story of how he killed the bears, where he left them and all about it. He added that the morrow being Sunday and nothing to do, he would then bring in the bears. I was now convinced that he did kill three bears, and again the savages were delighted. For now they could proceed with the torture and cause me to doubt. The whole, blame band immediately told such a jumble of conflicting stories, about the bears, that you might say, I was suspended in suspense. There they let me dangle from Saturday evening, until Monday noon, before they made a move to get those bears—all because of a little joke about the big buck.

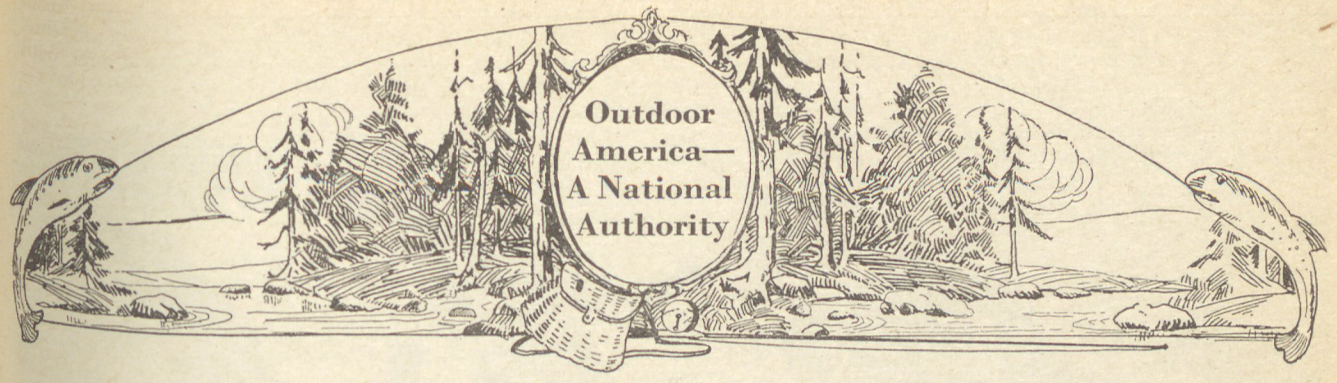
In one of the pictures, you see those savages lugging the bears. I hate that picture. I hate it because the fellow in front is such a handsome savage, and because the ladies all made such a fuss over the old, woolly bears that he killed.

I wish to warn the "town fellers" who contemplate a trip to the woods with farmers, to go well armed. When they get you all by yourself, they are sure to tell all the mean things about "town fellers" that they can think of. Even the guides seemed to be against me. I almost concluded that guides were a "no good" incompetent lot; and yet, they sometimes have valued experiences to relate. At night by the campfire, one of the guides told of commercial fishing operations in which he had been engaged, and how they were bothered by floating trash and lumber getting into the nets. They salvaged a great deal of this lumber and piled it up in regulation style on shore. When behold, one day they saw some farmers drive up to their lumber and begin loading it on a wagon. The farmers said that they did not suppose that the lumber belonged to anyone. The guide said that he asked them if they thought the lumber washed ashore and piled itself up in the manner they found it, without the assistance of some two-legged human being? I wanted to be sure that I understood the details of this story correctly, so I asked the guide if any "town fellers" ever took his lumber, and he said, "No, not as I remember. Don't think they ever did." You wouldn't think it, but I like that guide, I believe that he is one of the best in Canada.

Considering everything, we had a fine time, some hardships, of course. At times, we had little to eat except venison, trout, whitefish, potatoes, various canned goods, white bread, brown bread, biscuit, cake *(Continued on page 47)*



*Hills inlaid with gold.*




# Scientific Angling

## Complete National Tournament Scores

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

*Event No. 1—¼ oz. Distance Bait*

| | Score Avg. Feet | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|
| Argobast | 240.6 | 254 |
| Newcombe | 233⅘ | 258 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 213⅗ | 240 |
| Chatt, H. | 201 | 212 |
| Foss | 195⅕ | 219 |
| Braddon | 189⅘ | 195 |
| Trimble | 189⅕ | 212 |
| Bornholt | 187⅕ | 198 |
| Morrison | 178⅖ | 208 |
| Sutter | 176⅖ | 189 |
| Buckwalter | 176⅖ | 186 |
| Mitchell | 176⅕ | 194 |
| Peters | 172⅕ | 220 |
| Hurst | 169⅕ | 197 |
| Palmer | 166⅘ | 201 |
| Vong | 166⅗ | 175 |
| Connelly | 161⅖ | 190 |
| Schwinn | 160 | 184 |
| Willman | 159 | 210 |
| McCarthy | 157⅗ | 171 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 152 | 187 |
| Crooks | 148⅖ | 173 |
| Kleinfeldt | 145⅖ | 191 |
| White | 145⅕ | 221 |
| De Garmo | 142⅕ | 173 |
| Jamison | 139⅘ | 149 |
| Nordholm | 134 | 178 |
| Lucke | 133⅗ | 203 |
| Burlingame | 131⅖ | 137 |
| Behnen | 131 | 166 |
| Deluse | 127⅘ | 184 |
| Olson | 126⅖ | 182 |
| Neu | 124⅖ | 188 |
| Lane | 111⅘ | 139 |
| Cox | 109⅖ | 176 |
| McCandless | 109⅖ | 158 |
| Leach | 104⅕ | 146 |
| Case | 98⅗ | 144 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 78⅘ | 209 |
| Bennington | 77⅖ | 115 |

*Event No. 2—½ oz. Distance Bait*

| | Score Avg. Feet | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|
| Newcombe | 293⅕ | 302 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 274⅗ | 286 |
| Willman | 258⅕ | 265 |
| Morrison | 254⅕ | 268 |
| Chatt, H. | 254⅓ | 273 |
| Braddon | 244 | 248 |
| Kleinfeldt | 243⅗ | 255 |
| Connelly | 227⅘ | 241 |
| Neu | 224⅗ | 249 |
| Olson | 223⅘ | 238 |
| Palmer | 218⅕ | 230 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 216⅗ | 254 |
| Bornholt | 215⅖ | 232 |
| Sutter | 212⅗ | 228 |
| Buckwalter | 211⅘ | 225 |
| De Garmo | 210⅘ | 219 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 210⅗ | 217 |
| Foss | 210⅕ | 268 |
| Peters | 205 | 256 |
| Schwinn | 192⅗ | 198 |
| Mitchell | 191⅘ | 239 |
| Behnen | 191⅘ | 208 |
| Lucke | 185⅗ | 258 |
| Burlingame | 180 | 194 |
| Vong | 160 | 240 |
| Nordholm | 157⅕ | 232 |
| Jamison | 152⅘ | 199 |
| Bennington | 152⅗ | 163 |
| Hurst | 143⅗ | 250 |
| Lane | 143⅕ | 167 |
| White | 134⅕ | 294 |
| Cox | 123⅕ | 171 |
| McCandless | 118⅘ | 207 |
| McCarthy | 115 | 191 |
| Argobast | 111⅖ | 288 |
| Deluse | 109⅗ | 192 |
| Case | 105⅖ | 194 |
| Trimble | 86⅘ | 226 |
| Hodges | 80⅗ | 151 |

*Event No. 3—5¾ oz. Accuracy Fly*

| Name | Score Per Cent in Fifteenths |
|---|---|
| Schwinn | 99.12 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 99.12 |
| Reese | 99.11 |
| Braddon | 99.10 |
| Lambert | 99.10 |
| Trimble | 99.10 |
| Peters | 99.9 |
| Newcombe | 99.9 |
| Vong | 99.9 |
| Naugle | 99.9 |
| Crooks | 99.8 |
| Arado | 99.7 |
| Dr. Davis | 99.7 |
| Neu | 99.7 |
| Chatt, H. | 99.6 |
| Willman | 99.6 |
| Kleinfeldt | 99.6 |
| Burlingame | 99.6 |
| Connelly | 99.6 |
| Hurst | 99.5 |
| Kretschmar | 99.5 |
| De Garmo | 99.4 |
| Behnen | 99.4 |
| Morrison | 99.4 |
| Deluse | 99.3 |
| Lucke | 99.2 |
| Palmer | 99.2 |
| Leach | 99.2 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 99.1 |
| Case | 99.1 |
| McCandless | 99.0 |
| Lynn | 98.14 |
| Foss | 98.14 |
| Argobast | 98.13 |
| Olson | 98.13 |
| Sutter | 98.13 |
| Peet | 98.13 |
| Jamison | 98.11 |
| Bornholt | 98.5 |
| McCarthy | 98.5 |
| Davis, E. | 98.4 |
| Lane | 98.3 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 98.2 |
| Buckwalter | 98.1 |
| Mitchell | 98.1 |
| Clarkson | 97.3 |
| Nordholm | 97.1 |

*Event No. 4—¼ oz. Distance Bait*

| Name | Score Avg. Feet | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|
| Chatt, G. G. | 237⅓ | 243 |
| Trimble | 222⅕ | 238 |
| Peters | 214⅖ | 227 |
| Willman | 209⅖ | 216 |
| Braddon | 203⅓ | 212 |
| Sutter | 203⅕ | 211 |
| Morrison | 201⅘ | 214 |
| Foss | 190⅘ | 233 |
| Kinnear | 186 | 191 |
| Kleinfeldt | 185⅘ | 206 |
| Connelly | 185⅗ | 194 |
| Chatt, H. | 184⅖ | 213 |
| Mitchell | 180⅕ | 184 |
| Nordholm | 178⅖ | 196 |
| Lucke | 175⅗ | 221 |
| Schwinn | 175⅖ | 173 |
| Behnen | 169⅗ | 175 |
| Bornholt | 168⅕ | 192 |
| Taylor | 164 | 175 |
| Moulton | 154⅕ | 182 |
| Vong | 153 | 208 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 146⅖ | 209 |
| McCandless | 141⅖ | 169 |
| Neu | 137⅘ | 225 |
| De Garmo | 132⅖ | 188 |
| Clarkson | 132⅕ | 169 |
| Leach | 122⅗ | 162 |
| Bennington | 117⅗ | 163 |
| Case | 117⅖ | 147 |
| Lane | 117⅕ | 124 |
| Newcomb, E. | 116⅗ | 232 |
| Cox | 113⅖ | 206 |
| Crooks | 110⅘ | 160 |
| Palmer | 110⅕ | 197 |
| Dr. Davis | 108⅕ | 158 |
| Jamison | 108 | 136 |
| Deluse | 102⅖ | 190 |
| Buckwalter | 102⅕ | 203 |
| Burlingame | 95⅕ | 155 |
| Argobast | 93 | 248 |
| Hurst | 90⅗ | 194 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 85 | 195 |
| Hodges | 57 | 141 |
| White | 42⅖ | 213 |

*Event No. 5—5⅝ oz. Distance Fly*

| Name | Score Avg. Feet | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|
| Chatt, G. G. | 109 | 110 |
| Behnen | 108⅔ | 111 |
| Braddon | 104 | 92 |
| Olson | 103⅓ | 107 |
| Reese | 101⅓ | 102 |
| Chatt, H. | 101⅓ | 104 |
| Connelly | 99 | 100 |
| Peters | 96⅔ | 98 |
| Schwinn | 96 | 101 |
| Peet | 95⅔ | 100 |
| Lucke | 95⅔ | 96 |
| Morrison | 93 | 94 |
| Trimble | 92 | 93 |
| Jamison | 91⅓ | 93 |
| De Garmo | 91⅔ | 94 |
| Sutter | 91⅔ | 92 |
| Kleinfeldt | 90⅓ | 91 |
| Bornholt | 90 | 93 |
| Buckwalter | 89⅔ | 91 |
| Davis, E. | 89⅓ | 90 |
| Cox | 89⅓ | 92 |
| Crooks | 88⅓ | 91 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 87⅔ | 89 |
| Nordholm | 87⅓ | 89 |
| Foss | 87 | 90 |
| Deluse | 87 | 89 |
| Willman | 86⅔ | 89 |
| Hurst | 86⅔ | 87 |
| Neu | 86⅓ | 90 |
| Newcombe | 85⅔ | 87 |
| Mitchell | 84 | 85 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 83⅓ | 85 |
| Vong | 82⅔ | 83 |
| Lane | 79⅔ | 83 |
| Arbogast | 77⅔ | 78 |
| Palmer | 74⅔ | 75 |

*(Continued on page 55)*

*The cold wind swept across the glacier as we ate our lunch.*

# The Last Frontier

*The frontiers of America are fast disappearing. This is the graphic story of filming the western peaks in winter*

By L. S. LANDMICHL

*Fox News Cameraman*

Photographs by the Author

THE last frontier of the United States is a region far in the interior of the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming. This large strip of country is unsurveyed, unmapped and unnamed. It is a stretch of country more than sixty miles long and twenty-five to thirty miles in width, its locality lies between the Union Peak to the North and Temple Peak at the South, the Wind River on the East and the slope of the Rockies upon the Green River side. It comprises the highest peaks in the state, the most rugged, bleak and desolate of life.

The great ice field is scarcely broken from Union Peak, following the dividing ridge or backbone of the Rockies in a southeasterly direction to Gannett Peak and on past Mt. Helen, Fremont Peak and Mt. Hooker, continuing on to Mt. Chauvenet, Wind River Peak and Temple Peak.

These mountains are all of thirteen thousand feet altitude and more, Gannett Peak being the highest in the state, having an altitude of nearly fourteen thousand feet. The great field of ice along these peaks is broken only at the saddles, or long stretches sagging between the more distant peaks. However, it appears unbroken to the eyes when viewed from the summit of any of these high mountains.

Mountainmen and trappers who have traversed this region, claim that one may walk upon ice for a distance of over forty miles without touching soil. This claim has been substantiated by well known hunters of mountain sheep.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that this locality is the wildest, most rugged and forbidding I have ever had the opportunity to explore. A few years ago when Tom O'Brien, the renowned bear hunter, took me into the mountains of New Mexico between the head of the Gila and Rio Mimbres rivers, I expressed myself as having found the roughest, wildest and most remote region of the United States, but that was a tame experience compared to my latest adventure here in the Wyoming Rockies.

Here the black granite peaks and sheer canyon walls are not only awesome, repellent and forbidding, but sinister and foreboding. One senses an exhilarating thrill at the sight of all this chaos, yet there lingers in the mind that deeper mood of reverence.

One feels so diminutive, so insignificant in beholding such vastness of peaks, of canyons, of forests, as to leave one dazed with its great extent. The resplendency and grandeur that unfolds to the vision for miles upon miles with no sign of habitation, no civilization, nothing—only the skies, bleak granite and the ice, is indeed awe inspiring. Then far below, blue-hazed the yawning chasms stretch away like tentacles, spreading out into pine-green, grass-grown valleys, affording food and protection to all wild life. Creeks, rivers and lakes for aquatic life, deep, black, rich soil for vegetable and animal life, but first of all, it comes from these bleak and bare peaks.

Then again Nature, in her more destructive mood, lets slip a whole mountain side and inundates a valley with chaos of broken rock and debris, with giant pines splintered and broken like matchsticks. The river is dammed, a new

lake is formed, and slowly the bare mountainside cloaks itself in new pine, thus Nature plans, executes and evolves. Centuries pass, mountains crumble, ice fields melt, and still the beauty, the resplendency, the grandeur is retained.

When our party left the Two N Ranch at Dubois, Wyoming, for this great field of granite and ice I had but a vague idea of all this. Thus the trip has taught me to appreciate Nature all the more; she destroys only to create, perhaps she has a human streak, the sameness of things becomes monotonous and she makes changes to suit her whims and moods.

It was nine-thirty on the morning of August thirtieth, when, with four heavily laden pack horses and five saddled horses, we started out. The day was brilliant, hot, and we were overdressed with heavy clothing, for from an altitude of seven thousand we were going to nearly fourteen thousand feet.

Our party consisted of Mr. C. B. Hutchins of Chicago, out-of-doors man and becoming quite an explorer of the Rocky Mountains, his son Carlton, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis McMichael of the Two N Ranch, and myself, a Fox News cameraman.

Of the nine horses to make the trip, one, a bay named Dan, was loaded with my movie outfit, over which was lashed one of the beds. A gray, named Kitchen, carried the cooking utensils and another bed. Among the other two pack horses was divided the food supplies, my own bed and the two tents.

We ate our lunch at the head of Torry Lake, where the Underwoods of New York have their cabins, the place known as "Torry Lake Club." From here we pressed on up the Torry Creek, passing two more smaller lakes, thence on through the Beck ranch, fording the creek above this ranch, we began the steep ascent of Torry Mountain.

This proved a breath stealing climb for the horses, and brought us high up on a timberless, windswept ridge of about twelve thousand feet altitude. Across the canyon to our right were the long snowbanks of Whiskey Mountain.

We stopped here to make pictures and then proceeded along the ridge, dropping down to a timber fringed creek at a place known as the Williamson Corrals, where we encamped for the night.

My diary reads that Lewis McMichael awakened me at five-thirty the following morning. I sensed a damp chilliness and the patter of rain upon the tent, but dutifully pulled on my boots and leather coat to go out and wrangle the horses while Lewis prepared breakfast.

I found them well scattered, about a half mile up the creek from camp. Nigger, Mr. Hutchins' horse, being short-hobbled, was the nearest so I slipped the hobbles and bridled him, riding him to chase after the others, which stubbornly refused to face the storm.

I was thoroughly wet and cold after corralling the horses, but breakfast was piping hot and I fell to with the others. It was a huge meal, but we were all in a highly receptive mood so its reception proved satisfying.

After breakfast we were undecided about leaving. Black, ominous clouds drifted menacingly across the skies, each one discharging its moisture as it swept on overhead.

It was finally decided upon to risk it and we packed up.

Following the hog-back a few more miles, we dropped down a rocky declivity where we beheld the first of a series of azure lakes, this one nestled composedly among the pine-skirted crags. Old Sol was now peeping down upon these wilds and we could not be restrained from unstrapping the cameras and "shooting" the scenes.

We crossed the outlet of this lake, which proved a tumultuous, bowlder-strewn stream and very treacherous footing for the horses, then began an ascent. A thread of green wove its way uncertainly among the dismal granite crags as though even it were lost, and pushed itself tentacle-like up the gulch to seek more light and space.

Up and ever up Lewis led us, following some passage which only he knew was there. After him trailed the pack horses and the rest of us, in meek submission of his lead.

Squirrels scurried away before our advance and safely in the trees would peal forth their scolding chatter in sharp, successive barkings. Grouse eyed us in stupid wonderment and edged off, to effectively melt away among rocks, pine needles and brush. Deer and elk crashed away at our approach, but so swiftly did they vanish as to leave but a dim realization of their presence. Woodpeckers flew to some tall, dead pine that cleared the tips of its neighbors and cried most shrilly of our coming, monitory sentinels to the denizens of the forest.

Suddenly we emerged from this cleft of green in topping a bare, rocky ridge. From here we sighted below us at a distance of but a few hundred yards another beautiful lake, almost round in shape and having an island of black granite protruding from it.

Momentous and impressive were the precipitous black crags in their boldness. Towering heavenward in their circle formation, their ragged skyline in minute reflection in the lake, they cradled the water in serene dignity.

*In the shadow of Gannett Peak.*

*This is but one of the many beautiful lakes along the way to the Glacier Field of Gannett Peak.*

Unguided, the horses walked down the declivity for we were too deeply absorbed to direct their actions. But they stopped to graze upon a small, rock-strewn flat at the edge of the lake, forming the open end of the horseshoe shaped container. And here we quietly dismounted and ate our lunch.

During this procedure the movie camera was pressed into service, also Mr. Hutchins became quite animated in the use of his still camera. The black, imposing peaks, the circling fringe of green pines at their base, and within the center of all this the water of the lake absorbing so effectively the clear blue of the sky, was a sight to be revered.

So wonderful and enchanting was all this that Carlton became deeply impressed, gazing with awe at this masterpiece of Nature's. And we honored his mood by naming this Carlton Lake.

While eating our lunch here, Lewis told me we were soon to descend a precipitous decline and advised me to go on ahead with the movie outfit to "shoot" the pack outfit going down. After getting the outfit started, he rode with me a short distance to point out the way by means of faint trail markings, and then returned to bring on the horses.

But Dan had become obdurate and positively refused to cross a mass of broken granite. This was made known to me only after I had picked a location and waited patiently for more than half an hour. However, Dan was finally persuaded to follow the other horses and the hazardous passage photographed.

We were now dropping down into the Dinwoodie country, Dinwoodie Creek being fed by the glaciers of Gannett Peak. We were passing into the roughest, wildest, most broken and jumbled country I have ever experienced in the way of mountain trailing. For there were no trails fit to lead a pack horse over, none even fit or safe for a saddle horse, and many times we were obliged to dismount and allow the horses to pass unburdened.

Now and again we came upon a faintly discernible game trail, which for a ways led in the general direction we wished to pursue.

It was necessary to ford the West Fork of Dinwoodie; it was swollen and out of its banks. Then the brush became so dense, the trees so close together, the ground so covered with great blocks of granite that picking our way through all this was a tortuous procedure.

And lastly, as a climax to all our hard labor, Darkie, one of the pack horses, became frightened over something and strung his pack along the ground in a wild, circling scramble of bucking and rearing contortions.

Gathering up the strewn provisions, we repacked the horse and followed along the East Fork of Dinwoodie, close upon its banks, quitting it only when necessity drove us around some canyon in which the falling water roared incessantly.

It was a great relief when at five-thirty we made camp at what Lewis well named Sand Park. This consisted of a sandy stretch of level ground, a small park luxuriant with stunted willows and lush grass.

Here we were in the very heart of the black, forbidding mountains, towering thousands of feet above us. Skirted at the base with pines, belted above these with patches and stretches of a short grass, they were tipped with snow and ice. In appearance, sinister and foreboding, as though they would guard well the secret of the glaciers, and warn us to pass no farther.

But, in the morning we shall proceed, as it seems to be only eight or ten miles farther to the very midst of the glacial area. The horses shall have eaten of the lush grass and rested, well fit to make this last lap of our journey.

As I lie here beside the camp fire writing this, I smile, grim as it may be, at the futile thwarting of Dame Nature —to guard the secret of this majestic range of mountains and the mighty, far reaching Dinwoodie ice field.

A party of four had preceded us but turned back because they could find no way through. They had become baffled and discouraged because of impenetrable forests and swollen, bowlder-strewn streams.

Today, August twenty-second, we left Sand Park and continued on up the East Fork of Dinwoodie. We are now in the very heart of the Rockies, the actual backbone of the range. The creek bottom is quite wide here, very swampy and overgrown with willow brush, but among the willows the grass is abundant and tender.

The mountains upon both sides of the creek are almost perpendicular. From the very summit small, tumultuous streams come tumbling down with a thunderous roar, lashed to a fury of pure white from the edge of the ice to the base of the mountains. Every foot of the way down these streams represents a pure white line of cataracts and falls.

Suddenly we cross a shoulder of rock jutting out into the creek bottom from the main range upon our right. Four or five miles away we sight the right wing of the glacier; prominent and imposing is the huge ice field capping Gannett Peak.

We stop and make long shots of the ice field with our cameras, and again the horses splash and wallow through the boggy creek bottoms, over rocks and between trees upon the banks for a mile—two miles.

Lewis scouts around and calls to us from across the creek. When we cross we are in a beautiful park covered with a profusion of flowers of many varieties, great, magnificent Columbines were open to their fullness.

Rising from this exuberance to a height of nearly two hundred feet the majestic pines rear their tips, their boles four and five feet in diameter.

We call this McMichael Park, because it was Lewis who searched and discovered it.

Here we are completely hemmed in by the black mountains rising abruptly from the very edge of our camp site to a height of two thousand feet or more. Black sentinels of the canyon, and entirely void of vegetation except here and there a small spot of short grass, its roots having found an uncertain subsistence.

About four o'clock Mr. Hutchins and I went up the mountain behind our camp, scaling it half way up to gain a position to make pictures of the glaciers at the head of the canyon. After looking carefully for signs of mountain sheep with the glasses we returned to camp, the call to supper greeted our ears with welcome.

I awakened at six o'clock the next morning and found a cold rain beating against the tent and whipping under its lower edge. But we soon had a hot fire going and an appetizing breakfast was prepared, consisting of stewed prunes, oatmeal, fried ham, hot cakes, and coffee.

Riley, my saddle horse, was at camp, so I caught and saddled him and rode out a short distance and brought in the other horses. After helping Lewis catch and tie them, I tried to shave, but it was so cold I had a disagreeable time of it.

We loaded Dan with the cameras and started out for the glacier; the going was extremely rough. We crossed the tumultuous stream three times, coming upon another small park much nearer the foot of the glacier. This little place was named Ludwig's Park.

The next time we pay this glacial field a visit we plan to make this park our headquarters, because of its proximity to the ice field and the assurance that the horses will not quit us, for they will not cross the furious streams to get out.

Following the left branch of the stream we came to a long stretch of black rock worn smooth, over which the water dashed in myriads of cascades and plunging falls. Here was a scene such as very few people have an opportunity of witnessing.

We rode our horses to the very foot of the east glacier and there tied them by driving pegs made from the stunted, storm-twisted brush into the crevices of rocks. There was a cold and disagreeable wind blowing off the glacier as we started scaling it, but the exertion soon warmed us.

All had on heavy woolen socks and ponderous rubber shoes, heavy coats, caps and gloves. I, alone, wore my riding boots, over which I had slipped a pair of low rubbers.

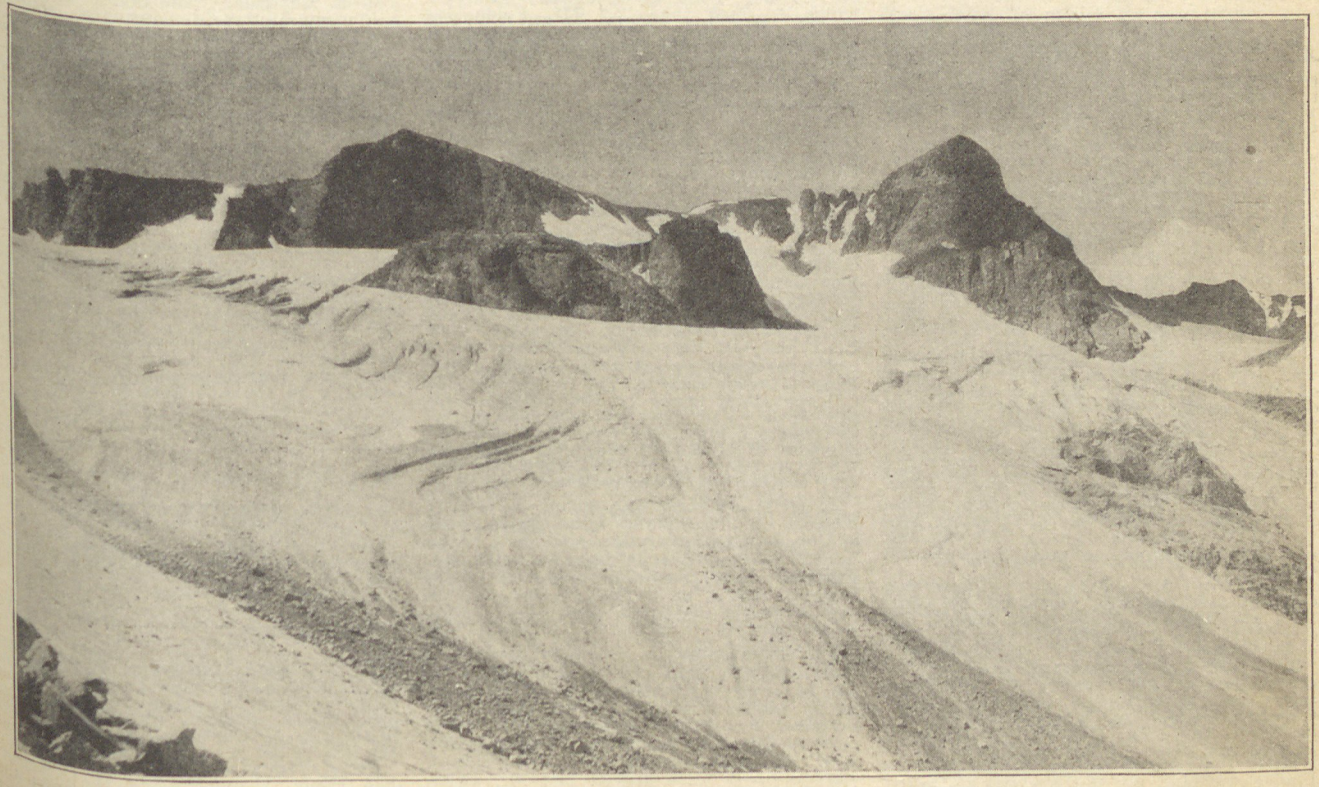
Never, in all my many and varied experiences, have I ever seen such wonderful sights. The foot of the Dinwoodie Glacier is perhaps more than three hundred feet high and about three-quarters of a mile wide. This lower end is of crescent shape, with the bowed side down the canyon.

Two hours of exerting climbing brought us near the top where the field of ice becomes more flat and stretches away for miles. At one-thirty we ate lunch, sheltered from the sweep of the icy wind by large blocks of granite torn from the mountain sides above and brought down by the movement of the ice. No doubt it took many years to carry this debris a mile.

As we cautiously approached the deep fissures at the lower end of the field to have a peep into them, the roar of rushing water was momentous. These fissures are exceedingly dangerous, the squalls of rough weather, which are almost a daily occurrence, drift the snow across these openings and close the top, screening them from view until one is too close to effect a safe retreat unless very careful.

While Mr. Hutchins and I made pictures of the ice field, Mr. and Mrs. McMichael and Carlton went up to look over the dividing pass to the west glacier.

It snowed sharply while Mr. Hutchins and I worked with the camera, and we were both quite satisfied when the film magazine became emptied so we could execute a hasty retreat to the bowl where the horses (*Continued on page 59*)



*Upper reaches of the ice field we named Gannett Glacier.*

*Delegates to the Indiana State Convention.*

# Waltonian Activities

## *News of Izaak Walton League Chapters*

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

## Indiana State Convention

By Harry Forbes, Sec.-Treas., Terre Haute Chapter

*AFTER* several weeks of hard work in preparation, the Indiana State Convention was officially opened at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, October 28, in the Elks club house. The invocation was read by the Rev. Buford W. Tyler, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church at Terre Haute.

An address of welcome was given by Mayor Ora Davis, of the convention city. President Ed F. Leever, of the Terre Haute chapter, next introduced State Senator L. G. Bradford, of the Indiana division, who then took charge of the meeting, and received the reports from the various committees.

The afternoon session opened at 1:30 P. M. at the same place with an address by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, of the University of Illinois, who spoke on "Inland Water Pollution."

After the regular convention business was over, Dr. Earle M. Ellsworth, pastor of Methodist Temple, gave a very interesting, humorous talk which was very well received. It was entitled, "Reminiscences of a Bum Fisherman."

Convention members assembled in the evening session at the Elks Club and heard an address by the Hon. Noble Johnson, member of Congress from Terre Haute, who was re-elected Tuesday, November 2. Mr. Johnson is a loyal and enthusiastic member of the Terre Haute Chapter.

Following Mr. Johnson's interesting talk, an address was given by Dr. William H. Beachler, which was said to be one of the best and most inspiring speeches ever delivered in the city. His title was, "Why Am I a Waltonian?" and at the conclusion of the speech the audience arose and gave him a deafening cheer. Congressman Johnson was the first to congratulate him. Dr. Beachler's home is in Dayton, O., where he is a minister.

After the regular convention business on Friday morning an address was delivered by Dr. J. O. Engleman, superintendent of the public schools of the city, who spoke on "The Common Sense of Conservation," which brought home many valuable points.

While a theater party was being held for the ladies attending the convention, our national president, Charles W. Folds, of Chicago, spoke to the members on what the league has done in the past and what it hopes to do in the future, stressing the important work which the Waltonians are about to start in connection with the pollution of inland waters. Mr. Folds also spoke about the great work the league has done in protecting the elk herd of Jackson Hole, Wyo.

"The league has raised a fund of $43,000 to buy 1,700 acres of hay land on which to feed the elk," Mr. Folds declared. "We are now expending $4,000 annually in raising hay for the elk in that country."

His talk proved very interesting to the convention and was well received.

A program of legislation relative to conservation was then drawn by the legislative committee and unanimously adopted by the convention to be presented at the next session of the state legislature.

Election of officers was held next and resulted as follows:

Senator Bradford, South Bend, re-elected president; S. B. Sims, Frankfort, vice president; Charles Biederwolf, Fort Wayne, secretary; William Walters, Jasonville, treasurer; Ivar Henning, South Bend, Fred Dobelbower, Lafayette, and Ed F. Leever, Terre Haute, directors.

The national executive secretary of the Izaak Walton League, Ed H. Philippi, of Chicago, then spoke to the delegates on the work being done on advancement of the league's principles through the establishment of additional chapters throughout the United States. Mr. Philippi's talk was very instructive to the members present.

A short address was given by J. W. Easton, of the Indiana State Department of Conservation, of Indianapolis, who spoke on "The Wise Use of Our National Resources." Mr. Easton assured the league that it would have the support of his department in the furtherance of conservation.

Friday evening a delightful reception and ball was held at the Trianon pavilion, in honor of Charles W. Folds and the other national officers. The party was attended by all the delegates and wives and by the local members. A dance was held and entertainment was furnished. Refreshments were served and Mr. Folds gave a brief talk of greeting.

The reception marked the high spot of entertainment at the convention and took the place of the usual banquet.

On Saturday morning, the last day of the convention, a casting and trapshooting match scheduled had to be called off on account of a heavy downpour, and has been permanently postponed.

A sportsmen's show and exhibition was held in connection with the convention at the Elks Club. Those showing were:

Shakespeare Bait Company.
South Bend Bait Company.
Heddon Bait Company.
Creek Chub Bait Company.
Hunter Arms Company.
Peters Cartridge Company.
U. S. Cartridge Company.
Johnson Motor Company.
McMillan Athletic Goods Company.

The registration, which began early Thursday morning, showed that delegates from 35 Indiana chapters were present. A membership drive which ended three days before the convention resulted in 200 new members joining the Terre Haute chapter. President Ed F. Leever personally signed up 111 new members. Jack Richardson won the handsome fly rod donated by Isaac Craft, a local booster, for bringing most members outside of the officers.

The membership drive was directed by Secretary Harry Forbes.

Although rain forced the postponement of the casting and trapshooting tournament on the final day, the 1926 convention was pronounced a great success by all who attended. South Bend was awarded the 1927 convention, and members hope that this will be equally successfully to the one held in 1926.

## Kansas State Convention

A. L. Scott, Pittsburg, Kansas, was again re-elected president of the Kansas State Division at the state convention held in El Dorado, Kansas, November 15-16. J. A. Cushman, El Dorado, was also re-elected state secretary.

Other officers elected were: E. J. Sheldon, Paola, vice-president; H. C. Lemon, treasurer; G. R. Atherton, El Dorado, sec-

ond vice-president; Dr. H. E. Haskins, Kingman, third vice-president. Directors Clifford R. Hope, Garden City; and Dr. O. P. Dallinger, Pittsburg.

Speakers for the opening morning session were: A. L. Scott, Rev. Fred Condit, L. J. Bond, Hon. Harry Detrick, Frank Hill, secretary of the Oklahoma State Division, Mr. Cook, Mr. Miller and W. H. Polling.

Winners in the afternoon trap shooting contest were W. H. Jones, Augusta, first; C. H. Eccarious, Mulvane, second; G. R. Atherton, El Dorado, third; Jack Russell, El Dorado, fourth. W. H. Jones, high gun 1; C. H. Eccarius, high gun 2; Dr. Cabeen, high gun 3.

Hal G. Evarts, Hutchinson, noted outdoorsman and writer, opened the session with an address on the game laws. Other speakers were Rev. Condit, A. C. Maloy, president Hutchinson Chapter; J. B. Doze, state game warden, and Mr. Hill.

The second day opened with a report by J. A. Cushman, state secretary. A report of the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission was read by G. R. Atherton. Addresses were made by J. B. Doze, S. S. Alexander, Kingman, Kansas; Jack R. Cunningham, president of the Missouri Division, and Congressman Edgar Howard of Columbus, Nebraska.

*A. L. Scott, President of the Kansas Division.*

Speakers at the afternoon session were: Hon. Clifford R. Hope, Seth E. Gordon, Mrs. C. M. Alley, Derby, Kansas; George A. Blair, Mulvane; G. R. Atherton and Mr. Pealsticker.

The election of officers followed. Independence, Kansas, was chosen as the next convention city and the convention adjourned.

Immediately after adjournment a meeting of officers was held to elect the executive committee. This committee is as follows: A. L. Scott, Dr. O. P. Dellinger and M. C. McKinley.

L. J. Bond was toastmaster at the banquet held in the Masonic Temple. Seth E. Gordon, National Extension Director, made the first address. He was followed by Congressman Howard.

Secretary Cushman made the closing address.

Resolutions adopted were as follows:

## KANSAS CONVENTION

### RESOLUTIONS

Passed at the Third Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Held at

El Dorado, Kansas, November 15-16, 1926.

1. We renew our allegiance to the objects of our League as contained in our State and National Constitution, namely:

a. To promote and foster the conservation of America's natural wild life, the propagation and permanent preservation of its game and game fishes, to the end that generations to come may enjoy the Out-of-Doors of our ancestors.

b. To promote both by precept and example the highest standards of sportsmanship. To increase fellowship among lovers of our out-of-doors, and to band them together into a fraternal organization for the purpose of education, and attainment of the objects herein mentioned.

c. To encourage and promote the organization of local chapters having like aims and to give aid and counsel to their work for the common good.

d. To work for and encourage legislation along accepted scientific lines designed to end methods and agencies destructive to wild life and to encourage methods that shall tend to replenish our coverts and waters with game and with game fishes indigenous or adapted to them.

e. To develop a fraternal spirit among the sportsmen of the state of Kansas, harmonize their interests, unify their action, and solidify them into a state organization working through local chapters toward definite ends and working in harmony with the objects and ideals of the Izaak Walton League of America.

2. We urge greater activity among our Kansas Chapters. Specifically, that the chapters put on a definite program, such as planting trees by the roadside and along creeks, rivers and on waste lands; the building of dams, enlisting school children, especially Boy Scouts, in our conservation program, putting up of bird houses and winter feed boxes. That all chapters hold regular meetings at stated times, at which meetings a regular order of business be followed.

3. We favor and approve the proposed nation-wide pollution survey by our national organization. This survey to cover all matters of conservation.

4. We favor a separate fishing license of $1.00 for all males over eighteen years of age, but no license to be required of resident owners or tenants to fish on their own or leased lands.

5. We favor a change in our fishing laws so as to make it illegal to take a bass of less than twelve inches from the water, or to sell black bass illegally shipped into the state.

6. We favor the protection of our national parks from commercial encroachment and especially oppose the proposed damming of the Cumberland River and the consequent marring of the beautiful Cumberland Falls.

7. We endorse the national administration of the Izaak Walton League.

8. We endorse the work of our state officers, and especially mention the name of our State President, Mr. A. L. Scott.

9. We endorse the work of the state Forestry, Fish and Game Commission, as a commission and as individuals, and desire to mention by name our competent state game warden, Mr. J. B. Doze, especially urge the legislature to increase the salary of each warden and deputy game warden.

10. We desire to tender our thanks to Hal G. Everts for attending and addressing our State Convention and for his contribution to Outdoor America.

11-12. Local matters.

13. We urge the chapters of the state to make use of Mr. Raymond H. Torrey, Field Secretary of National Conference on State Parks, whom we understand will be in the central west during January or February.

14. We urge a closed spawning season for all game fish.

15. We recommend that our state president appoint a committee of five members on new legislation, whose duties will be as follows: (1) To have all state game and fish laws assembled for use of legislation. (2) That after consulting with the state Forestry, Fish and Game Commission and Mr. J. B. Doze, or any others they may select, that this committee draw up a set of bills covering all conservation projects for the state of Kansas, these to be submitted to our state legislative committee for proposing to the state legislature.

16. We recommend that a copy of these resolutions be sent each member of our state legislature.

17. That for the purpose of encouraging the planting of hardwood trees that the legislature be memoralized to pass a law exempting from taxation for a period of five years certain land planted to walnuts, pecans or hickory nut trees. The details to be worked out by the legislative committee.

18. That the powers of the Fish and Game Department be placed into the hands of the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission.

19. That the legislature authorize the submission to the people a proposition to issue bonds for the building of lakes and establishing State Parks, same to be paid out of the hunting and fishing license fees.

20. That the counties be authorized to vote bonds in aid of establishing State Parks and the purchasing of land and construction of lakes in connection with the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission.

21. That the law shall be amended to provide that in addition to the penalty now provided for violation of the fish and game laws that the license of such person convicted shall be revoked and such person shall not be entitled to a new license for a period of two years within the state of Kansas.

22. The giving of Boards of County Commissioners the right to contract with the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission concerning the building and maintaining of county roads in and about parks in anticipation of the establishment of a lake or park project.

23. That it is hereby declared to be the fixed policy of the Kansas Division of the Izaak Walton League of America to oppose the pollution of our streams and lakes and that we favor immediate remedial legislation to correct this growing evil and further:

That we hereby instruct the Executive Board of this Division to prepare or have prepared a proper bill to correct this blight upon the streams and lakes of Kansas. That said bill be presented to the next session of the Kansas Legislature for action.

* * *

ON November 21, 1923, the Rockford Chapter passed a resolution condemning the pollution of Rock River by sewage, and instructing its president, Dr. Royden E. Tull, to appoint committees and to take all other necessary steps to correct the evil.

On November 2, 1926, by a vote of more than two to one, more than 15,000 persons voting, the electors established a Sanitary District under the law of 1917.

This district extends for more than nine miles along the banks of Rock River, and about three and one-half miles on either side, comprising approximately 30,000 acres, of which 7,500 acres are within the city limits, the balance being suburban. The district, as established, comprises one of the most comprehensive schemes for present and future sanitation that can well be imagined, and will serve a present population of 100,000. The ultimate result will be that Rock River, one of the most beautiful in the country, and once carrying in its then clear and sparkling depths a seemingly inexhaustible supply of all varieties of aquatic life, will be restored to its pristine clearness and purity. It will again be a safe and satisfactory outdoor playground, freed from its poisons, its filth, and its disease breeding germs.

That the Rockford Chapter of the League is to be given the credit for this great piece of constructive conservation is recognized by all. The comment of press and public alike is extremely commendatory and very gratifying to those who waged the battle against early indifference, inertia and suspicion. In the end, however, a policy of laying all cards upon the table and of being absolutely frank won. Great praise must also be given to the entire city administration, the newspapers, and all civic and business clubs in the city, including the Farm Bureau, for enthusiastic support and aid.

The American public is always willing to do the right thing if approached fearlessly and frankly.

* * *

FIFTH Annual Convention of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, will be held in Danville, Illinois, on February 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1927.

Convention Headquarters at the Wolford Hotel.

At a dinner meeting of the Danville Chapter held in the Elk's Building, Danville, Illinois, on Friday evening, November 19th, our field representative Major R. A. P. Holderby and State Secretary, William B. Kemp, of the Illinois Division, addressed the meeting.

After the meeting, Major Holderby and Mr. Kemp met with the Danville Convention Committee, composed of H. Ernest Hufton, Chairman, Robert Songer, John Bracewell and Albert Deutsch, and the following tentative program was arranged.

All Business Sessions will be held in the Auditorium, of the Wolford Hotel, Danville, Illinois.

### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD

9:00 A. M.—
Committee of Credentials to meet with the officers of Illinois Division at Officers' Headquarters.
Registration of Delegates. Registration Booth, Wolford Hotel.

1:30 P. M.—
Meeting called to order by President Hon. Robert Scholes.
Prayer: Rev. A. G. Wilson.
Reading of the official call by Secretary William B. Kemp.
Address of Welcome.
Reading of Minutes.
Report of Credentials Committee.

Report of President, Secretary and Treasurer.
Appointment of Committees.
Adjourn for Dinner.
7:45 P. M.—
Entertainment.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH

9:00 A. M.—
Meeting called to order.
Reports of Committees.
Regular Convention Business.
12:00—
Adjourn for lunch.
1:45 P. M.—
Meet for tour of city.
6:30 P. M.—
Annual Banquet and Entertainment.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH

9:00 A. M.—
Meeting called to order.
Unfinished Business.
Election of Officers.

Officers of the Illinois Division met at their regular quarterly meeting in the Illinois Hotel in Bloomington, on Saturday, December 4th, 1926, at 12 o'clock noon, transacting regular routine of business and completing final arrangements for their Annual State Convention. The Secretary was authorized to start an educational campaign to make the Danville Convention surpass any other.

* * *

Shickley, Nebr.—Charity and chapter interest has been accomplished by the Shickley chapter as reported by Dr. J. Z. Adams, secretary. Besides the membership drive the members will stage a rabbit hunt shortly before Christmas and will ship the rabbits to the Elk's Lodge No. 39, of Omaha, Nebraska, to be distributed in their Christmas baskets among the poor. This is a splendid plan and may well be followed by all of our chapters, thereby instilling a practical Christmas spirit into the work of the League. This chapter is planning a home talent minstrel show for the purpose of raising funds and have started the organization work for a boy scout troup in Shickley. At a recent meeting of this chapter, Dr. C. G. Delfs was elected president; Dr. J. Z. Adams, secretary; W. G. Matzke, vice-president; and Elmer Bradley, treasurer. Directors to serve for a period of one year are Carl Wennersten, Ed. Schelkopf and Clint Smith.

* * *

Manitowoc, Wisc.—A joint meeting of the Manitowoc, Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs was brought about through the efforts of the Izaak Walton League recently which resulted beneficially to this chapter in the way of increasing its membership and providing interesting entertainment. Sherman Brown, president of the Wisconsin Division, and William Kershaw, a prominent attorney and outdoorsman from Milwaukee, each made a stirring plea for conservation. Following the meeting, J. H. Edick, secretary, addressed a letter to all persons present at the meeting requesting that they get behind the conservation plans of the League with supporting membership.

* * *

Staples, Minn.—L. J. Merrigan, secretary of this chapter, reports that they are so well pleased with the activities of the officers for the past year, that they have been held over for another term. Their chapter has functioned successfully and the boys are looking forward to greater accomplishments this coming year. They are planning to liberate about fifty pairs of Hungarian partridge and from the present indications it is expected that they will have an open season on this game over the state in a few years. This chapter now enjoys a membership of over a hundred and they are planning to raise that number to 200 during the coming year.

* * *

Tallahassee, Fla.—Hugh Gulley, national representative, instrumental in forming the Tallahassee chapter, should feel proud of the names of the state and county officials shown on their petition for a charter. The officers elected are W. T. Moore, Jr., president, who is County Judge; Dr. E. M. Brevard, first vice-president; Dr. J. K. Johnston, second vice-president; M. K. Cooke, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Cooke is assistant state game commissioner. The membership list includes the names of some of the most prominent officials as well as outdoorsmen in Florida. John W. Martin, governor of Florida, is on the list; also J. B. Royall, state game commissioner, who has worked so efficiently and effectively in analyzing the Florida game fish laws in the interest of sportsmen, with the view of conservation. B. A. Meginnis, mayor of Tallahassee; H. Clay Crawford, secretary of state of Florida; Frank Stoutamire, sheriff; Ernest Amos, comptroller of Florida; R. A. Gray, assistant comptroller of Florida; R. F. Bradford, deputy state game commissioner, and Nathan Mayo, commissioner of agriculture of the state of Florida. This is splendid work on the part of the organizer, the above named officials and the enthusiastic members. It shows the caliber of men who are directing the affairs of Florida.

* * *

Williamsport, Pa.—Following the action of this chapter in sending a letter of commendation to the traveling game protector, Warren B. McClarin, for his skill and persistency in securing the arrest and fining of five violators of the law who were hunting illegally, this chapter suggested that the names be made public. The identity of the men involved has been revealed through the columns of the "Williamsport Sun." The local chapter's letter to Mr. McClarin stated that they appreciated the work of arresting, convicting and fining the offenders and offered their assistance in anything that they might be able to do to help in securing evidence to convict other violators of the game laws. The full names, addresses and fines of each violator were published.

* * *

La Junta, Colo.—Temporary organization of the chapter has been effected here and application made for charter. The temporary officers are Judge E. C. Glenn, president; Winston Gardner, vice-president; Dr. Albert Stickles, treasurer; and E. G. Woodbridge, secretary. Their petition for a charter contains about thirty names, and it is their intention to double this in a few months.

* * *

Pasadena, Calif.—The Pasadena members held an enthusiastic rally recently and enjoyed an inspiring address by A. Lindsey, one of the first members of the Chicago chapter. Negotiations are under way to supply pheasants for stocking Angelus National Forest. A committee was appointed to confer with the Forest Service officials on improvements which the League can aid in neighboring streams, and on construction of a hatchery for Pasadena. G. L. Skutt, superintendent of parks, and Joe Welsh addressed the meeting with interesting talks on conservation as applied to the vicinity of Pasadena.

* * *

Lincoln, Nebr.—A joint meeting of the local chapter, the Lincoln Junior Chamber of Commerce, and the Lincoln Advertising Club was held recently, and members were entertained by Capt. F. G. Forster of the Interior Department, Canadian National Government.

* * *

Vineland, N. J.—B. F. Master, secretary of this chapter, reports that they are making good progress in their membership campaign and have fostered several civic programs which have created much public interest. The recent dance and card party provided funds for a donation to the local hospital and towards the cost of constructing an Izaak Walton float for a hallowe'en parade. They have outgrown the present club house quarters and are planning for an enlargement for new quarters which will call for reading room, meeting room, card room, and a dance floor. The improvements are scheduled to begin early next spring.

* * *

Topeka, Kans.—A large increase in the number of lakes in the vicinity of Topeka has been due to the efforts of the local chapter. Eleven new lakes with an area of twenty-four acres have been added the past year, bringing the total to thirty lakes covering close to sixty acres. A carload of fish from the state hatchery has been put into the lakes and a number of streams in the vicinity of Topeka. The boys have been active in investigating stream pollution in their district and have secured the co-operation of Dr. Earle G. Brown, secretary of the state board of health, to assist them in combating the pollution evil. Various activities, including the formation of an archery club and an outdoor photography club, are in process.

* * *

Paris, Ky.—Here is another record for some of our chapters and organizers to shoot at. Roxie Davis, secretary of the chapter reports that their charter membership totals 170 names.

* * *

Tiffin, Ohio.—At a recent meeting of this chapter A. F. Long of Springfield, and division president, addressed the local chapter on the subject of co-operation with the farmers. This was followed by a talk by Dr. H. C. Sundberg of Springfield and G. T. Morgenstern who paid high tribute to the sportsmanship of William DeBusman, president of the Tiffin chapter. Mr. DeBusman was recently chosen vice-president of the Ohio state division. Mayor John Drietzler, who agreed to accept the presidency next year of the Tiffin chapter, gave an address of welcome urging the sportsmen to protect the rights of farmers. Among those present at the meeting were John Friedman, superintendent of the National Machinery Company, Representative-elect Ray C. Carpenter of Attica, Ferdinand Mueller, Wm. H. Humber of Fostoria, Harry Albert, and Charles J. Peters.

* * *

LaFayette, Ind.—Cottagers and landowners along the Tippecanoe River below Oakdale Dam on the Tippecanoe River have formed an association as riparian owners for the protection of property rights as well as for the protection of fish life in the Tippecanoe River. The Association represents 108 riparian owners below Oakdale Dam. W. L. Krietenstein, Monticello, Indiana, was superintendent.

* * *

Tiffin, Ohio.—C. F. Blakeman, secretary of this chapter, reports the assistance given this chapter by Mayor Dreitzler who has asked the Advertiser to express to the public his idea of the proper attitude between the hunters and farmers to put a stop to the abuses of hunting privileges which have caused many farmers to prohibit hunting on their land. The mayor requested farmers to report to him any violation of the hunting laws or rights of the land owners. He also placed his endorsement on all hunters wearing the I. W. L. A. button.

* * *

Columbus, Nebr.—This chapter received a big shipment of fish from the state hatchery for distribution in the waters of the parks and vicinity of Columbus. The consignment was distributed under the direction of Chas. Dickey, president, and was obtained through the efforts of the local chapter and W. J. O'Brien, state fish commissioner.

* * *

Durango, Colo.—Richard T. Nelson reports $60,000 enlargement of their fish hatchery is now a sure fact. The addition to the fish hatchery grounds necessitated the raising of $2,000 for the purpose of purchasing a lease covering an adjoining tract of land. The state of Colorado agreed to pay $1,500 for immediate possession of the tract and the local chapter has raised the additional $500. The boys are putting on a drive for new members and expect at least 100 renewals by the first of the year, and are shooting for a membership of 500 by April 1, 1927. The addition to the fish hatchery will give them a capacity of 12,000,000 fish per season.

* * *

Harrisburg, Pa.—A. O. Vorse, executive secretary of the Pennsylvania division, announces in their monthly bulletin that they gained 270 new members during October, bringing their state membership up to over six thousand. The Pennsylvania chapters are co-operating with the Department of Forest and Waters in planting forest trees. A co-operative plan with the farmers for tree planting has been presented and much enthusiasm is being displayed by the farmers through the co-operative plan. All Pennsylvania chapters are urged to see that their representatives in the state legislature—house and senate—will support the League's anti-pollution plea in the January session. They should also have the legislators fight against a proposed bill to merge the sportsmen's license funds in the general treasury.

* * *

Passaic, N. J.—Prominent officers of the newly organized chapter here are Ernest Remig, president; Harold W. Gras, news editor of the "Passaic Daily News," vice-president; A. M. Brick, Clifton, N. J., secretary; Cornelius W. Kievet, treasurer; Adrian Zandee, Alfred F. Ernest, and Frank E. Warren, directors. Harold W. Gras has reserved two columns in his paper for publication of the chapters' activities and all local sporting events. This publicity is a valuable asset to the Passaic chapter, and other chapters might do well to make similar arrangements with their local newspaper. Evidence of the activity of this chapter can be seen in their appointing two committees, one for educational publicity and entertainment, and the other committee on membership, the legislation and enforcement. President Remig is giving considerable attention to stream pollution in their county. Every indication points to a successful future for this chapter.

* * *

McKenna, Wash.—The Nisqually Valley Chapter of this city, through C. E. Heineman, reports the activities of this chapter

*Trap Meet of Eustis Chapter, Florida.*

in the planting and feeding of upland game birds, the clearing and cleaning up of nearby polluted streams, killing of predatory animals and birds and increase in membership of the chapter. Mr. Heinemann organized this chapter and can well feel proud of the progress and accomplishments of its members. Some of the most notorious violations of the state are in the Nisqually Valley. The members of this chapter have not only corrected such conditions, but have succeeded in making game protectors out of the game law violators.

* * *

Seneca, Ill.—This chapter has recently opened a campaign for new members with a duck dinner. Mr. George Tattersall, president of the local chapter of the I. W. L., furnished the ducks for the dinner into which good inroads were made, as it was palatably prepared and served by Mr. Johnson, local restaurateur. The principal speaker of the evening was Major R. A. P. Holderby, field representative of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League. Major Holderby expounded some of the fine ideals of the Izaak Walton League as to its organization for the betterment of the conditions in each locality. Mr. William B. Kemp, secretary of the State Division of the Izaak Walton League, spoke on the real principles and ideals of the Izaak Walton League from a health standpoint, giving details on the destruction of our natural resources through lack of vision and what should be and can be accomplished with the co-operation of every citizen in the community. That there are plenty resources left for the present generation, but as public-spirited Americans we should at least leave a heritage of the beauties of nature for the welfare and happiness of the future generation. Mr. Josiah Treharne, president of the Will County Chapter and chairman of the 11th Congressional District of the I. W. L., outlined a program covering activities of the local chapter and how to keep interest in the community by teaching the boys and girls conservation of the woods, flowers and wild life and making Arbor Day a real celebration for the beautifying of the city. As a result of this meeting the Seneca Chapter was reorganized as an active chapter and twenty-five members added.

* * *

Canandaigua, N. Y.—At the organization meeting of the Canandaigua Chapter, Dr. John W. Ruskin, world-wide explorer and organizer for the League, gave an address outlining the aims and accomplishments of the League. At the conclusion of Dr. Ruskin's lecture, the chapter was organized by the election of the following officers: President, Judge Harry I. Dunton; vice-president, H. G. Harris; secretary-treasurer, Leon G. Oskamp; directors, Dr. Robert G. Cook, Herbert J. Ellis and A. A. Sterling.

* * *

Rock Creek, Ohio.—W. E. Payne, secretary of this chapter, reports good results from their membership drive activities and outlines their plan of securing the farmer's co-operation in game propagation and prosecution of game law violators. The local papers have been very helpful in giving the activities of the local chapter the deserved publicity.

* * *

Wellsville, Mo.—The members of the local chapter have been busy distributing crappie and perch in nearby streams, having received twenty-six cans of these fish from the Forest Park State Hatchery. During the month of June this chapter distributed 15,000 black bass. Mr. T. O. Thompson, president of the local chapter, advises that game commissioner Keith McCanse and his staff give their hearty co-operation and assistance in restocking program.

* * *

Columbus, Nebr.—A splendid entertainment was offered to the members of this chapter under the direction of President Charles L. Dickey who presided at the meeting following the entertainment. W. L. Dowling of Madison, an enthusiastic Waltonian and able speaker, gave a splendid talk on the subjects of particular interest to members of the chapter. Five reels of film were shown, followed by a talk by Congressman Edward Howard, who is a member of the Columbus chapter. President Dickey announced that members of the Columbus chapter were busily engaged in obtaining their quota of twenty new members which they expected to secure by December 1st. A delegation of Waltonians from St. Edward attended the meeting.

* * *

Greenville, Fla.—Greenville sportsmen and outdoor lovers are now members of the League according to Hugh Gulley, National representative. A. J. Bettis was elected president, T. P. McLeod vice-president, and A. D. Reams, secretary and treasurer. The Greenville chapter is the largest in Madison County and they expect to double its membership in the next 90 days. At their organization meeting the chapter passed a resolution condemning the destruction of magnolia trees in Madison County by cutting off all limbs next to the trunk to get the leaves for unnecessary commercial purposes. This destruction was brought to the attention of the local chapter by the Women's Club at Greenville.

* * *

Merrill, Iowa.—Two hundred dollars was cleared by this chapter by conducting a Thanksgiving shooting match, offering turkeys, ducks and geese for prizes, as reported by Fred Hammond, secretary. They are planning to put on a banquet in connection with a drive for members and are endeavoring to obtain the best speaking talent available for this meeting.

* * *

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Captain J. Milton State, official lecturer of the Canadian National Railways on hunting and fishing in Canada, entertained the Brooklyn chapter with a talk on outdoor life, illustrated with motion pictures, at the Union League Club of Brooklyn.

* * *

Quincy, Fla.—Quincy sportsmen, with the co-operation of National Representative Hugh Gulley, have formed a chapter electing the following officers: T. P. May, Jr., president; W. L. Trenchard, vice-president; and P. C. Davis, secretary and treasurer. Several sportsmen from northern states who reside at Quincy during the winter season, joined the Quincy chapter. The new chapter passed resolutions petitioning the next legislature for state-wide hunting and fishing laws. J. B. Royall, Florida state game commissioner, has been active in this respect for some time and is working with the League to simplify the state hunting and fishing laws. The Quincy boys will start planting wild rice in the nearby lakes and streams with the anticipation of making this section a paradise for duck shooters next year.

* * *

Upland, Calif.—Old Baldy chapter through its able secretary, D. L. Wasbinder, sent us an interesting report on their activities. They are striving for a reputation as being one of the strongest chapters in the West, having a population of thirty-five thousand to draw from which includes a great many ordinary sportsmen like ourselves and some professionals. Western trap shooters who follow the game closely know the reputation of the Upland Gun Club as well as their rifle clubs. The members have secured a start of Eastern Brook trout and recently they, in co-operation with other chapters, have released 600 ringneck pheasants in their district. Effective trout planting in this territory is more difficult than one would realize. The boys were determined that the trout would be placed in the best water, therefore it necessitated packing them far back in the hills on their backs. Several game refuges will be surveyed in the future and posted so that hunters may not offer the time-worn excuse of no set boundary. Plans are under way for a surf casting club and a fly casting club, also in the way of diversity, several of the boys are going on a lobster hunt and invite all lobster friends (as D. L. W. writes it) to drop in on the crowd and enjoy a lobster banquet. The officers of the Old Baldy chapter are Frank C. Buffington, president; D. L. Vasbinder, secretary and treasurer; the directors are C. Bert Thrall, Joe Wagler, Perry O. Long, Cliff G. Garber, and Thos. Donnalley.

* * *

Smith Center, Kans.—J. D. Boyl, secretary, reports that they have been active in planting fish in that vicinity. Twenty cans from the State Fish Hatchery having been placed in the Solomon River, and a few cans of fish in inland ponds. This chapter is increasing its membership list by holding their meetings each time, in the different districts and inviting non-members to attend. It is their intention to organize the whole territory through which the Solomon River runs, and judging from their recent activities we do not believe it will be very long before this is accomplished.

* * *

Glen Ellyn, Ill.—Maj. R. A. P. Holderby and Kenneth L. Shiras, national representatives, with the co-operation of the "Glen Ellyn News," Mr. Wagoner and Dr. Baughman are making remarkable progress in this district towards the organizing of their new chapters. Mr. Wagoner is postmaster of Glen Ellyn and will be glad to receive inquiries from all sportsmen in this district relative to the work of the League.

* * *

Wakarusa, Ind.—This chapter held their meeting at the home of Amos Miller, Northwest of this city, and took advantage of the opportunity to conduct a trap shooting event in which the ladies participated. Other outdoor sports were enjoyed, followed by a picnic supper. The Wakarusa chapter, organized last spring, has a membership of 48 with W. K. Brown as president, Harry Layer secretary, and Charles Frash treasurer.

* * *

Cape Girardeau, Mo.—President J. C. Logan, of the local chapter, addressed the Lions Club on the proposition of the closed season on quail shooting in this county which was to be voted on at the general election. The Lions Club passed a resolution opposing the proposition to have a closed season on quail in their county, owing to a report that there is a sufficient supply of birds, and if the ordinary game law provisions are carried out, there is little danger of the birds being all killed off. President Logan pointed out that the hunter is not a menace to the quail, and that he kills fewer of the game annually than natural enemies such as hawks, owls, snakes and house cats, not considering the severe winters which kill out more quail than anything else.

* * *

South Bend, Ind.—Local Waltonians at their regular meeting were entertained by Jacob Woolverton, president of the St. Joseph County Savings Bank, who spoke of earlier days in the South Bend territory. It was very common to see little ponds along the road, filled with mallard ducks, and a common sight to see wild deer in the clearing around his home. Mr. Woolverton stressed the point of necessary conservation, giving his own experiences as convincing proof.

# Field Guns

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

## Turkey Lore and Arms for the Sport

IT seems impossible to get away from the delectable thrills of reminiscence because they have the power of bringing the past into amazingly, swift, present action. The information we picked up during the years when engaging experiences occurred, created the urge for writing, as well as the media upon which we draw to help those who are now beginners. The early experiences impressed me greatly, because I cannot recall the time, after I could walk, when I was not, either by inclination or act, an ardent turkey hunter. Obviously for a long period my hunting activities were confined to mental ones, yet the surroundings in which I lived never let the fact escape that opportunities for such pastime were everywhere about. The tales of the prowess of certain hunters which I heard related in the little yellow pine commissary of the lumber company, somehow registered more potently in my mind than the occasional bear stories some native of the woods, wearing a coon skin cap, told both for purposes of entertaining the listeners and as a warming-up process to a request for credit from the storekeeper.

Today I am not much different than when a boy. When I see a big sapient wild gobbler in the woods I get more of a thrill out of it than the appearance of a lordly moose or other big game. I have seen many hunters of the same deportment. They liked big game hunting of all kinds, but in certain regions within my knowledge, they declared every time that, except having to undergo longer travel for the big game, they much preferred turkey hunting in a mountain country. Turkey hunting gave them all the hard work any big game offered, and they regarded the bronze birds of the southern woods as about the hardest chaps to outwit.

The first five opportunities I had for killing wild turkeys brought me none. My inchoate flock held me so spellbound with admiration or nervous inactivity that I was unable to line a gun up on them. Such a thing is excusable in a boy twelve years old. My second chance was an arrant miss at a running flock. I let go with a muzzle loading shotgun in their midst but the entire bunch was so discourteous they failed even to leave a feather for my consolation. My third birds simply ran too fast, I thought, for the speed of my shot. I held on them and pulled, and lo! those birds were gone somewhere in the dense switch cane. The fourth was not much more successful. I learned where a big flock roosted and, contrary to scientists, they did not roost over water nor near it, but on a flat woods stretch in the hills. The night I went there the big black oak tree certainly had moved, and I could neither find it nor my way home until sunrise next morning.

On my fifth turkey hunt I actually killed, though I was not destined to taste of its flesh. Without thought I violated a game law. I started to the county seat one January the first to hear one of our political spellbinders. A light snow had fallen. As usual, I carried a gun with me, loaded with 3¼ drams of powder and an ounce and an eighth of No. 4 shot. Following in my wake was a young Irish setter bitch of great beauty and no hunting qualities. All at once I ran across innumerable turkey tracks; so many that I was unable to fathom the lead one. Somehow that setter got going wide and blundered into the flock in a post oak woods where a farmer had earlier made some attempt at clearing. I heard the big birds putt, putt, putt, then fly, and all at once one medium sized hen flew over me. Forthwith I blazed away one barrel at her, then the other. Feathers showed up, but the old lady kept on for at least a hundred yards as if unhurt, but at last changed ends and fell dead on the snow. I ran to her in great glee. Suddenly my happiness was mingled with sore distress. I remembered that it was the first day of January—the day after the turkey season closed. I would only be breeding trouble if I carried the hen to town; then, too, it was doubtful if a boy of my strength could carry the bird there and back. Whereat I hid her in a brush pile, thinking of my wonderful luck and the little distance I would have to tote her on my return. Later, after listening to the spellbinder, I went

© Leo Deiss

*The Cabin.*

straight to the brush pile where I had deposited my turkey hen. Feelings of elation surpassed all others. What would the folks say when they saw me with the bird? Of all the boys in the neighborhood lately I had been the only one to achieve such a feat! The gastronomic side, too, for a time held sway. Such a dish this bird would make! Royalty never had anything to excel it. Then I went all atremble and my countenance must have turned almost as white as the snow. For a moment I was too heartbroken to start for home. I saw the footprints of a boy and those of a small dog leading to my brush pile. Instead of a homely cottontail they had discovered my hen turkey and departed with it. Two cardinal grosbeaks quarreled in the woods. A gray squirrel from a nearby pecan tree whined his joy. I stood still in my tracks and wept profusely.

Came the sixth, a successful opportunity in the days which ought long ago have been censured, but which permitted the killing of gobblers in spring. The hiring of an old turkey hunter, named Josh, was a sinecure. He was an arch trader in everything, and found me willing to give him my time several nights, and he in return a day in the woods calling for me a certain mammoth gobbler which had never responded to my fancied siren notes. My work at night was to write a few letters which Josh declared he would compose and have me write, because he had always regarded penmanship since childhood as beneath a woodsman's notice. He dictated letters to me, addressed to a certain widow who possessed a vigorous, strong body, a hundred acres in her own name, five thin cows, and the same number of anaemic hogs; a veritable fortune in Josh's eyes. He requested me to write every durned thing I had ever "heerd erbout" love and then put in the biggest words I could think of. I was true to my occupation, and Josh in return took me on my eventful turkey hunt.

We were after the famed big one—the one that daily had come through the orchard to our barn and without trouble whipped regularly every tame gobbler we had. Ten mornings I had waited for a shot at him. Ten mornings in succession he had arrived at his love feast via a route which was different from any he had heretofore taken, and he departed without once giving me the chance to get within shooting range of him.

Josh ignored the talk on the subject of erecting a blind. "Them haint nary a bit uve good," he informed me with a critical twinkle to his incorrigible little gray eyes. "Lots uve ones better'n that. Jist this erbout it, 'nd that is fur you'ns to stan' still, and don't shoot till I says so. Recken I'll bring the ole boy up if he shows 'roun'. 'Taint likely you'ns has scairt him, bein' as you never done fired a shot at 'im."

Until the morning we set out for our quest, I never realized that the weather could be so cold in early spring. I actually chilled to the bones until I was trembling all over while I waited for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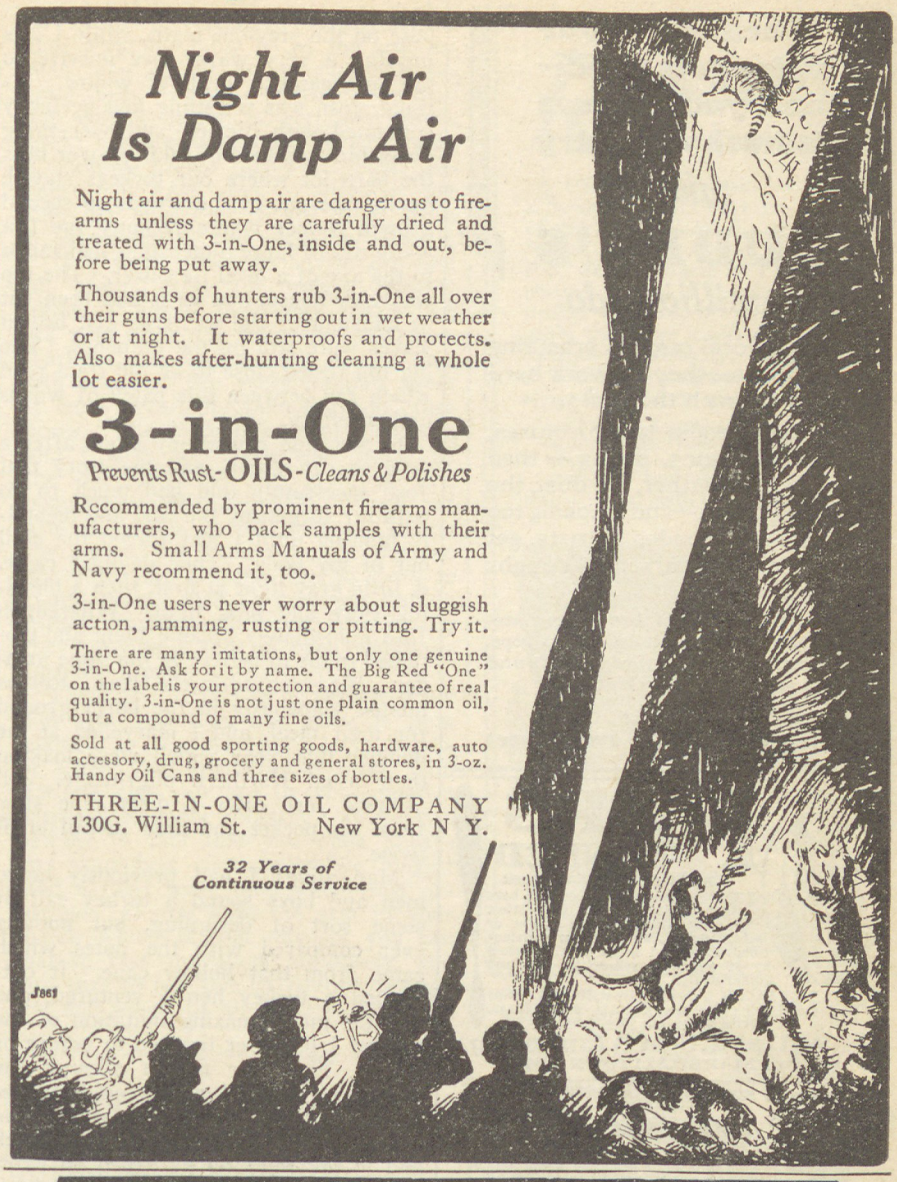

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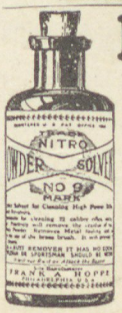


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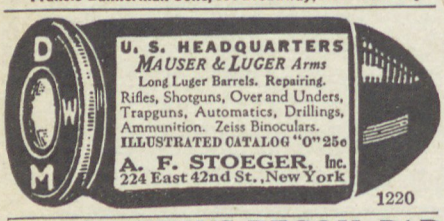


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Josh at a place designated for that purpose on the previous night, while I was inditing a very warm love missive to the prosperous, healthy widow. As usual, Josh was whistling and perfectly contented with himself and everything about him. Instead of taking cover near the barn lot where our turkeys stayed, he led me out in the woods to second growth timber where recently the last white oak of large dimensions had fallen to the axe of a local tie cutter. The top was very dense, and as it had been cut in midsummer the withered and brown leaves were still on the branches. The big top rested close to an old tram road which ran between this patch of woods and our farm.

Expectation caused my blood after a time to run warm, and the story that Josh incessantly told had much to do with my forgetting the cold and mentally hunting until I had forced the chill out of my body. Then daylight came. A little gray light at first, then a blending gray and pink light. Whereupon Josh immediately became silent and motioned to me to behave in the same manner. Birds moved in the trees. Robins hunted vigorously in the burnt ground for their meal, and I marvelled at the number that year which were making their usual Northern pilgrimage. All at once Josh drew a dirty pipe stem from his pocket and then sucked on it twice.

Man alive! I had previously heard men and boys sound a turkey call of some sort of designing, but nothing ever compared with the notes which came from that hollow cane. It outrivaled a turkey hen I ventured, and was the most amazing imitation of the natural I had ever listened to before or since. Then for fifteen minutes the old man remained quiet, but soon resumed slowly three calls in succession. He paused a while and then resumed, and to my thinking he added an extra plaintive note and seemingly made it sound as though it was executed farther off than it really was.

The hillbilly's visage was in perfect repose, showing no disappointment. Again he sounded. No response. Then he sounded once more. An answer came not far to the right, from a gobbler which had contained himself to the limit and suddenly had been forced to expose all his love passion of the season. Josh kept quiet for at least five minutes, even though I could hear the big bird walking in the brush and speculating on the whereabouts of the lady so studiously unconcerned, or penurious with her love calls.

Josh was exasperatingly tantalizing; for when he sounded faintly the last time I heard that big gobbler go into a gobble of overeagerness, and then to my amazement appear before us in the middle of that tram road, seeking every which way with his restless boxing-glove-color head for the damsel of his choice. I have seen grizzly bears and moose close in their lairs when they thought no one was within sight of them. But in all my born days I never beheld a more lordly creature—the personification of royal disdain for everything but itself, inflamed with the season's passion, stupendously arrogant, one who thought the region was its own and none dared contest it. Monarchial self esteem rested well on the mien of that big bird, and even it never realized, I am sure, its bewildering magnificence of proportions and coloring as the morning sun beamed upon it and accentuated each bit of plumage with scintillant brilliancy.

Josh pointed at the bird. I hesitated as I observed the magnificent creature strut and then fling its head our way.

"Shoot, dang you'ns!" Josh shrilled commandingly. "Shoot quick!"

Synchronizing action almost immediately with the old native's mandatory words I snap shot. I heard the bullet thud against that broad bronze corrusating breast. To my dismay, for the fraction of a second, the monster bird with outstretched wings leaped twelve feet above the ground. All at once I sensed a thrill of great satisfaction permeate my entire being. The bird dropped back to the earth on its back, dead.

Hardly a year has passed in which somewhere I have not gone turkey hunting. Strangely, each time the same notion comes to my mind as it did when I killed my first wild turkey. In those days everybody counciled a different arm, and when this big fellow hit the ground in the middle of the old tram road, in spite of my sudden excess of happiness I felt that every man was right according to his own gun tenets who declared a certain rifle or shotgun was good for turkey hunting, and it was the best because it gave him the best results from his own experience, and that almost any arm is satisfactory for this sport under certain conditions.

If a man has doubt about the capabilities of his firearm, his shooting will be poor; for lack of faith effects more misses on game than anything else. On one occasion I saw a small hen turkey shot through and through with a 30-06 and yet get away from the hunter, and would have been useless to him if a native dog had not trailed it for a mile and found it dying under a tupelo gum log. Still I have seen a big gobbler killed with No. 8 shot—and who will dare compare the killing powers within thirty yards of No. 8 shot, and the wonder of modern ballistics, the 30-06 rifle cartridge? It was the incident which might cause discussion if everything else was not regarded, and yet it was the result of exceeding vitality instead of the weakness of a certain rifle and its cartridge.

The so-called or self-named ballistic experts usually commit a very grievous error in giving all thought to the rifle or shotgun and none the hunter. This is the very reason I would not suggest any particular arm for a turkey hunter as the sole and only one to use. They can be killed regularly with a shotgun, and the same can truthfully be said for any modern rifle of caliber from .22 long rifle up to the most lethal high power.

I have hunted with an old turkey hunter in the Black River swamps and

invariably he bore an antiquated pot metal shotgun loaded with No. 8 drop shot. He always got his turkey. He hit them in the neck with the small pellets and he never shot unless he got close enough to lodge them there. He was one of the few men I ever knew who could stalk turkeys successfully. It was not luck or chance with him, but the outcome of years of intimate study of the birds under varying conditions. Twice I saw him actually outwit and stalk a gobbler in open whiteoak woods after the turkey had seen him. The feat was on a par with that of a young Nipigon Mission Ojibway Indian with whom I once hunted and witnessed stalk deer in the open and actually after I had argued to the contrary that it was impossible to stalk deer to their bed and shoot them with a .22 caliber rifle before they anticipated his presence or were able to escape beyond killing range with such a small bore arm.

Coming back to the shotgun, if I were the one hunting turkey with any gauge, I would want at least as large as No. 4 shot and preferably BB. There is not much to explain about this personal preference, whether you are after the turkeys of the far South or the big birds of the Cumberland and Ozark mountains. You have to have enough weight of lead to knock them over at long distances. It is not satisfactory to wound a turkey. Once you wound one, rest assured you are in a mighty difficult place ever to find it. They get away quickly by running or flying, and it is their most outstanding nature to pick a zone of safety so full of rocky or timbered entanglements that a hunter must be of the real he-man type before he is able to penetrate them. Broadly speaking, we may say with a degree of certainty that a great number who hunt turkeys with a shotgun prefer this arm simply because they have used no other, or else they are expecting to kill other kinds of game during the same day with it.

If I were asked to advise the best all around arm for turkey hunting alone, I would invariably prefer the .22 rifle using the long rifle cartridge. Turkeys can be hit with it and they will escape. But most hunters shoot it more accurately than they do other bores. The 25-20 is another nice arm, and I have seen men who swear by the old .25-25 or the more modern adaptation the .250-3000. Such an arm is not to be discredited. It has the range, the wallop and is not too heavy for the average man to carry in rough going, such as you will find in turkey hunting, although occasionally they provide a shot in open woods or farming areas.

There is just this to be added: select the arm you like, and have it light enough so you may be able to handle it when you are stressed most with fatigue and you are in your poorest physical state for shooting. It seems a tribute to fate that you must always get your best shots after the longest and hardest travel and when least expected. If you have the arm in your hands which at that moment you can handle fast and shoot accurately, you are sure to bag one of America's largest and wisest of all game birds.

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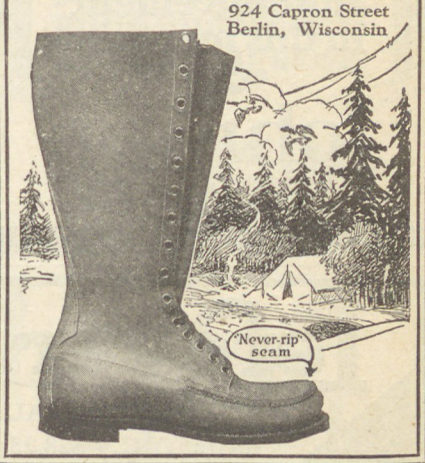


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# Snow Stuff

(Continued from page 16)

snow carried by the wind and thus deposit it in big snowdrifts which would melt slowly. If we could pile snow in drifts ten feet deep behind these tree obstructions we could probably reduce the melting ratio of that snow as much as one-third. (Snow-fences across the wind would do their part as well and a snow-fence is merely any fence built in such a manner that it breaks the flow of the wind.)

In other words, the deep drifts of snow, say containing one hundred or more tons of snow, would, if piled deeply and in small-surface banks, hold about one-half or two-thirds of the total fall, which is now spread over the countryside.

I have not given the mathematics of this any thought whatever but that is not necessary until we come to the point of using them. The idea is that a deep drift of snow covers much less ground than the same bulk spread out in a blanket. The smaller the surface exposed to the air the slower the melting and therefore the less danger of flood and at the same time the more absorption of water by the earth because of slow melting which lets the water soak in.

It stands to reason that the more obstructions we place across the run of the winter winds the more snowdrifts we produce. The more snowdrifts we produce the more we retard the spring melting. Therefore, the river will not run so full by whatever amount of moisture we hold up.

Snow conservation, you see, holds a lot of possibilities and is as well worth the study of the conservationists as is the conservation of trees or anything else.

I do not think that this study of snow conservation has ever been broached or attempted, or that the world at large knows that it could be done. That it is really a simple problem which could be worked out without great expense, or great effort, is patent on the face of it and it would do much to stop floods and to provide slow seepage of water into the earth because the more water there is on the top of the ground, the more the ground absorbs.

Thus, by intelligent study and gathering of data, snow conservation and flood prevention could be hooked up to a series of dams and thus give us a chain of results which would raise the underground water levels and provide water for all vegetation during the summer months. Snow is always moisture in cold storage, and therefore easier handled than rain.

A glacier is another form of secondary cold storage produced by the accumulation of winter snows. A glacier is always formed from above by wind-blown snow and it always has a stream running out from the lower end. Such streams receive flood waters only from outside streams as their source of supply is permanent.

The snow piles up in great drifts up in the bald, rocky, peak-country, where it is carried by violent gales, blowing up to a 100 or more miles per hour. This wind blows the snow into the eddies in the current produced by upstanding pinnacles and thus are built the great snow banks which last through from one winter to another as "perpetual snow" without entirely melting away.

Many of these drifts just above, or sometimes just below, timber line, are augmented by avalanches which slide down from bald, steep areas above, bringing down tons of snow and piling it into compact drifts in some deep valley or canyon.

Such drifts always melt very slowly and are of the greatest value in prevention of stream floods because they hold their moisture in variable cold storage, freezing every night and melting only during the middle of the day, thus doubly retarding the run-off.

All of these high drifts could be greatly augmented by snow-fences placed diagonally across the track of the winds, thus directing the flow into such places as we would want the snow piled. Railroads use the same idea to keep it out of the cuts. If they can keep it out of their cuts we can also put it into the gulches by building a fence to steer the wind in that direction. And it would cost comparatively little to do it over a large area of the high peak-country.

And remember, all of this activity takes place up above the timber line and timber has nothing to do with it except that it follows the snow just as high up as it can get, but it never "brings" the snow by any chance, nor does it in any way *cause* any more snow to fall than would fall if the timber was not there. The forest is always a *result* of moisture and *never the cause* and it has nothing whatever to do with the moisture supply or the bringing of more moisture; all it does is *use* the moisture in enormous quantities.

I do not mean by this that I am opposed in any way at all to forests. I am *for* the forests in every instance. The more forests we have the better off we will be, but we should use a lot of common sense in reforestation and not plant forests hit or miss and without a thorough knowledge of what we are doing, especially in relation to snow and to rain in a lesser extent, this on account of timber-born floods.

Snow should be studied intelligently and to do that we should study mountain and lowland snowfall in relation to floods in the water sheds especially to get all the necessary data that will enable us to handle snow intelligently. We can't stop snow or dodge it, therefore we must control the depositing of it as much as possible or be flooded.

Snow can be a tremendous menace. If it is allowed to go into a flood stage over a great acreage all at once, it is one of the most dangerous of natural

forces, so far as man is concerned.

The thing to do then is to *control* snow and I have pointed out here how snow *can* be controlled. Some day the world is going to look at it that way and there is going to be a department of snow conservation that will tell us a whole lot of things about snow that most of us don't know anything at all about now because we've never looked at it from the right angle. We just thought of it as "snow"—something disagreeable!

The idea of snow being disagreeable is entirely a personal state of mind and it is, in many instances, disagreeable only because of the way we come in contact with it. The same thing can be said of rain, but when you get this feeling of antagonism regarding either snow or rain, just back up and do some thinking and figure out how you could get along without either of these "disagreeable" things.

If you are fair and understand it from an intelligent point of view you can do nothing but acknowledge that you are selfish and are thinking only of yourself and personal comfort, and that you do not see the broad, countrywide benefit that comes to all of us because of the distribution of moisture through the agencies of rain, wind and snow and more especially from wind-blown snow.

There's lots of things we can do with snow besides making snowballs out of it and it can be used for a good many things besides getting your feet wet by wading in it.

Some day, perhaps, I will tell you some more things about the part that temperature changes play in the scheme that nature uses to create evaporation, to gather her moisture, and transfer it in bulk, to distribute it, to put it in cold storage, to store it in secondary ways, and to handle it, from one end of the process to the other. It is a big story and, like all big things, marvelously simple and tremendously effective!

All she has to do to accomplish all of these things is to juggle the temperatures from high to low, low to high and back again, willy-nilly, without end, and as the temperature is juggled snow appears and disappears; rain comes or goes; we are frozen by the north wind; or melted by the south wind, just by a little change in temperature! And if the temperature should be raised high enough, or dropped low enough, all life on earth would cease to function!

So let's don't be so ready to "hate the snow," or anything else that Nature does or produces, for there is always a mighty good reason for it as we will surely see when we just look for it.

*If you like the stories, write and tell me about it.*
*If you don't like them, write me your kicks.*
***El Comancho***

## You Wouldn't Think It

*(Continued from page 32)*

and pie. The cook always insisted that we have more pie, which was very monotonous but perfectly endurable for a short time. The hardships are soon forgotten, only the beauty spots and agreeable things remain. In memory, one little spot contains a scene which I like to review now and then.

One morning I was following a winding path through small timber, on top of a high ridge, the sides of which were almost barren, but the base terminating in a thicket. I could see far off across the hills, which were clothed in clusters of green pines, purple gray thickets, stretches of brown leaved hardwoods, and jewel-like rocks displayed on ragged patches of snow. I trod my little path with slow and grudging step, in fear that it would end all too soon. Here was peace and comfort, a hospitable spot in the inhospitable wilds. Such places, hunters never forget. In memory, they live forever. I was within a few paces of a sharp bend in the trail, when I heard the low, rumbling patter of dainty hoofs. Suddenly three young does stood facing me in wild eyed surprise. Oh, what a picture! The deer quickly dispelled the illusion, as with a bound they disappeared down the ridge, vanishing as quickly as phantom habitants of impossible dreams.

Then came the day when we must turn homeward. With three boats loaded with game, baggage and men, we were off through a chain of lakes, on a twenty mile trip to the main camp. We encountered ice on the way which cut a hole in one of the boats, making us hustle for shore. This little difficulty made it necessary to leave our game on one of the portages and send the guides back after it. It was long after dark before we heard their boat chugging up the lake.

Next morning, by boat and a short haul by team and wagon, we arrived at a shanty by the railway where the game was loaded, and we were off on a day and night ride back to the old home town on Lake Erie. I'll wager that the three old savages who accompanied me have made that trip again and again in fancy, as they sit by the fire these long winter evenings.

Williams, the chief savage, perhaps rests his feet on a rug made from the

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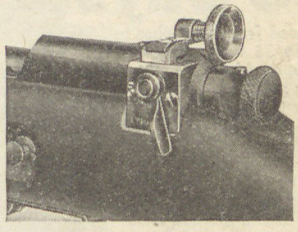

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hide of that old bear he killed, and his sleep is enlivened by visions of a bear lumbering off over a ridge. The rifle speaks, the bear disappears over a cliff. The guide rushes up, together they anxiously peer over the rocks, watching every direction. The bear has vanished—"Den"—the guide whispers. They clamber down. A warning growl is heard. Cautiously they reconnoiter. Suddenly the den is discovered—a hole in the rocks not twenty feet away. With guns ready, they start to advance, a snarling black muzzle appears at the hole, a shot echoes among the rocks, and bruin is ready for the rug maker. Williams, as he said himself, was "sweating like a horse."

Then there is savage Bill Nelms, perhaps resting by the hearth of his cozy home on the bay, but most apt to be down in the fish house, mending his nets and telling some cronies how he got that fine buck whose horns you see hanging there on a rafter. The buck which came bounding through the timber, how he shot him in the back of the neck "exactly where he aimed."

Down the road a ways where melons grow, savage John is dreaming of more hunts to come, even though it did take some mighty heaving and possibly cussing to get that buck of his over rough territory to the boat. I like John McLary. I hope that he remains a friend of mine. I wish him success—raising melons. I hope that he raises some every year so we may all be reminded of the hunt that started in a melon patch. Sometimes it just appears to me that melons ought to be classed as wild game. You wouldn't think it, but I know positively that they often cause "buck fever" if you happen on a patch in the moonlight.

# Practical Wild Life Conservation

*(Continued from page 25)*

mercy, is essential to effectively support educational efforts.

This is one place in conservation where friendship, religion, social standing and political prestige must not be allowed to thwart the ends of justice if a proper spirit of law observance and necessary public support is to be attained.

Men who deliberately and wilfully violate the game and fish laws are simply stealing legitimate sport from their neighbors, and deserve no more leniency than any other thieves! In the absence of an aroused public sentiment for fish and game law observance, it is a regrettable fact that many men who are looked upon as being among our best citizens, frequently violate the fish and game laws. This can be changed only through an aroused public sentiment favorable to game and fish law observance supported by strong sportsmen's organizations.

The sportsmen of the nation today contribute practically all the funds utilized by the several states in their game and fish work. In a few states public forests, public parks, and other recreational facilities are being financed by the sportsmen through hunting, trapping and fishing license fees.

Many well planned conservation programs have failed for lack of adequate financial support. The price of an extra box of shells, or a few extra flies or ordinary leaders contributed by each sportsman would have changed the entire program. Ample funds must be supplied, and then those "paying the freight" should see to it that a dollar's worth of service is obtained for every dollar spent. Above all else, they must see to it that such funds are used only for the purposes for which they were collected, and not misappropriated for some other purpose.

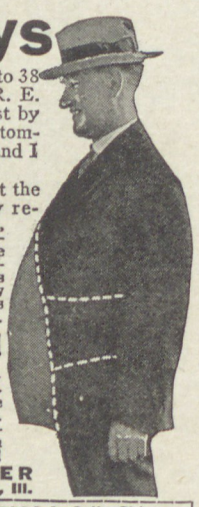
Practically every state would now have its wild life conservation work on a more firm footing if the men in charge had been given not only necessary financial support, but the organized support of the sportsmen of their states. It is a safe bet that quite a few earnest, capable officials, who have played politics in their game and fish work, did so solely to gain needed legislative and financial support for their programs; and that others who played politics, regardless of the effect upon the fish and game, did so only because the sportsmen of their states were indifferent, were not thoroughly organized, and failed to protect their own interests.

There are mighty few dyed-in-the-wool game and fish officials in the United States today who play politics in their work because they want to do so, but in their zeal to do something constructive they are likely to seek support wherever the strongest united support seems to be available. This is only human, and if it happens that the support of some well organized political party seems to offer more help than the disorganized support of the sportsmen of such a state, the sportsmen have no one to blame but themselves.

The only permanent cure for the entire situation is to thoroughly organize the sportsmen of every city, town and hamlet into strong active chapters of the Izaak Walton League, then be sure that every chapter is supporting its state division, and together support a practical wild life conservation program, not only for the community, the county and the state, but for the entire nation.

Conservation officials everywhere are anxious to have the outdoor people of their state thoroughly organized so that they may present their programs either at conventions, local group meetings, or by correspondence. Many officials and


10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



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*Patronize Our ADVERTISERS*

their subordinates devote quite a large amount of effort each year urging the formation of organizations and helping to keep them alive and active.

The biggest obstacle to overcome in keeping local organizations intact and active is the tendency of outdoor enthusiasts to quibble and even quarrel among themselves over immaterial details while the major problems before them are neglected.

Only through intensive organization, and by arousing favorable public sentiment, can the outdoor people of America hope to guarantee a future supply of desirable game, fish and forests for the use, enjoyment and spiritual development of our people. Only through organization can we make certain that America's wild life will be so administered as to benefit the largest possible number of our citizens. If we fail in this, the liberty of our forefathers will be a thing of the past. European conditions will rapidly become a reality, and only a privileged few will be able to enjoy the chase.

Let all outdoor enthusiasts help strengthen their local chapter organizations, stop quibbling over minor details, stick together as only true sportsmen can through thick and thin, and we can save the remnants of America's outdoor heritage—our forests, and wild life.

# Hunting the Vicuña and Guanaco

*(Continued from page 19)*

emerged on a rolling plateau at an elevation of about 13,000 feet above the sea. A steady wind that cut through mackinaw, coat, and shirt was almost freezing us while at the same time we were being badly sunburned by the light in this rare atmosphere.

From time to time, in shallow gullies, we passed old homesteads of vicuña and guanaco—circles of trodden ground four or five feet in diameter where a family had bedded down like spokes of a wheel, with heads toward the rim. Near each were further evidences of an orderly, communal life on the part of each group.

Finally Cheeweewee stopped, dismounted, motioned for us to remain where we were, and stole ahead on foot. In a short time he returned and informed us that he thought there was game on the floor of a deep *quebrado* just ahead.

Carrying our high-powered rifles, Jim and I followed Cheeweewee until we neared the edge, when we took to our knees and advanced as silently as possible. After half an hour we reached a point where we knew a lift of the head would disclose the depths of the crack in the earth and our long-sought targets. Acting on Cheeweewee's whispered advice, we prepared our guns for action and, ready to shoot instantly, peered over the edge. In startled amazement we looked at each other and then at Cheeweewee, who hurriedly crawled forward to look.

Three hundred feet below, on a patch of green that glistened with moisture, were four or five mules!

The English language lacks the fluency and rounded floridity with which the disgusted *proprio* expressed his feelings when the nature of the ignoble animals below us dawned upon him. His peroration was a sorrowful conviction that the exceedingly shy vicuña in that region had by this time departed many leagues and the mules had been left at this tiny water-seepage by a party of prospectors.

At a point higher up the valley we made a descent to its floor and returned to the point where we had seen the grass and mules. A hearty supper and we prepared for the night; our beds being odds and ends of duffle thrown on the sand and blankets in which to wrap ourselves. Of shelter we had none but rocky ledges which cut off the wind. Hard beds, to be sure; but fatigue made us oblivious to this, and after a laugh at the blazing stars and our misadventure of the night before, we fell into a sound sleep.

The next day we continued our journey into the *cordillera,* passing near the magnificent tri-peaked mountain *Dos Hermanos.* Of signs we saw a-plenty, but the vicuña and guanaco had always departed before our arrival. As we rode along, we learned something of the mode of life of these queer-looking animals; Cheeweewee being a veteran hunter of them. The guanaco is chiefly distinguished by being less shy and somewhat larger than the vicuña, which is usually between two and three feet high at the shoulder. Living on the sparse grasses found at the occasional water seepages in *quebrados,* they keep moving about on the high plateaus where their long legs and ability to use them assure escape in any direction. For neighbors in these barren wastes they have only the fierce-eyed condor—the lord of the range,—vultures, and the richly-furred chinchilla and viscacha. These last are small rodents inhabiting burrows in rocky hillsides and are said to exist without water.

Another cold night spent in the lee of rocks and we continued our circuitous route with the intention of reaching the Chaco station by nightfall. Again no game presented itself and we became more or less resigned to an empty-handed return. But our day's travel was not without interest, for Cheeweewee led us to the gaping hole in the earth, discovered by him but a few years before. Scrambling down for fifteen feet, we sat down and started sliding down a narrow and extremely steep passage. After a time this widened and we lit candles, and exclaimed in pleased surprise. For the walls and roof seemed covered with cut diamonds that varied in size from a snowflake to

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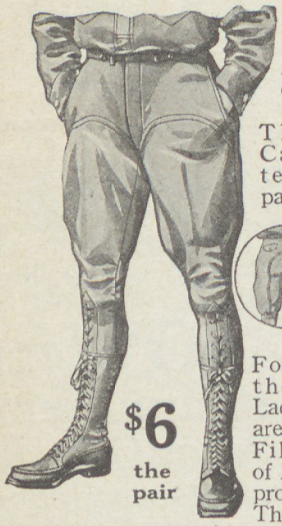

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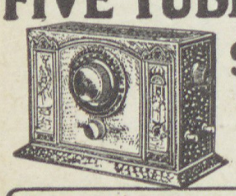

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a foot in length and from every direction in which we cast our light it was returned by a million facets.

Ever down and farther down the cave led. At times forming large chambers, it would again narrow; so that at one point where the direction changed abruptly in a sharp curve, we were compelled to pull ourselves through a small opening by means of our fingers and toes. Cheeweewee told us that as yet no one had reached the lower end of this unbranched, sinuous hole in the earth; and after a time we returned to the surface. Specimens of the crystals proved to be pure gypsum; and we knew this to be an ancient hot spring that poured out calciferous waters in ages when dinosaurs took the cure.

This cave was but a quarter of a mile from the three hundred year old trail from the Argentine, which we soon struck. Following this we passed an ancient silver mine; and late in the evening arrived at the Chaco station.

After a day spent in resting up and repairing odds and ends of the outfit, we set out on our return to headquarters by a different route than that on which we had been lost. Down the valley we started in a bunch, but *Bicicleta*, skittish after the rest, soon put me in the lead; and as we rounded a sudden turn there occurred one of the ironic incidents that cause anglers to sink into melancholia and hunters to sell their favorite dogs. For directly ahead of me, and not more than a hundred yards away, stood a guanaco and, somewhere in the rear, the pack-mule bore my rifle!

The guanaco and I eyed each other with probably similar emotions, and bringing *Bicicleta* to a halt, I debated the next step during minutes that seemed hours. To wheel and go back I dared not. Finally the tension was broken for me by the sound of Jim and Cheeweewee approaching. Knowing that Jim was carrying his rifle, I turned in the saddle shortly before he would round the corner, and cautiously called to him to prepare. Fortunately he caught the message, and when he stepped around the ledge, was ready to shoot. No sooner had he appeared than the guanaco broke into a gentle trot preparatory to the real flight; but Jim's first shot brought it to earth with a broken shoulder.

Riding forward, we dispatched the animal, pausing in our exultation in the sudden change of luck to admire the thick, light brown fur which attained its best quality on the long neck and the slender forelegs, in front of which latter a sporran of long, white hair hung.

Adding the guanaco to the pack-mule's light load, we continued our journey without further incident, but imbued with a feeling of success that made the hours pass quickly. Late in the afternoon we rode up to the *Casa del Administracion* and were greeted with particular warmth when our bag was seen.

The next night we ate guanaco with a relish peculiar to those served beefsteak twice a day for month after month; those who had speeded our departure with good-natured jeers greeting our reward with appreciative cheers. So it was with a feeling of triumph that we wrote finis to a trip that had afforded us not only an educational experience with a thrill, but an insight into game-hunting of unusual interest and difficulty on the barren plateaus that form the roof of South America.

# The Pollution Campaign Needs YOUR Cooperation

## Molly Cottontail

*(Continued from page 23)*

his weak points as time and again a bobbing white tuft of a tail goes gyrating through the undergrowth and, in spite of shot and shell, keeps to its hotfoot gait and generally lives to tell the tale or till the village nemesis comes along and sets four traps at the entrance of the hole, reinforced and backed up with a half dozen copper snares. I have known even these attempts at wholesale murder to have but slim chances of success, the traps being snapped and the snares being puckered up to a foolish zero.

Anyone who tells me the rabbit is one of our dumb animals should lay a plan of campaign to trap and snare the elusive one. Set a snare in a trail and they will leap through it or over it, in fact, they will run back and forth and jump over it just to show you that catching them thus can't be done. In my more youthful days I used to lie awake nights thinking up schemes for trapping rabbits and finally had to use identically the same sets that I used to catch mink before I was rewarded with meat. The rabbit is not a dumb animal. Not so you would notice it.

The point where one graduates up to or gravitates down to the use of a ferret for ousting Molly Cottontail from her abode is generally when meat is high and the southern flight of the pickled pig's feet is over. There are some men who are on speaking terms

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with ferrets and keep them in the basement against times of need. They permit these sinuous creatures to twine themselves around the neck and go crawling and worming their way through pockets, under the arms and through the underwear, with or without.

I once knew a man who had the most provoking way of twining a bloodthirsty ferret around his anatomy and often to the surprise of the gentlefolks he would drop the gore-drinking mammal down his back. I think that his ceasing of these hair-raising sports occurred shortly after the creature bit him on the stomach. Familiarity with ferrets, however, is not necessary to be successful as a ferreteer. They should not be well fed previous to embarking on the hunt. It is said that a well fed ferret sent down a rabbit's hole will carry his bed along with him, find a secluded spot in yon subterranean retreat and will promptly undergo hibernation. Part of the ferreteer's exercise then consists of digging the pet out for the chances are strong that he will have wound his chain around some convenient stub in the bowels of the earth, thus preventing himself from being forcefully withdrawn.

In holding a sack over a rabbit's hole down in which a ferret is prowling, one should read Section 3, Clause 4, Code 68, which says that any rabbit leaping through a sack shall forthwith be placed in the professional class. Any rabbit knocking the sack out of a man's two hands shall go back down the hole and try again. The position of the ferreteer corresponds to that of a football player. Four men should stand off fifty to a hundred feet from the hole with guns loaded to the muzzle with slugs so that if the rabbit gets away he may be shot thereby. In the event that a skunk comes forth into the sack instead of a rabbit, the proper thing to do is to give the distress sign of the Modern Order of Cuckoos and back away, the outlying skirmishers falling into line, the retreat being in good order.

The use of the ferret in waylaying the rabbit is fast going out of style. Lawmakers have probably foreseen the end of Molly Cottontail were this permitted. When the law gets down to the point where you have to hold the sack no less than fifteen feet from the entrance of any rabbit's burrow, cave, domicile or abode, and have to count to ninety-five before you shoot at a rabbit, the chances are strong that the tribe will increase a-pace and our apple trees will have to be wrapped with tar paper from stem to stern against the fuzzy invasion. As for myself I have this to say, the words being to the effect that Old Slewfoot, the Bog Hollow Phantom with the powder-puff tail, better look out this winter. I am coming on foot, snowshoes, skiis, and, if need be, on crutches. I will carry sidearms and a special trick for shaking brushpiles without getting on top of them. But I am coming. *Beware*!

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HUNTING & FISHING 5

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# Real Camping

## *If there is any question you want to ask in connection with Camping, write to Outdoor America*

Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

*LAST* month we printed a most interesting and instructive account of a February snowshoe hike through a portion of the Superior National Forest. Although it was a vivid, and absolutely true, picture of that particular trip, it might easily give the reader a wrong impression of normal winter conditions in that locality. The unusual, if not unprecedented, depth of light, unpacked snow that this party encountered necessitated so much laborious trail breaking that their progress was rendered exceptionally slow.

It is probable that they could have covered more distance, with considerably less effort had they adopted a different mode of procedure. In like circumstances I would not break camp until the trail to the next site was made easy for the toboggan.

There were three men in the party. If two of them had gone ahead, after breakfast, and taken turns at breaking trail they could have travelled at least three miles by mid-afternoon. Back tracking to camp and improving the trail on the way would occupy their time until dusk.

Meanwhile, the man left in camp could spend a pleasant day in cutting wood, cooking, airing the bedding, taking photographs and writing his impressions of winter camping in Northern Minnesota. Next morning the well packed trail would be frozen so hard that the loaded toboggan could be hauled over it without very great exertion and at a speed that would enable them to reach the new camp for luncheon. They would then have all afternoon to make everything snug and cozy for the night.

By taking turns at staying in camp each member of the party would have an opportunity to recuperate from the more strenuous toil of the advance guard, and, at the same time, make things much more comfortable for all. This method of winter travel generally results in better camps, better cooking and a more enjoyable trip.

In planning to use abandoned shanties, instead of pitching their tent, I think Mr. Nolte's party made another mistake. The prime essentials for a comfortable winter campsite are, shelter from wind, boughs for the bed and an abundance of easily gathered, dry wood.

*The noon rest.*

Rangers' cabins, as a rule, are intended for summer use only. Generally they are situated on high ground that commands a wide view and seldom are they banked and chinked well enough to exclude the thin, penetrating winds of a northern winter. As for fuel, it is altogether likely that former occupants have already burned all the easily obtained dry wood in the immediate vicinity.

Unless I know that a cabin is in good repair, has a serviceable stove and is well supplied with good fuel, I look for a virgin campsite in the shelter of a balsam, or spruce, thicket, where tent poles, boughs and dead timber are close at hand.

But the proof of any trip is the memory thereof. Because of inexperience these three city chaps may have suffered a little unnecessary discomfort, at times, yet they look back upon the adventure with pleasure and look forward to this winter's hike with almost boyish enthusiasm. Therefore, the trip was a success.

### THE SLINGSHOT

In the November number I devoted several paragraphs to extolling the slingshot as a practical, auxiliary weapon for campers. Since that article appeared I have been bombarded with inquiries regarding details of construction, where they can be purchased, and proper method for acquiring proficiency. In deference to this unexpected show of interest I will risk possible repetition by answering, at this time, some of the questions asked.

The home made slingshot is such a peculiarly individual article that any dogmatic statements about *best* design, materials, ammunition or even *correct* form in shooting, would surely lead to endless controversy. I will therefore confine myself to a short description of my own weapon and the details of its manufacture, allowing the reader to work out for himself any improvements that come to his mind.

My slingshot rubbers are taken from a discarded inner tube (31x4) that has lost little, if any, of its original elasticity. Using a strong pair of sharp scissors I cut, *spirally*, along the lines that show plainly on the inside of the tube. This gives me a strip about an inch wide, which is about right for this weight of rubber. When I have cut thirteen inches along the line I increase the width slightly to form the pocket that holds the projectile. Sufficient allowance having been made for this I return to the original line and follow it for another thirteen inches. As the finished slingshot measures about twelve inches from crotch to center of pocket it will be noticed that I have allowed a trifle for trimming, or for lapping the ends over the prongs, as some prefer.

The crotch I use is a natural fork, cut from a hardwood sapling. After trimming to an approximation of

bilateral symmetry it is seven inches long and about two and one-half inches between the centers of prong tips. To prevent the bands from slipping under the fastenings I whittle a small depression near the top of each prong and glue therein a narrow strip of fine emery paper, rough side out. Protecting the ends of the rubber by covering each with a small piece of soft leather I fasten them to the limbs of the crotch with long, narrow, rubber bands. If these are not available I use strong, woolen yarn, which, as all woodsmen know, has the property of holding firmly without much tendency to cut.

Whether the ends of the bands should point up, or down; be attached to front or back of the crotch, or else fastened in loop form, are debatable questions that I do not care to discuss at this time. Each method has its advocates. Beginners should consider them all before deciding which style is best suited to their purpose.

For ammunition I use lead bullets, buckshot, steel balls, clay, crockery and glass marbles; even pebbles, when nothing better is at hand. But stones are a poor substitute for the more perfect spheres.

"Proper Form," in shooting with the slingshot, is similar to that recommended for Archery. The shooter faces at a *right angle* to the target, holds crotch firmly at full arm length, draws the pocket back to the ear and lets go without flinching. If crotch is held in the left hand, the pocket should be drawn to the right ear, and vice versa.

Practicing should be done systematically, at regulation (rifle) targets, and all scores faithfully recorded and kept for future comparison. If targets are fastened to the inside bottom of a good sized box, most of the ammunition can be salvaged and used repeatedly. A few minutes spent in serious practice every day during the winter should enable the slinger to qualify as an expert marksman and to kill such small game as grouse, rabbits, and squirrels. As a sportsmanlike weapon it is, in my opinion, second only to the Bow and Arrow. Try it!

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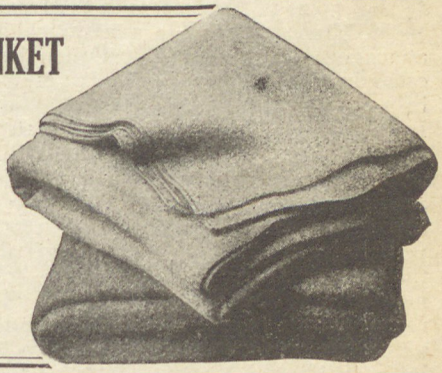

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Without financial obligation to myself I propose the following for Membership-at-large:

Name Address

# Pollution Bureau Opens

*(Continued from page 27)*

return he became bacteriologist and chemist for the Illinois State Water Survey, and then professor of chemistry at Montana State College; this experience has broadened and strengthened his control of the theoretical aspects of our problems. Later as superintendent of a filtration plant in Michigan, and of a sewage purification plant in Illinois which has been compelled to attack a most difficult situation, he has demonstrated his ability to think and work effectively in attacking intricate problems. As a member and contributor to the programs of the American Chemical Society, the American Water Works Association, and the Illinois Society of Engineers, he enjoys the reputation of being, despite his youth, one of those whose contributions to the problems of water purification and sewage treatment are worthy of the closest attention.

During the winter months, by virtue of a mutually advantageous arrangement, he is able to devote part of each week to organizing and directing the work of the Pollution Bureau at the headquarters of the Izaak Walton League in Chicago. As Acting Director he will have all the powers and privileges associated with the position. As commander in chief of the pollution forces it is appropriate that he should make a statement regarding the campaign, especially since he will have been at work a full month by the time you read this announcement. Accordingly, he has prepared such an outline of our plan and purpose, which is published herewith. Like many another distinguished campaigner, "Hap" has many ideas and but few words. Now that he says "Come on," it is up to us to go; and since we have been talking for several years in the League, as well as for an indefinite time before that, against the growing evils of pollution that threaten the lakes and streams of our country, it is time for all of us to stop talking and get to work. I am confident that his fellow Waltonians will give him the support without which the best of planning is useless, but with which we shall be able to accomplish something significant.

Just one more suggestion: Do not hesitate to write the Pollution Bureau assuring its new leader of your support. Give him all the facts and all the help you can, but do not expect him to spend all his time answering your letters. Whatever you send in will be carefully indexed and brought into the proper place to form a part of the findings in the nation-wide pollution survey which we have started. If you think for a moment, you cannot fail to realize that, after all, the work of digesting all this material will be a tremendous task, and we must leave Dr. Hatfield the utmost possible time free for constructive work.

HENRY BALDWIN WARD,
*Editor Pollution Department.*

# The League Campaign
## By Dr. Hatfield

*THE* plans of the officers of the Izaak Walton League for a nation-wide attack on river and lake pollution became definite in November by the establishment of a Pollution Bureau at Headquarters. This is the greatest step in constructive work toward an anti-pollution program taken by any organization in the United States. This project will mean more to constructive work toward restoring our streams to their natural purity than any other movement. The newly appointed director of this bureau has already made a running start on its study of the pollution problem. Every chapter of the League has been called on to help by filling out a questionnaire which asks for information regarding the pollution of nearby streams and lakes. Let each one of us get behind this first step and see that it is a success.

From these questionnaires the bureau will get information on which to build its greater work. The extent and intensity of pollution in your vicinity is of prime importance, because it is necessary to know this accurately before approaching others for relief. These questionnaires will be only a starter toward more definite data of a technical character obtained by our pollution director and his assistants, both in the field and from national and state health and conservation organizations. Large masses of data on river pollution may be obtained from the United States Public Health Service at Washington, the Rivers and Harbors Department of individual states, and national scientific and engineering organizations. In some states these organizations have not accomplished very much, and we shall have to rely entirely upon the data received through our questionnaire. In other states where the state organizations have been very active, we shall be able to use our questionnaires to check up on the reports of these state organizations, and also the state organization reports will act as a check on the accuracy of our questionnaire.

The program of the bureau is to first get a definite picture of the extent and causes of pollution in this country. The data obtained will be plotted on a map of the United States, red being used for pollution and white for purity. At a glance this map will show us the percentage of polluted streams in each state. This is to be followed by more definite questionnaires and by personal visits to the more important foci of pollution. The bureau will then foster conferences and co-operative agreements between national, state, municipal, and industrial groups for the purpose of starting immediately on a purification program.

It is the belief of our pollution committee, which is made up of expert scientists, lawyers, and businessmen, that in general the present laws existing in states are sufficient at least to improve the polluted conditions of our streams and lakes. Present conditions are due to the failure to enforce the laws already on the statute books. Except in cases where the need is quite evident, it is not the policy of the bureau to wait for new legal enactments for our work.

We must realize that it has taken years for the present pollution situation to develop, and that many of our citizens, congressmen, representatives, and industrialists accept the conditions as natural and necessary; hence our problem must be largely one of education. The lack of enforcement of our present laws is due largely to the indifference of our people. We must first arouse public sentiment against the further pollution of our streams and mould public opinion to the importance of removing the pollution already existing. The data accumulated by the bureau must be sufficiently accurate to appeal to our state departments, state legislatures, and sanitary engineers, so that they will help to secure enforcement of present legislation and support new laws, where necessary. Our pollution bureau has drawn up a motto which is to be held as the ideal towards which we will work. This motto is made up of two parts and is as follows:

1st. Adequately designed and efficiently operated sewage disposal plants for every municipality.

2nd. The recovery or purification of all industrial wastes before they enter our streams and lakes.

The consummation of these policies is the great purpose towards which the League must strive with all its power.

WILLIAM D. HATFIELD,
*Acting Director Pollution Bureau.*

(Continued from page 33)

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| Eberman, W. A. | 99.3 |
| Trimble | 99.2 |
| Schroder | 99.2 |
| Willman | 99.2 |
| Delaunty | 99.2 |
| Kleinfeldt | 99.1 |
| Davis, E. | 99.1 |
| Moulton | 99.1 |
| Hurst | 99.0 |
| Davis, Dr. | 99.0 |
| McCandless | 99.0 |
| McCarthy | 99.0 |
| Neu | 98.9 |
| Reese | 98.9 |
| Morrison | 98.9 |
| Arado | 98.9 |
| Chatt, H. | 98.9 |
| Lucke | 98.9 |
| Burlingame | 98.8 |
| Buckwalter | 98.7 |
| Leach | 98.7 |
| Wickland | 98.7 |
| Schwinn | 98.6 |
| Foss | 98.6 |
| Gerould | 98.6 |
| Taylor | 98.6 |
| Clarkson | 98.5 |
| Connelly | 98.4 |
| Palmer | 98.4 |
| Olson | 98.3 |
| Bornholt | 98.3 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 98.2 |
| Keuster | 98.2 |
| Humphries | 98.2 |
| Lambert | 98.1 |
| Crooks | 98.1 |
| Vong | 98.1 |
| Lane | 98.0 |
| Naugle | 97.9 |
| Lynn | 97.9 |
| De Garmo | 97.7 |
| Newcombe | 97.6 |
| Kinnear | 97.6 |
| Dever | 97.4 |
| Case | 97.4 |
| Kretschmar | 97.3 |
| Cox | 97.2 |
| Deluse | 96.4 |

*Event No. 7—Salmon Fly*

| Name | Score Avg. Longest Feet | Cast |
|---|---|---|
| Lucke | 145 | 148 |
| Connelly | 144⅓ | 145 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 144 | 149 |
| Schwinn | 141⅓ | 151 |
| Trimble | 134⅓ | 140 |
| Braddon | 134⅓ | 140 |
| Newcombe | 129⅔ | 130 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 127⅔ | 135 |
| Sutter | 126⅓ | 129 |
| Peet | 126 | 129 |
| Neu | 124 | 130 |
| Bornholt | 123⅓ | 126 |
| Chatt, H. | 123 | 128 |
| Willman | 122 | 125 |
| Arbogast | 120⅓ | 125 |
| De Garmo | 119⅔ | 121 |
| Reese | 116⅓ | 117 |
| Peters | 114⅓ | 115 |
| Behnen | 113 | 119 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 112⅔ | 119 |
| Foss | 110⅔ | 108 |
| Crooks | 108 | 109 |
| Deluse | 107⅔ | 114 |
| Vong | 106⅔ | 109 |
| Hurst | 105⅔ | 107 |
| Buckwalter | 105 | 106 |
| Zimmerman | 105 | 106 |
| Palmer | 103⅔ | 105 |
| Kleinfeldt | 102⅔ | 107 |
| Nordholm | 98⅓ | 105 |
| Morrison | 89 | 97 |
| Cox | 71⅔ | 80 |

*Event No. 8—Dry Fly Accuracy*

| Name | Score Per Cent in Fifteenths |
|---|---|
| Braddon | 99.13 |
| Chatt, H. | 99.10 |
| McCandless | 99.10 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 99.9 |
| Arado | 99.8 |
| Lucke | 99.8 |
| Olson | 99.8 |
| Trimble | 99.8 |
| Jamison | 99.8 |
| Reese | 99.7 |
| Schwinn | 99.7 |
| Neu | 99.6 |
| Connelly | 99.5 |
| Peet | 99.5 |
| Steele | 99.5 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 99.5 |
| Sutter | 99.4 |
| Kleinfeldt | 99.4 |
| Crooks | 99.4 |
| Peters | 99.3 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 99.3 |
| Lambert | 99.2 |
| Willman | 99.1 |
| Kretschmar | 99.1 |
| Davis, E. | 99.1 |
| Palmer | 99.0 |
| Behnen | 99.0 |
| Newcombe | 99.0 |
| Nordholm | 99.0 |
| Leach | 98.14 |
| Morrison | 98.13 |
| Foss | 98.13 |
| Buckwalter | 98.12 |
| Hurst | 98.12 |
| Burlingame | 98.12 |
| Lane | 98.12 |
| De Garmo | 98.12 |
| Bornholt | 98.11 |
| Lynn | 98.10 |
| Mitchell | 98.9 |
| Clarkson | 98.7 |
| Case | 98.5 |
| James | 98.4 |
| Davis, Dr. | 98.4 |
| Naugle | 98.3 |
| Vong | 98.2 |
| McCarthy | 98.1 |
| Deluse | 97.14 |
| Arbogast | 97.13 |
| O'Dell | 97.13 |
| Cox | 97.8 |

*Event No. 9—Dry Fly—Unknown Distance*

| Name | Score In Tenths |
|---|---|
| Morrison | 99.7 |
| Arado | 99.5 |
| Kleinfeldt | 99.5 |
| Lucke | 99.5 |
| De Garmo | 99.3 |
| Neu | 99.2 |
| Braddon | 99.1 |
| Willman | 99.1 |
| Reese | 99.1 |
| Trimble | 99.0 |
| Connelly | 98.9 |
| Newcombe | 98.8 |
| Sutter | 98.7 |
| Deluse | 98.7 |
| Kretschmar | 98.7 |
| Peters | 98.7 |
| Jamison | 98.6 |
| Behnen | 98.6 |
| Schwinn | 98.6 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 98.6 |
| Crooks | 98.6 |
| Olson | 98.6 |
| Palmer | 98.5 |
| Vong | 98.5 |
| Arbogast | 98.5 |
| Nordholm | 98.4 |
| Steele | 98.4 |
| Davis, E. | 98.4 |
| Burlingame | 98.3 |
| Lynn | 98.3 |
| Eberman | 98.3 |
| Foss | 98.2 |
| Chatt, H. | 98.2 |
| Hurst | 97.9 |
| Bornholt | 97.9 |
| Peet | 97.9 |
| Naugle | 97.9 |
| Cox | 97.9 |
| McCandless | 97.6 |
| Mitchell | 97.6 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 97.2 |
| Case | 96.9 |
| Lane | 96.7 |
| Buckwalter | 96.7 |

*Event No. 10—½ oz. Accuracy Bait*

| Name | Score In Tenths |
|---|---|
| Delaunty | 99.4 |
| Olson | 99.4 |
| Bornholt | 99.4 |
| Reese | 99.3 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 99.2 |
| Clarkson | 99.1 |
| Morrison | 99.0 |
| Braddon | 99.0 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 99.0 |
| Foss | 99.0 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 99.0 |
| Sutter | 99.0 |
| Peters | 98.9 |
| Leach | 98.8 |
| Chatt, H. | 98.8 |
| Schwinn | 98.8 |
| De Garmo | 98.8 |
| Sigwalt | 98.8 |
| Arado | 98.7 |
| Connelly | 98.7 |
| Willman | 98.7 |
| Kleinfeldt | 98.7 |
| Deluse | 98.7 |
| Williams, Mrs. | 98.7 |
| Mitchell | 98.6 |
| McCandless | 98.6 |
| Trimble | 98.6 |
| Crooks | 98.6 |
| Lambert | 98.6 |
| Humphries | 98.6 |
| Carpenter | 98.6 |
| Moulton | 98.6 |
| Burlingame | 98.5 |
| Cox | 98.5 |
| Wickland | 98.5 |
| Nordholm | 98.4 |
| Dever | 98.4 |
| Gerould | 98.4 |
| Davis, E. | 98.4 |
| McCarthy | 98.3 |
| Jamison | 98.3 |
| Hurst | 98.3 |
| Anderson | 98.2 |

(Continued on page 58)

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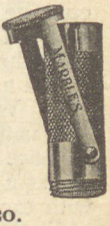


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# Canoes and Small Boats

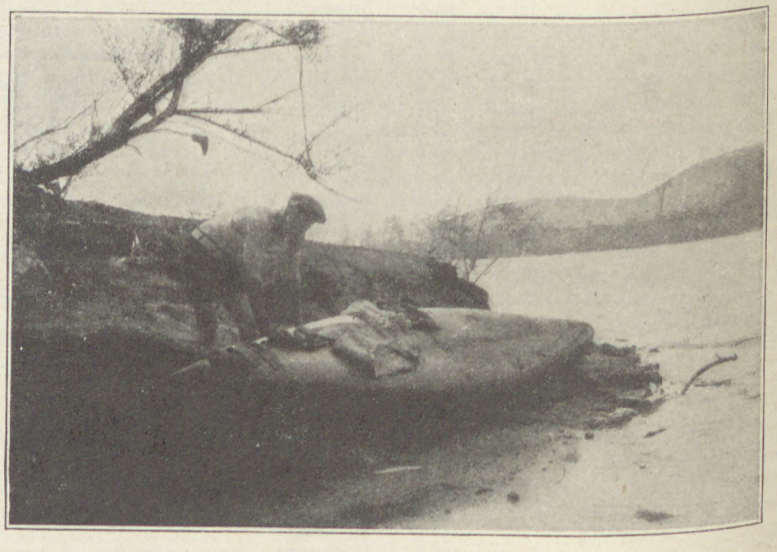
## Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS

Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published

WHILE the majority of canoeists are confirmed users of the single blade paddle, in some parts of the country, especially in the Eastern section, the use of the double-blade is increasing in popularity. The double-blade is an extra long paddle having two blades, one at each end which alternately grip the water first on one side and then with the next stroke on the other side. While one blade travels back in the water the opposite blade is automatically going forward through the air to start its twin through the water. The paddler should have a fairly low seat facing the bow. With this type of blade the paddler naturally reaches the water some distance out from the side of his boat and as a result causes the bow to swerve with each stroke. While this is rather a disadvantage, yet strange as it may seem, this wide sweeping reach is the great advantage of the double blade and because of it a canoeist can usually make better headway against heavy winds or tide than is possible with the single blade. This is very well proven by their origin; for instance, the single blade paddles came to us from the Indian, which indicates small inland lakes, streams and waterways; while the double blade was given us by the Eskimo who lives on wide wind-swept bodies of tide waters. This will also show why the single blade is the predominant canoe paddle: most of us hit the inland waterways for many and varied reasons and I believe we are wise to keep on doing so, as it is more conducive to long life and good health. However, such places as the mouth of the Hudson River with its wide, uncertain stretch of wind-swept tide-water is one reason why the majority of racers in the East are double blade paddlers, although the supremacy of the Canadians at single blades may also have some bearing on the matter.

The stroke in double blade paddling is a pull with the lower arm and push with the upper, both working at the same time. The paddle is gripped with both hands palms down about two and a half feet apart, the thumbs, of course, curling under the paddle shaft. The majority of double blade paddlers use paddles having blades assembled at a forty-five degree angle to each other. Thus during the time either blade is in the air its edge faces the wind instead of the flat side and consequently when working into a strong wind makes the paddling much easier. When using blades assembled in this manner it is necessary to turn the shaft in order to change the vertical position of the blade when in the water to the horizontal position in the air. This is done by a twist of the wrist belonging to the hand that grips the shaft firmly and is the control; the other hand therefore holds the shaft loose to permit the revolving action freely. Where the blades of a double blade paddle are arranged at exactly the same angle the grip of each hand will be practically the same and hardly any turn of the wrist will be needed.



*Drying Out.*

Many people consider the use of a double blade paddle a more valuable form of exercise than the single, as it tends to develop both sides of the body evenly, while the single blade paddler, except when under great strain of weather, has a tendency to paddle on one side more than the other according to which seems the easier. It is also true that the double blade calls for more control in the power of the stroke than the single; that is, in single blade, if you have driven a little too hard you can hook the stroke at the finish and keep the bow going straight, while with the double too much power on one stroke must be counterbalanced by the same amount on the other side, if the canoe is kept going straight. The power of the double blade paddler comes from his shoulders, chest, and stomach muscles and is considered a very good exercise for the development of them. While the body may pivot a trifle, it should not actually turn; in fact, should seem to be rather rigid and at all times well centered. The beginner will oftentimes show a tendency to sway from side to side with his stroke causing his craft to rock, which is bad form, as it causes lost motion and is apt to lead him to "crab" a stroke.

As in the single blade the power of the stroke is when the blade is forward the body, and again we caution, do not reach too far forward or extend the stroke too far past the point even with your side. Find a good medium and stay with it. Be sure that three-fourths of your blade is in the water at each stroke, as a partially covered blade represents lost motion and is also conducive to "crabbing," which means instead of catching water with the blade you lean against the air and go swimming shortly after. This is especially true when going through the surf or a heavy sea.

The use of the customary seat in the canvas canoe for the double blade paddler is not likely, as the weight is too top heavy for assurance in stroke. Most men use a seat about a half a foot from the floor of the canoe as, of course, you must be high enough to permit using the paddle freely without coming in contact with either gunwale. It is very seldom that you will see a man using this stroke while kneeling. A small box on the ordinary life preserver with a cushion is about right or, to insure comfort, the low canoe chair does very well. Aside from comfort

the low center of balance tends to greater safety for the double blade canoeist as the closer to floor the weight is the less chance of capsizing. As stated, the steering to be done is very slight and more or less automatic, especially on smooth water. Where the wind or tide is exerting an uneven pressure on one side, you can either exert more power on the opposite side or make the sweep of your stroke longer on the lee side to combat the pressure and keep the bow going in a straight line.

The timing of your stroke is largely an individual proposition, the average being around fifty to the minute. This will also depend on the water. When it is smooth you can hit in up, but in rough water take your time and if it gets bad you can always flatten the blade on the water to steady your craft. Another advantage of the double blade paddler is that he may use a boat well decked over from bow to stern. I have used one where the decking on both sides will measure well over a foot in total. This is a great help in rough water or surf and enables the canoeist to get all the fun out of the sport with greater safety and comfort than his brother of the single blade paddle.

The length of the double blade paddle will depend on the size of the owner; that is, a smaller man will take a shorter length. Also the position of the paddler will have something to do with it. If you use the craft alone sitting amidships a longer paddle will be the best. The average length is about nine and a half feet. The newcomer, especially, will welcome a long paddle.

Owing to the fact that the paddler using the double blade lifts his paddle more he should look for both lightness and strength. The latter is very essential because of the length of the pull—all things considered, spruce will be found to have both of these qualities. It might be well to copper tip the blades as water-soaked spruce becomes blunt and splintered. For the beginner the flat blade similar to the single blade paddle will be the best and many prefer them to the spoon type which is more of a racing blade. Most double blade paddles are demountable, having a joint in the middle of the shaft, and assemble and take down in two parts much as a fishing rod does. The joint has two metal ferrules which should be greased from time to time to permit ease in working them. It will also be well to take the paddle apart when not in use to prevent corrosion. The double blade one-piece paddles are as a rule all spoon blades placed at a forty-five degree angle to each other and for racing purposes are excellent, but even considering the saving of five or six ounces due to elimination of the ferrules, it is not considered the practical paddle for general canoeing. On the demountable double-blade paddles one may slip a pair of rubber cups on the shaft to guard against water that streams down the shaft from the blades due to the upward tilt at each stroke.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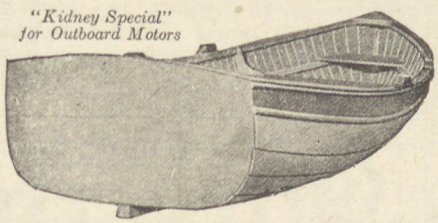

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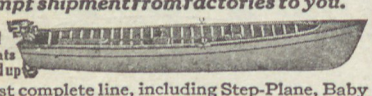

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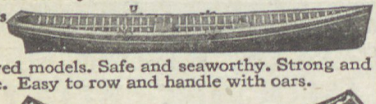

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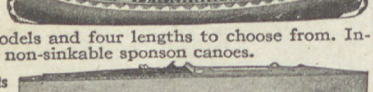

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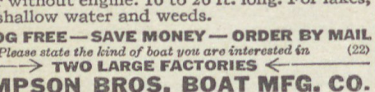

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(*Continued from page 55*)

| | |
|---|---|
| Bennington | 98.1 |
| Kretschmar | 98.1 |
| Lucke | 98.1 |
| James | 98.1 |
| Naugle | 98.1 |
| Vong | 97.8 |
| Keuster | 97.8 |
| Arbogast | 97.8 |
| Neu | 97.7 |
| Williams | 97.7 |
| Kinnear | 97.6 |
| White | 97.6 |
| Palmer | 97.6 |
| Buckwalter | 97.4 |
| Taylor | 97.3 |
| McCombs | 97.2 |
| Newcombe | 97.2 |
| Lynn | 97.2 |
| Davis, Dr. | 97.1 |
| Behnen | 97.0 |
| O'Dell | 96.7 |
| Saloga | 96.2 |
| Cummings | 96.2 |
| Euson | 96.0 |
| Lane | 95.9 |
| Caldwell | 95.8 |

*Event No. 11—¼ oz. Accuracy Bait*

| *Name* | *Score In Tenths* |
|---|---|
| Chatt, H. | 99.8 |
| Morrison | 99.7 |
| Mitchell | 99.7 |
| Wicklund | 99.7 |
| Davis, E. | 99.6 |
| Sutter | 99.6 |
| Moulton | 99.5 |
| Anderson | 99.5 |
| Neu | 99.5 |
| Sigwalt | 99.5 |
| Olson | 99.4 |
| Leach | 99.4 |
| Arado | 99.4 |
| Vong | 99.4 |
| Eberman, W. A. | 99.4 |
| Buckwalter | 99.3 |
| Thomas, Mrs. El. | 99.2 |
| Saloga | 99.2 |
| Darby | 99.2 |
| Kretschmar | 99.2 |
| Connelly | 99.2 |
| Trimble | 99.2 |
| Caldwell | 99.2 |
| Hurst | 99.1 |
| Palmer | 99.1 |
| Nordholm | 99.1 |
| Chatt, G. G. | 99.1 |
| Peters | 99.1 |
| Eberman, H. B. | 99.1 |
| Clarkson | 99.1 |
| White | 99.0 |
| Kleinfeldt | 99.0 |
| Reese | 99.0 |
| Delaunty | 99.0 |
| Davis, Dr. | 99.0 |
| Newcombe | 98.9 |
| Lynn | 98.9 |
| Deluse | 98.9 |
| Miller | 98.9 |
| McCarthy | 98.9 |
| Gerould | 98.9 |
| Kinnear | 98.8 |
| Burlingame | 98.8 |
| Schwinn | 98.8 |
| Foss | 98.8 |
| Kleet | 98.8 |
| Keuster | 98.8 |
| Williams | 98.8 |
| Steele | 98.7 |
| Naugle | 98.7 |
| Arbogast | 98.7 |
| McCandless | 98.7 |
| Humphries | 98.6 |
| Williams, Mrs. | 98.6 |
| Wicher | 98.6 |
| Willman | 98.6 |
| Cox | 98.5 |
| Lambert | 98.4 |
| Bennington | 98.4 |
| Braddon | 98.4 |
| Lane | 98.4 |
| McCombs | 98.4 |
| Bornholt | 98.4 |
| Taylor | 98.4 |
| Carpenter | 98.3 |
| O'Dell | 98.3 |
| Euson | 98.2 |
| Wichter, Mrs. | 98.2 |

*Event No. 11 (Cont'd)—¼ oz. Accuracy Bait*

| *Name* | *Score In Tenths* |
|---|---|
| Crooks | 98.1 |
| Cummins | 98.1 |
| Dever | 98.0 |
| De Garmo | 98.0 |
| Bullis | 97.9 |
| Hodges | 97.8 |
| James | 97.7 |
| Hardsty | 97.3 |
| Behnen | 96.9 |
| Gregory | 96.8 |
| Wicklund | |

*Ladies' Event No. 1*

| *Name* | *Score* |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Willman | 98.2 |
| Mrs. Reese | 98.2 |
| Mrs. Wingmuth | 98.0 |
| Mrs. Mack | 97.9 |
| Mrs. Humphries | 97.9 |
| Mrs. Thomas | 97.7 |
| Mrs. Hurst | 97.3 |
| Mrs. Klein | 97.1 |
| Mrs. Behnen | 95.8 |

*Ladies' Event No. 2*

| *Name* | *Score* |
|---|---|
| Mrs. McCandless | 99.0 |
| Mrs. Williams | 98.9 |
| Mrs. Thomas | 98.8 |
| Mrs. Wichter | 98.8 |
| Mrs. Willman | 98.8 |
| Mrs. Darby | 98.7 |
| Mrs. Hurst | 98.6 |
| Mrs. Mathie | 98.5 |
| Mrs. Wicklund | 98.5 |
| Mrs. Humphries | 98.5 |
| Mrs. Behnen | 98.3 |
| Mrs. Keen | 98.3 |
| Mrs. Reese | 98.2 |
| Mrs. Buckwalter | 97.5 |

*All-Around Championship Places*

| | *Points* |
|---|---|
| 1. Chatt, G. G. | 9,916 |
| 2. Braddon | 9,211 |
| 3. Chatt, H. | 8,920 |
| 4. Connelly | 8,592 |
| 5. Sutter | 8,544 |
| 6. Willman | 8,511 |
| 7. Morrison | 8,506 |
| 8. Peters | 8,483 |
| 9. Trimble | 8,323 |
| 10. Kleinfeldt | 8,313 |
| 11. Schwinn | 8,271 |
| 12. Foss | 7,843 |
| 13. Neu | 7,706 |
| 14. Bornholt | 7,573 |
| 15. Eberman, W. A. | 7,340 |
| 16. Brehnen | 7,275 |
| 17. De Garmo | 7,244 |
| 18. Vong | 7,098 |
| 19. Palmer | 6,880 |
| 20. Eberman, H. B. | 6,835 |
| 21. Nordholm | 6,733 |
| 22. Arbogast | 6,708 |
| 23. Hurst | 6,669 |
| 24. Buckwalter | 6,485 |
| 25. Newcomb, E. | 6,070 |

# Outdoor Photography

(*Continued from page 29*)

object in the picture at the intersection of any two lines, and you will have what is known as "good composition," especially if you take care to have foreground lines leading the eye to the principal object. If you will use a color screen so as to get a good sky too, instead of the usual blank white space, the results will be immensely better.

Now all this talk of composition may be tiresome and possibly puzzling, but if you will apply its principles carefully a few times you will begin to see your pictures so much more easily that the pleasure of taking them will match the satisfaction in the results.

You can apply the same procedure, in a way, to the photographs that you have already taken, by studying prints from the negatives and making enlargements of such fractions of them that may have pictorial possibilities. It's a poor negative that won't yield a good picture from some portion of its film, and frequently a postage stamp sized space will produce a five by seven or larger print that will be a thing of beauty. Some of my own pet prints are enlargements of ten or more diameters, or about one hundred times the area of the original print.

As a further help to good photography, both technical and artistic, every one who uses a camera should take and read at least one photographic magazine, of which there are several excellent ones published in this country. These magazines usually run a print

criticism page from which many good ideas may be gleaned, and frequently publish very good articles on composition.

There are also a considerable number of books published on this subject, more, perhaps, than is good for us amateur photographers. Better confine your studies to one or two of the more simple ones. If you can secure a copy of Photo-Miniature Number 53, published some years ago, it will be found to be a great help as it is a clear and carefully illustrated summary of the matter.

The question of "better photographs" is a large one involving both the technical and artistic, and it is my hope that the presentation of the latter phase will interest you so that your pictures may be more nearly "things of beauty and a joy forever."

F. M. TUCKERMAN.

## The Last Frontier

*(Continued from page 37)*

were tied. By sliding a generous portion of the way it took us but twenty minutes to get there. All but two of the horses were still tied, and these two we found not far away.

We would have been quite content had there been even a few small sticks there with which to build a fire, but there were none, so we waited and shivered.

As I sit here upon a rock hunched over my writing, Mr. and Mrs. McMichael and Carlton arrive. Mr. Hutchins and I are greatly enthused over the intelligence they bring, informing us that the other glacier is a very large one, as large perhaps as the Dinwoodie but more smooth and sloping.

As we crossed the creek upon our way to camp my mount stumbled midstream at the foot of the falls where we had crossed before. I was ready to quit the saddle when he recovered his precarious footing and plunged out, though I was soaked with the icy water to my waist and had to empty water from my boots.

It is eight o'clock and pitch dark, and icy rain is falling. Lewis and I have gathered up the riding saddles, pack saddles, bridles, blankets and other trappings and stacked all beneath a big tree with drooping branches. Lewis says there will be plenty of snow in the morning if this raining keeps up.

I have just finished reloading the magazines of the camera with fresh raw stock. I am about to close this diary for the day and go to bed. We are all very tired and need rest.

Mrs. McMichael has already retired to her tent. She must be fairly exhausted from her journey of exploration about Gannett Peak and the newly found glacier. I am thoroughly convinced she has wonderful staying qualities, and compliment her as being a very plucky woman.

So far as we were able to ascertain upon our return to civilization, Mrs. McMichael is the first woman to brave the dangers of this passage and scale the Dinwoodie Glacier. And we all take great pride in the friendship of her who braved the hardships and hazards of the trail with the true spirit of adventure.

The morning of August twenty-fourth we rose very early, Lewis was already up and preparing breakfast. I started out immediately to bring in the horses and located them not far away.

Mr. Hutchins and myself are the only ones going exploring today, the others have declined to accompany us. We are to try for an ascent of the new glacier which heads upon the North side of Gannett Peak, and continues along the jagged peaks to the Northeast of Mt. Gannett.

*(To be concluded)*

## Our Remote Ancestors

*(Continued from page 10)*

that Venus Aphrodite in all her marvelous beauty was born of the foam of the sea, and the modern devotee of Lady Nicotine, pays unconscious homage to Aphrodite in the incense smoke arising from the altar of his *meerschaum*—foam of the sea, with its stem of amber—a product from the shores of the vasty deep.

According to a Rhine legend a beautiful but malign Siren, is pictured upon the beetling crag of the Lorelei, near Coblenz, combing her golden hair and singing a wonderful melody, while endeavoring to accommodate her tender and scantily draped anatomy to the inequalities of Nature's rough upholstery.

I am coming to believe in the reality of the Lorelei, too, for if it were not her siren voice and seductive charms that held our young and susceptible "buddies" on the Rhine, four years after the end of the World War, then *"Ich weis nicht was soll es bedeuten."*

*(To be concluded)*


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*"How's that?" says Kingsby Clark.*

# Mostly About Boys

## *Written by the Waltonians of Tomorrow and Edited*

By BEN EAST

THE twelve Moons have run their course again, and we have reached once more Chuckee Muqua, the Moon-of-the-Little-Bear, which is also the first Moon of the new year. A moon of cold nights and windy snowy days. A good time to sit inside by the fire and tell tales.

This is also the Moon that marks the time for us to kindle a new fire for the coming year. We have had this shanty to ourselves for two years now, and each January, like the Sauks in their bark lodges that always faced the rising sun, with the beginning of the new year we rekindle our fire, hoping that it will burn even brighter than during the Moons just past. Let's gather 'round, then, and while the new fire is burning up let's have some of the best stories we've heard.

While we sit here, warmed and cozy, listening to the cold January wind that shrieks outside the window and piles the snow in great white drifts, it is a good time to think of Ah-Mik, the beaver, who likewise spends the days of winter in a snug lodge, although he lacks the fire that warms us here.

Ah-Mik made ready his lodge all through the autumn months, cutting down brush, heaping it up, carrying mud in his forearms and plastering the walls. Just before the ice came to seal his pond he coated the outside of the lodge with a thin layer of wet mud that froze into a smooth hard wall. No lynx or prowling wolf can worry him. They may howl in the forest, or sniff hungrily about the round house where Ah-Mik is hidden, but they cannot break through, and they know it as well as the beaver does.

Nor was his lodge all the work Ah-Mik did last autumn. All through the October and November days he was busy cutting down aspen or poplar trees, dragging them down to the pond, floating them out to the center and burying them under the water, where he could feed on the bark this winter. As fast as a tree was cut, and Ah-Mik does a neat job of the cutting with his sharp teeth, he trimmed off all the branches and cut the log into short lengths.

These sections he dragged down to the water, but to make the job easier he first dug short canals back into the banks so he would not have to drag the timber so far. The branches were likewise cut up and rafted out into the pond. While you are sitting down at dinner tonight, perhaps a dinner of fish or meat, you may stop for just a minute and think about Ah-Mik, dining under the ice of the beaver pond, on the bitter bark of the aspen logs.

* * *

Muskegon, Michigan.

Dear Editor:

Thinking that my experience in raising pheasants may be of profit to other boys, I will undertake to give a brief account of it for the benefit of the younger—possibly older—readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

At the age of thirteen years I bought four or five settings of eggs; and fortunately was able to procure Bantam hens of the Cochin type to incubate them. As they hatched at different times, I placed each brood in a separate compartment of the pen.

The hens hatched, I should say, more than 90% of the eggs; and being of quiet dispositions, they were an important factor in keeping the mortality so low that I was able to raise more than 60 to maturity.

The pen was made of inch-mesh netting, and covered with the same, just high enough so that I could walk upright—an adult would be obliged to stoop. I was able to place it next to some currant bushes on both sides; and that was a great help in keeping the birds from becoming excited. And once it showed its advantage in another way.

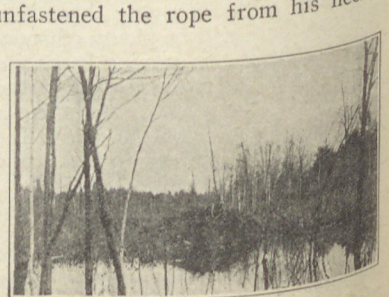
The pen door accidently got open, so that two or three of the birds got out. These bushes offered the most natural cover for them; so that was where they tried to hide, till two of us easily drove them back through the door. They made no effort whatever to run away, as no other attractive cover was near.

What really prompts me to write this account is the recollection of my experience with dogs. The "wildness" of the pheasants seemed to excite some of the dogs of the neighborhood very greatly. They would run around the pen, barking at a great rate; and the birds would fly at the wire netting as if they would beat themselves to pieces. In the daytime there was always someone at hand to drive the dogs away. But it was not long till they began coming at night.

It was getting to be quite a serious matter. And that is why it seems to me that my experience at this point may be of value to others. I slept in a second-story porch very near the pen. And several times at night I got up to chase the dogs away. But Mr. Dog had too long a time at his disposal before I could get to him; and besides, it was bad business having my rest disturbed every night or two.

So my father took a hand. Late in the evening he made a mysterious visit to the pheasant pen; but I did not know what he really did till about one or two o'clock in the morning. First came the barking of the dog and the fluttering and crying of the birds, beating themselves like mad against the wire.

There was a light snow on the ground, and I could see the performance quite plainly. Suddenly something happened to the dog—he could no longer run. Instead of barking at the pheasants, he was now yelping for his own liberty. In another minute my father was on the scene. First I saw him tie the dog by the head. (I take it he did not care to be bitten.) Then I could not see exactly what he did. But when he released the dog from the trap (for that had been the object of his attention the evening before), and unfastened the rope from his neck, it all became plain. I don't know which was the more comical sight—that of



*Ah-Mik's lodge.*

the dog, apparently sailing through space (he ran so fast), with a string of tin cans tied to his tail and clattering like an eleven-o'clock wedding party going to the train; or of my father, in his impromptu clothing out in the snow, apparently having more fun than at any time before since his boyhood days.

The dog never returned. Nor any other dog. Possibly it was all the same dog.

When the pheasants matured, they brought in returns sufficient to cover the entire cost of the eggs, pen and feed. But of course that does not account for labor.

Sincerely yours,
Leslie Kniskern.

A very interesting letter, Leslie. I wonder if some of the other fellows haven't had experiences in keeping game, or perhaps with unusual pets that would make good subjects for letters. If you have, come along with them. We are always glad to hear about anything new, and game breeding or keeping interests all outdoor fellows anyway.

* * *

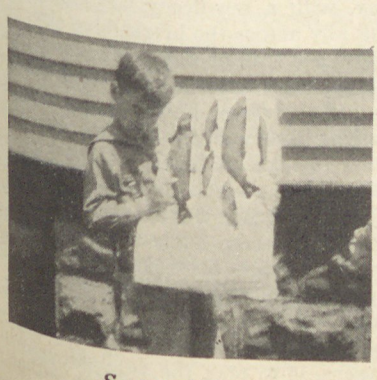
Canby, Minn.

Dear Editor and Gang:

I hope there is room enough for me around the camp fire. I have heard many people spin their yarns about their experiences while hunting or fishing, and I want to spin mine. It happened when Dad, my cousin and I were hunting prairie chickens. We had had very good luck, and had got fifteen. When we were driving home we went by a crossroad with a lot of Russian thistles in the corner of the fence. My father noticed a dog on the other side of the fence, but looking at it again he saw it was a wolf. My cousin turned the car around and we chased him. We had the fun of chasing him and shooting at him, but that was all. We never got him, and we didn't expect to. But the next one we shoot at we hope to get. I will have to close because I have to go to work.

Yours truly,
LEONARD (STUBBY) ANDERSON.

Even seeing and chasing a real "honest-to-goodness" wolf is a thriller few boys ever experience, Leonard. We all hope you get the next one you see.



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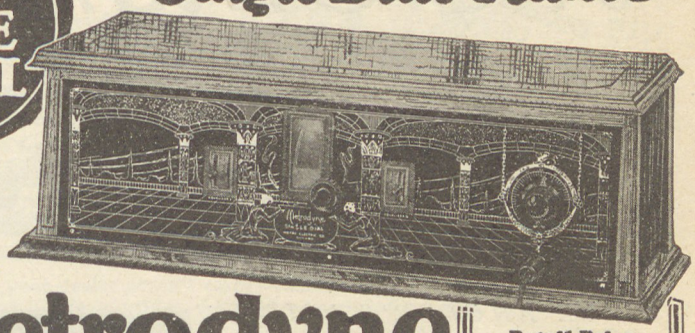

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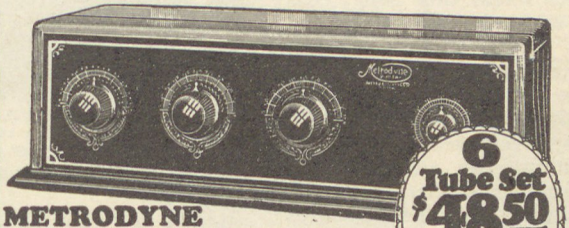

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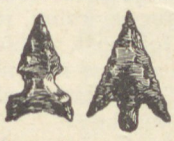

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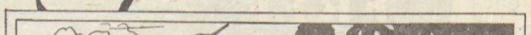
# The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments



by O. W. Smith

*THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK, as you might expect, treats of many and diverse matters; what we filch from it depends upon the wishes of our readers. So if you will write and tell us what particular subject you will like discussed, we will thumb the pages until we find it. "Let us hear from you," as they say over the radio.*

LAST month we talked of the joys of rainy day fishing and it is only fair that we should turn the shield this issue, chat about fishing when the sun shines and gentle breezes blow. Did we say last month that we had a feeling trout should be pursued only when the weather is on its good behavior? Well, if we didn't, we intended to, for that is our conviction. By and large, in spite of all said and written to the contrary, beautiful weather assures beautiful fishing. Let the wind settle in the southwest or west, and blow gently, clearing the sky save for floating fair-weather clouds, and we will fill our basket with trout, yes, and with bass too. Here's a difference between bass and trout fishing. We never had very good luck with the latter early in the morning, though in our experience the bass feed as soon as there is a hint of light. When out for the sportive bronze-backs we get up a great while before day, but when trout-bent we are satisfied to wait until the dew begins to evaporate.

Speaking of bass fishing. We well remember one morning when our friend, the Doctor, routed us out along about three o'clock of a hot August morning: crossed one lake in gloom so thick that it was impossible to see the length of the boat, followed a winding trail through the brush to another body of water, where we waited for light enough to cast. It was an experience.

Just how the Doctor managed to follow that dim trail, indeed strike the end of it in the first place, remains an enigma. Some seventh sense I suppose. It was a long wait for daylight, out there on the surface of the black lake, or it seemed long. Strange as it may appear, light first showed at the zenith, reflected from beyond the horizon. The stars overhead paled, then there was a coalescing, a focusing of light down along the treetops to the east. Things happened rapidly after that. The day was set on being born.

*Miss Smith, daughter of the famous "O. W.," ties her own flies.*

Before we realized it there was a grey murk on the surface, and from out the deep gloom along shore, came a double splash—"Splash-ker-splash!"—like that, and the Doctor whispered, "There, they're at it. Cast, dum you!" We cast of course, and were in a good fish promptly. For something like an hour and a half the sport was fast and furious, then strikes came less and less often, and soon after the red sun appeared above the rim of the horizon, quit altogether. Remember it was mid-August, hot, dry, and sultry.

Yes, if you would take bass in hot weather, when the sun shines brilliantly, get at it early in the morning; which is not saying that on swift streams the bronze-backs will not feed all day long, for they may. Remember always, fish have their feeding habits which differ with given streams. While by and large early morning is the best time for bass, we know at least one stream, where the fool fish wait until 11 o'clock before they dine. "Why?" Answer yourself. We only know those fish still take their heavy meal at mid-day in the good old country way. We like the morning for bass and the evening for trout. Which is not saying that the reverse may not be true for the reader. We are speaking of fair weather, you know.

Of course we have hung on the trout trail more closely than that of bass or other fish, just because the speckled and spotted boys tickle our imagination a bit more. It is our conviction that the early morning hours are not nearly so remunerative as later in the day, the high moment arriving shortly after sundown, when the deep shadows crawl in from the east, obliterating all but the nearest objects. Oh, on much fished streams, where the big ones are known to hang out, we never have much luck until the sable hand of night settles over stream and bank; but night fishing for trout deserves a special page, and must be passed up for now.

Strange as it may seem, on the stream most fished by we of the "Angler's Note Book," the best time of all is from 11 o'clock until to 1 or 1:30 o' the afternoon. "Why?" Oh, probably because the hatch is on then. Of course, you know trout rise because insects are hatching, floating on the surface, spreading gauzy, iridescent wings to the warm sun to dry, preparatory to nuptial flight. When the hatch is on, the trout rise. Probably on our trout stream, which is well north, it is not until mid-day that Old Sol coaxes the reluctant pupa into changing their form, anyway the facts are as we say. So we have come to study individual streams, seeking to know the hour of the hatch rather than the time of the rise, though both amount to the same thing. Because ordinarily the hatch is facilitated in hot, sunshiny weather, we find trout fishing better when skies are clear.

Anyway, to truly enjoy the most satisfactory sport in all the world, the environment should be pleasant. Of course, like all true anglers, we are out on Opening Day, set the wind where it will, lower the clouds as they may. Indeed, we have waded in knee-deep snow more than once just to say we have observed the commencement of the season; but for best sport, truest enjoyment, recommend a fair, warm, perfect day, with a few fleecy, lazy clouds floating idly across the bright blue sky. You know the sort of day we have in mind. Matters not how hot the weather, how low the stream, how moody the fish; casting fine and far off, we can make shift to take our share of speckles and silver-sides. Get it into your heart and life and creed, there is no day when trout cannot be made to bite. There's more pleasure in securing a few fish, against their will, than in filling a creel when the rascals forget all caution and tumble over one another in their eagerness to take the fuzzy-wuzzies.

"Fishing fine and far off" when streams are low and clear, skies with-

out the saving floating clouds, will bring a few speckles always. While as a rule we are not strong for long casts, thinking a controlled short throw much more effective than a long one which is quite apt to go wild, still if the angler possesses the necessary skill to send out his single dry-fly away beyond hint or sign of fisherman, rod or glinting reel when trout are shy, will result in a catch. There are many elements entering into the problem of such fishing. Distance alone is not enough, the angler must know the hangouts of his quarry, the proper fly for the day, be able to place it naturally and accurately. It is not all in distance and accuracy, also enters naturalness and understanding. Yes, in "fishing fine and far off" there is more to it than just mathematics, than perfect platform procedure. "That was a beautiful cast," you say. "Did it take a fish? Did it get a rise?" we ask.

We have mentioned several times, always with approbation, the floating midsummer cloud. When streams are preternaturally low and skies supernaturally bright and dazzling, we look for a floating cloud with anxiety. Note for yourself that while the shadow of a cloud lingers over a stilly deep pool, trout will rise hungrily, only to sulk again as soon as the shadow has passed on. "Why?" Of course we don't know surely, though we have our own notion. Here we only say, wait for the shadow of a cloud when trout are overly shy and notional. The shadow of a bank or tree is always worth investigating in perfect weather.

We have in mind one particular pool on our river, a deep silent "swim" where wading is out of the question, and big browns and rainbows lurk. It is in an elbow of the stream, the banks on every side thickly wooded, tall trees looming above the underbrush. Fortunately on the inside of the elbow a sandbar sticks its moist finger out into the river. We can stand on it, in waist-deep water, and dominate the whole pool, casting back into the deep shadows, always conscious of the danger to our back cast. It is a spot not for too much casting, but for wise casting, if you get what we mean. As a rule we fishermen cast too much, without due consideration to our surroundings and the whims of the trout. It is our conviction that one cast well placed—and by "well placed" we mean accuracy, distance, understanding, everything—is worth many experimental ones. We have stood on that sand-spit until our nether limbs have become chilled from the water, casting only to some rising fish, retiring at last with six or eight good ones.

After all, the wonder of fair weather fly-fishing is the effect it has on the fisherman himself, the delight and satisfaction he feels. Somehow every-


Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows.
Oriental Wiggler--$1.00
Shimmy Wiggler--$1.00
Little Egypt Wiggler---75¢
Shimmyette Fly Rod Wiggler 50¢
Bass, Musky or Fly Rod
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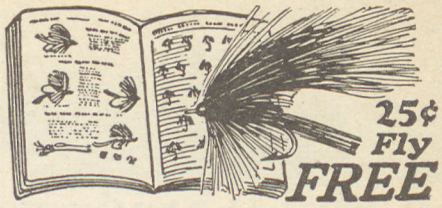
Mfg By Al. Foss 9526 Quincy Ave., Cleveland, O.



# Weber of Stevens Point

"The Fly-Tackle Capital of America"



25¢ Fly FREE

THE high-standard American fly tackle developed by Weber has probably been the foremost influence in promoting the rapid growth of fly casting in this country. Weber rods, reels, lines and flies are designed strictly for American conditions. If you are clinging to outworn European ways, learn true American methods with fit American tackle and we will improve both your art and your catch. Our encyclopedic catalog points the way.

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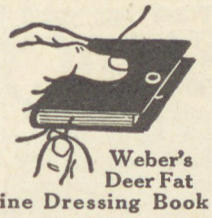
You must send 25¢ for this sumptuous book, beautifully illustrating all the Weber Lifelike staples and exclusive specialties: *But you get your quarter back* TWICE! Because with the book we send you FREE any 25¢ fly (our choice, or you name pattern, color and size.) Then besides, if you order goods from this ad or the book, we credit you 25¢ on the order.

**Man-tied Salmon Flies**

Genuine Scotch workmanship, absolutely true to pattern. Sizes 4 to 8, $7.25 dozen; Sizes 2 to 1/0, $8.50 dozen.
Double Hooks 75c extra.

**ONE-U**

Spinner-and-fly built in a single unit. Non-fouling. Spinner sizes, 1 and 2, 12 fly patterns. 35¢ ea.



**Weber's Deer Fat Line Dressing Book**

Genuine deer fat saturated in felt pages of leather covered book. Floats line. Indespensable for dry fly—fine for bait casting. Preserves line, prevents picking up of water. The slickest little gadget ever tucked in your kit. 50¢

Jamison Barbless Hooks supplied on order without extra charge on all flies listing at $2.50 or more per dozen.

ALL GOODS PREPAID.

Strictly American

**Cain River Salmon**

—has a killing record. 6 assorted patterns on card.
Single hook, $3.60 card.
Double hook, $4.50 card.

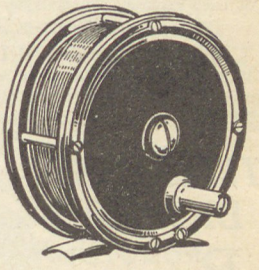
## Our Values Supreme:—

**Vacuum Dressed Line**

Most satisfactory made. No kinks. Dressed through and through, highest quality, Brown. 100 feet. Level
C—$5.00 E—$4.00
D— 4.50 F— 3.75
Double Taper
HCH, $10.00. HDH, $9.00.
HEH, $8.00.

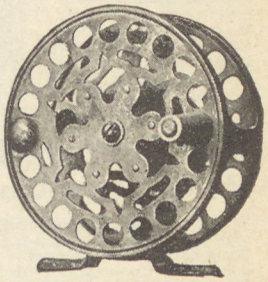
**Straintest Leaders**

6 in round metal carrying box with moistener pad. Level. Trout, 6 ft. $2. Bass, 4½ ft. $2. Salmon, 9 ft. $6. Dry Fly Tapered, 7½ ft. per box of 6, $3.



**Weber Special Perfect Balance Fly Reel**

Exclusive design—perfection from every standpoint. Black composition. Bronze bushed; click. Trout, $7.00. Bass $8.00. Salmon, $9.00.



**Light Open Spool Reel**

Only moderate priced full capacity reel. Holds 100 ft. C. line. Very durable and satisfactory... $3.00

**Dealers:** This should be understood: As the world's largest fly tackle institution, it is plain that the immense volume business of dealers and jobbers must be our most vital consideration. However, in the present sweeping increase in fly-casting interest, dealers' stocks, nationally speaking, *are not keeping pace with sales opportunity and the convert's thirst for information.* The beginner in particular seems overwhelmingly insistent on correspondence and advice from factory headquarters. It is therefore the keynote of the Weber policy and advertising to invite direct correspondence for catalog distribution and initial relationship, thereafter advising local purchases wherever dealers' stocks are adequate. Merchandising history reveals that such cultivation of the public operates infallibly for your store's benefit and full jobbing service—thereby fulfilling our main objective of "dealers and distributors first".

## WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO., *Stevens Point, Wis.*

*"If Weber Makes It —a Fish Takes It"*

*Also Operating:* FROST FISHING TACKLE COMPANY
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Every Izaak Walton League Chapter Should See

JAMISON'S *BARBLESS HOOK FILMS*

They will make every member turn out at meeting time, and attract many new ones. Can't be beat for organization work, membership drives, etc.

You've never seen such wonderful pictures of big, leaping Bass, fighting savage Barracuda, Mutton fish and Mackerel as are shown in

**Fishing on Florida Reefs**
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Other releases of Jamison Barbless Hook Moving Pictures include:
**Muskellunge, Trout and Bass. Trout and Atlantic Salmon. Bass and Rainbow Trout.**
Each release is full of thrilling catches, and teaches a great lesson in conservation.
A small service charge of $5.00 is made for use of each release. Advertising posters furnished.

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***Those* DIXIE BIG BOYS**

PROMOTE for yourself and gang a winter session with the whopping monsters of the Gulf, the giant big-mouth bass of Florida's lakes or the sporty sea-going devils of the Pacific. Heddon specializes in correct lures for these localized conditions. Write us if your home dealer does not know.

**Heddon Salt Water Rods of *Tempered* Bamboo**

The last word. The only salt water rods made of genuine brown-tone Tempered Bamboo. Light and heavy weights. Strict conformity to various Club Regulations. $30., $35., $40. Write for specifications and state your special preferences.

**Heddon Fishing Tackle**
***Genuine Dowagiac***

**Jas. Heddon's Sons, *Dowagiac, Mich.***

*More prize bass in 14 years of Field & Stream's contests than on all other artificial minnows combined.*

**OLD FISHERMAN'S 1927 CALENDAR**
"tells when the fish bite"

USED BY THOUSANDS
PRICE 25¢ 5 FOR $1.00
O.F. CALENDAR
BOX 505 HIGH STA.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*"Come on out, I tell you," says "Mrs. O. W."*

thing works together for good with him. He is a part of his environment, and the catching of fish becomes inconsequential. The birds and creatures of the out o' doors enter into real communion with him. The less he counts upon taking fish the more earnest fish are in their desire to be caught. When he makes fish the end of the game he loses out in worth-while catches. So we think we are right in all we have said in praise of fair weather fishing. Trout above all fish lend themselves to fair weather pursuit. We didn't plan to give any hints on how to fish, but if you have managed to find some bits of information in these wandering jottings, we are not to blame.

* * *

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Mother: "I've told you for the last time that you can't go fishing today!"

Walton's Son: "That's fine, Ma! The next time I ask you, you'll have to say yes, and I'll be on my way."

* * *

TIE YOUR OWN.

Wonder how many readers of THE NOTE BOOK are in the habit of tying their own flies? Not overly difficult and mightily interesting. Of course you can't at first, and maybe never, produce the smooth, finished product you secure from the dealers; but the trout are not overly particular about the finish and smoothness, so long as colors are right. Indeed we have found the ill-shaped, scraggly fly taking trout when perfect specimens of the fly-tyer's art failed utterly. I have a couple of flies in my collection from the fingers of the well beloved Emerson Hough of sainted memory, and they are far from smooth, well formed, etc. We all remember how fond he was of bucktails, tied in orderly disorder. Those scraggly flies of his were and are mightily attractive. Believe me, I don't use those he handed me one night, they are too precious for that; but I fashion some fuzzy-wuzzies after them each year, which are taking indeed. Just tie your own, for sport.

* * *

LOGICAL SON OF IKE.

"It's no wonder you are such a sissy," said the bad boy. "Your pa and ma were married by a justice of the peace."

"Well," retorted the other, "from the noise I hear comin' from your home, your pa and ma must have been married by the Secretary of War."

* * *

CARRYIN' A GUN.

A correspondent writes to ask what make of pistol or revolver he shall carry on a summer fishing trip. My answer is, none. I know there are times when the feel of a revolver or automatic in the pocket gives a sense of security, but I have tramped and canoed a great deal, and have never had any need for a "gun" as protection. Oh, there's lots o' sport to be had in shooting at a mark, and all that, but any sort of arm is a temptation to whang away at duck or game bird, just to see if it can be hit. Of course, when after great pike, 'lunge and such ilk, a pistol of some sort is a great aid in finishing the battle. There is nothing like a lead pill right between the evil eyes of a pike to quiet him. But I know my correspondent was thinking of an arm for protection, rather than as an aid in landing a fish. I am convinced that by and large a fellow will get along better without that sort of "protection," have less trouble and maybe avoid life-long regrets.

* * *

WHAT'D SHE MEAN, ANYWAY?

The dapper young man was sitting at the end of a pier still fishing, when she happened along.

"Fishing, I see?"

"Yes," he said, adding, "fish feed the brain."

"I hope you catch a long string," she replied as she disappeared.

Write to the editor of The Angler's Note Book. He would like to hear from you

# Wood Smoke and Running Water

(*Continued from page 21*)

old man what his age was. He replied that he was eighty-three and added that for more than fifty years he had spent some part of each June in camp along the stream. I asked him why he came to that lonely place in the heart of the mountains. His answer was almost identical, word for word, with that of the boy at the boulder. Seventy years, a long lifetime, separated the young boy from the old man, yet both were impelled by the same desire, to smell wood smoke and hear running water. I know of few other worldly interests that last so long as this one does, are so absorbing, so wholesome, so worthwhile. Is it an inheritance from our nomadic ancestors who led their flocks to running water and slept by camp fires?

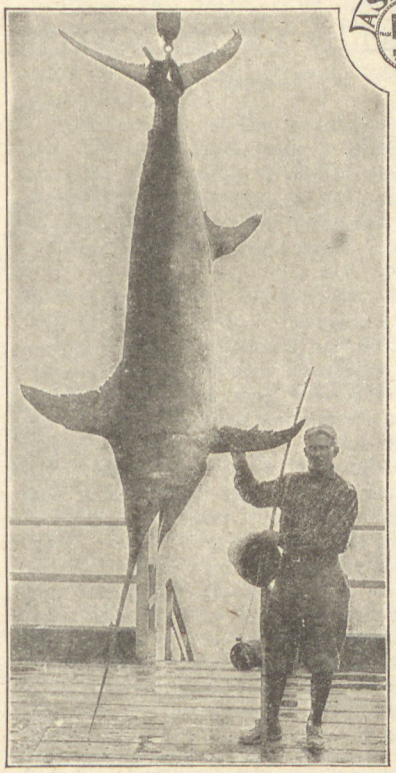
There is much trout water in our Northern Alleghenies. In the bottom of each mountain valley there runs a trout stream. Some of these streams are large, little rivers, the homes of the big trout. Some of these streams are small, tributaries to tributaries, the birth places and the homes of the little trout. Most of them head far back in the mountains, in the wild places. On their way out they loiter through the swamps, leap over shelves of rock into deep dark pools, race down the riffles and loaf through the level stretches, and dig deep holes under the bank and the roots of the trees to make hiding places for the trout. They run through the woods, past little clearings and lonely farm houses, over old mill dams and under covered wooden bridges. Each stream has a voice distinctly its own and familiar only to the fisherman. One is a noisy brawler in its swift descent of white water among the rocks. Another is a whisperer among the grasses in the meadow. One complains that it is made to hurry while another goes laughing and singing on its way to join the brimming river. But in one thing these streams are all alike—they are running water, swift, alive, sparkling. As they hurry past the fisherman they beckon him on to the next bend and then to the next, around which there is always a new pool and a new picture waiting for him.

Each of these streams has its scores of fishermen on the opening day of the trout season. Some of these fishermen will stop when noon comes to build a little fire in a safe place on a flat rock near the water, or on a stony beach. Over their little fire they will boil a cup of coffee and perhaps, broil a trout. They will smell wood smoke and hear running water. Then they will carefully tramp out their fire and go on to the end of the day. For some of these men this opening day, with one or two more like it will be their only outing for a year. But it will suffice. On nights when sleep forsakes them they will go over in their minds, step by step, and detail by detail, from the pink dawn until the time of the evening

(*Concluded on page 75*)


# ASHAWAY

## Fishing Lines



*Zane Grey and his 1926 World Record 582 lb. Broadbill Swordfish*

## Clean Sweep of 1926 World Records

ONCE again Ashaway Fishing Lines made a clean sweep of the important world records of the year—every outstanding catch of a record big game fish. Zane Grey's records:

| | |
|---|---|
| **1926 World Record Broadbill Swordfish,** | **582 lbs.** |
| **1926 World Record Striped Marlin,** | **450 lbs.** |
| **1926 World Record Yellowtail,** | **111 lbs.** |

**Mr. Grey also halved a world's record catch with Capt. L. D. Mitchell**

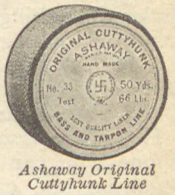
In all these fights, that with the Swordfish lasting 5½ hours, Mr. Grey's line was an Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk. The largest line he used was a 39-thread, in size actually less than 1/16 inch in diameter.

Enormously powerful, a mad bull for temper, swift as a flash, tireless hour after hour—imagine what a test that record Broadbill gave to the line!

Ashaway Fishing Lines—made in all styles and grades for every kind of fishing in both fresh and salt water—are guaranteed satisfactory or your money back. Use them on your next fishing trip and land the big ones. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Write for free booklet.

***One Quality***

The Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk Lines used by Zane Grey and other world record anglers are identical with those you buy. Hand laid, of imported 50s lea selected flax. Made with the same care as the very first Cuttyhunk fishing lines, originated years ago by Ashaway.



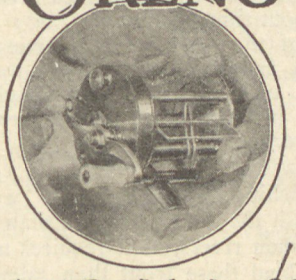

*Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk Line*

**Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.**

**Box 5461** **Ashaway, Rhode Island**

*Manufacturers of Guaranteed Braided and Twisted Silk, Linen, Cotton and Metal Fishing Lines*

# The ORENO



## *An Anti-Back-lash Level-Winding Reel at* $8.50

THE famous *anti-back-lash* and *level-winding* features, standard with South Bend Reels for years, may now be had in a medium-priced reel—the ORENO.

With the ORENO, thumbing and spooling are unnecessary—it automatically spools itself, winding the line perfectly even and level. It *cannot* back-lash or tangle because of the perfected anti-back-lash feature. Offers accuracy, precision and ease in bait-casting uncommon with the ordinary type of reel.

Ask for the ORENO Reel at your dealers. The ORENO Anti-Back-Lash Reel [without level wind] at $6.50.

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.

*Manufacturers of most complete line of Fishing Tackle*

1325 High St., South Bend, Ind.

# SOUTH BEND

*Fishing Tackle of all kinds . . . Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits*

# Flies Flies

Our Celebrated Wet Trout Flies, on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 45c; Size 10, 50c; Size 8, 55c per dozen. Dry Flies on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 70c; Size 10, 75c; Size 8, 80c per dozen.

Catalogue of Flies, Leaders, Rods, Reels, Lines, etc., Post Free.

*Trade Supplied at Wholesale Prices*

**WHITE BROTHERS**

**61 Lord St.** **Liverpool, England**

# THE DRONE

**With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It**

**Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut**

**L. B. HUNTINGTON** **115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.**

# HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS

Have you read Hildebrandt's new Hints with a lot of ideas on using Hildebrandt baits that "hook and land' em?"

It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

**John J. Hildebrandt Co., 715 High St., Logansport, Ind.**

# Outdoor Literature

## Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE

Vice President, I. W. L. A.

*TELLING ON THE TROUT*, by Edward Ringwood Hewitt, with illustrations from photographs and drawings by the author—166 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $2.50.

Mr. Hewitt, whose Secrets of the Salmon aroused so much interest and controversy among American and British salmon fishermen three years ago, now takes us again into his confidence by Telling on the Trout.

The author's fifty years' experience as a trout fisher qualifies him to speak with authority upon all that pertains to the gentle art. The average angler may read with profit what is here set down pertaining to Habits of the Trout, Behavior of Brook and Brown Trout in the Stream, Fishing in High Water, Hidden Fish, Vision of the Trout, Styles of Fishing and Tackle, Rods and Leaders, Fishing Incidents Illustrating Various Types of Fishing, and Experiences on the Nipigon, English Chalk Streams and in the Pyrenees.

His conception of a good fisherman is one who can adapt himself to any condition and catch trout, no matter how hard they may be to take. He uses both dry fly and wet, but sanctions the use of bait when necessary.

The author sometimes uses a tapered leader 18 to 20 feet long, and in very clear water, to lighten the dry fly, winds the hackle directly on the hook itself without body or wings, and holds that the appearance of the fly to the trout consists of three factors, the second being most important:

The first is pattern, color and size.

The second the action of the fly in alighting and while it remains floating.

The third, where the fly falls with reference to the position of the fish.

Size of fly is more important than color or pattern, and dark colors more visible to trout than light. When a trout turns away from the fly the author puts on a smaller of the same pattern.

The habits of trout vary with the hour, the season and the water conditions and brook trout are far more easily caught than brown.

The brook trout lurks behind obstacles, while the brown trout takes position in front of them. Large fish hide by day and come out an hour after sundown.

Trout up to three-quarters of a pound feed on insects—large fish are bottom feeders and as this food is more easily obtained in quantities at night, they become night feeders.

All trout migrate up and down stream. Brook trout can stand water temperature to 70°, brown trout 76° to 78° and both feed little when the temperature is 38° or below.

There is a comprehensive chapter upon Stocking and interesting bits of personal experience in Fishing Incidents.

The author fished the "Nepigon" in 1887 and again in 1891 and it is illuminating to compare the fishing of forty years ago with that of the present day. He came upon an Indian fishing with a spoonhook and handline for his winter supply of fish and who had a large number ready to smoke. He weighed the largest fish which was dressed and with its head off it weighed exactly eleven pounds.

At the Hudson Bay Station, at the head of Lake Nipigon, the factor told the author that they took a large number of trout near the spawning beds every autumn, which were used as their winter supply of fish and were also shipped to other stations. They were packed in ice and kept the year round. They went to the ice house, dug out four or five fish and weighed them: cleaned with heads on they weighed from ten to twelve pounds, after being on ice eleven months. The factor said that the whole catch of many tons ran about this size.

The author's notebook of his catch showed 63 trout of over six pounds, and 24 of over seven pounds. In one afternoon he took thirteen, six over six pounds each, and one too heavy for his scales, but according to measurement rules, about thirteen pounds.

One of the early survey parties, of which a friend of the author was a member, took a brook trout weighing nineteen pounds, which would seem to be the record.

He pays a high tribute to chalk stream fishing in England, and "would rather fish the Test or Itchen than fish most salmon rivers, as it requires more skill to land these trout than salmon."

Although this book is hardly upon the high plane of Secrets of the Salmon, it is full of interest and holds a deal of information of value to the veteran angler as well as to the amateur.

Careless proof reading doubtless is accountable for misspelling of some proper names—"Nepigon" for Nipigon, "Hallford" for Halford, the river "Teste" for Test and "Ichin" for Itchen.

Some of the photographic reproductions are not particularly well done and the poem, Fisherman's Luck, limps somewhat in rhyme and rhythm.

FISH FACTS AND FANCIES, by F. Gray Griswold, illustrated, 242 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $5.00.

The author has incorporated in one volume two small volumes privately printed for distribution among his fishing friends and which for the most part is the result of his experiences and observations as a member of the Grand Cascapedia Salmon Club.

According to Mr. Griswold the salmon, after leaving his birthplace in the fresh water of a river, passes his life somewhere in the sea in the depths of which the temperature reaches freezing point. In re-entering the river to spawn, the great change in temperature makes the fish listless, and difficult to entice to rise to the fly. He can be comfortable in both salt and fresh water and can stand water temperature varying from freezing point to 70° F.

The author says that "Fish are abnormally nearsighted and cannot see more than 30 feet under the best conditions."

"A man walking on the bank appears to the fish to be walking in the air, and all objects above the surface of the water appear to be swimming in the air."

Not all anglers will accept the dictum of Professor Hess that most fish are totally color blind and see colors as a totally color blind person does, red appearing black, green light grey, yellow and blue dark grey.

If this be true, the multicolored salmon and trout flies should be just as effective if tied with black, white and grey feathers only. To try an experiment, he had a special fly tied, and with this pattern took during 1924, 81 salmon weighing 1,711 pounds, 48 being taken with one identical fly and cast—thus verifying his axiom that "the fly in which the angler believes, and with which he perseveres, will bring him more fish than any other."

"Patterns are of more importance to anglers than to the salmon."

"Salmon fishing is the best sport that can be enjoyed in fresh water, and the life on a Canadian river is a continual joy."

On the Grand Cascapedia in 1924, the banner year, 17 rods took 1,369 salmon weighing 30,591 pounds.

In a chapter upon Weatherwise he quotes W. Blake on the hen: "Your hen is amazingly weatherwise. Food she must have, but she yearns most consumedly to keep dry. When it rains and is going to clear, sheltering she bides her time, but if she pecks draggedly through it you may as well go

indoors and stay there. When weather is hopeless, discomfort is preferred to starvation." The provident angler may now take a chicken along.

When you can see distant objects clearly, rain impends. A rainbow in the evening promises good weather; a rainbow in the morning means rain. If the sun rises red it presages storm, a yellow sun fine weather. If the sun sets red expect fine weather, a mackerel sky denotes fine weather and brisk winds. If the sun sets in a dark, unbroken cloud it means rain, as also grey clouds divided by green sky.

Insects prefer dark colors. Khaki is best. If lost, find the north by the growth of lichens and moss on the side of trees where the sun does not shine. If you point the hour hand of your watch at the sun, halfway to *XII* is South. If the sky be overcast, polish a coin or finger nail, and hold a match or pin upon it vertically. The upright match will cast a shadow made by the unseen sun.

There is a recipe for line dressing, another to prevent sunburn, and a third to repel insects. Trout fishing is not treated, but there are chapters upon the tarpon, the tuna and the sword fish. In fact the author says that he is a "sea-fisherman who, having fished the seven seas and experienced the thrills of battle with giants of the deep, as old age approaches, has taken up the more gentle art of salmon fishing."

An agreeable and sure way to "keep from growing old," if one may judge by the face and figure in the frontispiece, unless the author has followed the example of some of the League notables who apparently have never sat for a picture since passing thirty-five.

This is a limited edition of one thousand copies, handsomely printed and tastefully bound. The fine title page is adorned with a "Griswold Grey" salmon fly in colors, and the illustrations from photographs are unusually fine and clear.

SOME WESTERN FISHING, by W. W. Crosby, illustrated, 128 pp. The Williams and Wilkins Company, Baltimore.

I learn from the preface that the author has taken trout in European continental streams as well as in the British Isles, and in New Brunswick, and the fact is developed in the closing chapter that he was superintendent of the National Park Service at Grand Canyon.

Colonel Crosby narrates his experiences as a trout fisherman in Flathead River, Glacier National Park, Jasper Park, Estes Park, The Gunnison River, Lakes Tahoe and Donner, The Truckee River, The Upper Sacramento and Saint Cloud, The Upper Klamath, The Ventura and Sespe, The Cuyamaca Lake, and sea fishing at Catalina; and gives information that should be of value to anyone intending to fish any of these waters.

As evidence that the author, in common with most fishermen, is truthful, I learn to my surprise that the trout in these far-away waters are not all lunkers. In the Flathead River his catch ran from 8 to 10 inches, in Glacier 10 trout went to 12 pounds, and the modern motor boats drive the trout to the bottom of the lake.

In Lake Louise he fared better with a 4½ and 6 pounder. In Estes Park the hotel charges were out of proportion to the size of the 6 to 8 inch trout from the Big Thompson. The Gunnison, outside of New Zealand, "leads the world" for big trout. The trout of the Truckee ran from 6 to 12 inches, the upper Sacramento in ten days yielded 20 trout aggregating 8 pounds, and the Upper Klamath 40, weighing 55 pounds. The heaviest fish came from Cuyamaca Lake, a reservoir of the San Diego Water Company—29 trout weighing 103 pounds, taken on bait. In fact most of the author's larger fish fell to bait or spinner.

As superintendent of National Park Service at Grand Canyon, he planted rainbows in Bright Angel Creek in 1923 near the Phantom Ranch, and two years later trout of 2 lbs. weight were taken.

Appended is a table of "Colloquial and Scientific Names of Fish," which might have been used by the author to good advantage in describing some of the less familiar trout taken in some of the National Parks.

There are many half tones, mostly very good, the frontispiece being the least satisfactory one, as well as showing that the fine trout depicted were taken on a rod with the reel above the grip!

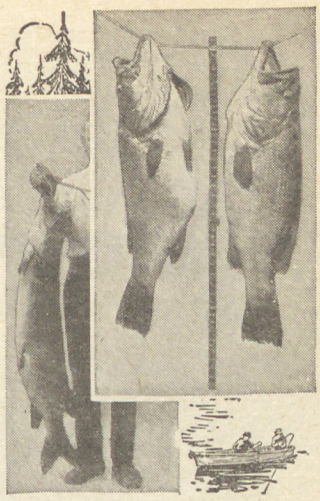
Andrew Lang's weird poem, familiar to most anglers, beginning "Within the streams, Pausanius saith," is erroneously ascribed to E. V. Lucas.

## Credit or Debit

*(Continued from page 7)*

continued all afternoon, while brush and debris were whirled along by the rapidly rising water. The rain quit, the water receded, and in a few days, the little river ran clear and clean, the accumulation of filth having been swept away by the whirling force of the freshets.

John Howland realized that a further step was necessary to restore the plant life along the banks, and the fish in the waters. This was more easily accomplished, for experts on fish and plant life were to be had. He enjoyed the contact with these clean, brown young men, who looked you straight in the eyes, with a look that came only to those who live in and

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The Heddon-Stanley "KING" ¾ ounce.

*Note that "Head-an'-Neck!"*

*3 inch blade.*

METAL bodied — the only bait producing the FULL glittering flash and intense luring power of the accepted "spoon" baits *without their disastrous line twisting, fouling or poor casting.*

Action is its first, last and middle name, yet it can't turn over at any reeling speed. Casts far and straight even against wind. Runs deep or high. Semi-weedless. Gets 'em and hangs on!

**Latest!** Now made in new "QUEEN" model —one size smaller for light rods.

**Also:** Both "KING" and "QUEEN" now made with one side of blade enameled red-and-white or perch or shiner scale finish.

**Also:** Both supplied on order with flexibly attached feathered TREBLE HOOK of usual "spoon" style.

Triple-luring when used as illustrated and more so when fluttering pork strip is added. And Yea, boy, how it does kick that strip!

IMPORTANT. Fully protected against imitation by patents and patents pending.

Nickel or copper body and flashers; red or red-and-white fly. With wire leader attached..... $1.00

*At your dealers' or direct.*

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*"The Box with the Red Edge"* —seen and recognized in more tackle stores and angler's kits than any other feature in the fishing world.

IN *15 years of Field & Stream's National Contests more prize Bass have been taken on Heddon baits than on all similar lures combined.*

15TH YEAR

**Heddon Fishing Tackle**
*Genuine Dowagiac*

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is for the attention of summer resort owners, sporting goods manufacturers, advertising agencies, magazine and newspaper editors, and all others interested in knowing that the famous outdoor action pictures of Kenneth M. Wright, B. L. Brown and Donald Hough are now available only through the Northwestern Photo Service.

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love the open places. Fish for stocking purposes were easily obtainable. John Howland enjoyed the long trips after them, and seeing them deposited in the stream to dart away for the nearest cover. He found that food had to be supplied, and with the aid of the young men connected with the fisheries, he was able to get an abundant supply of the natural food of the fish. He spent many a day in seeking and replanting the native plants and wild flowers. In doing all of this, he had a new sense of happiness, but during it all, he still sought the one who could teach him how to play.

He finally had the stream where it needed no further attention, and John Howland was a bit disappointed in the loss of his occupation. It was a great pleasure to wander along the banks of the little stream, observing the flowers and seeing the ripples of the rising fish, but there was something lacking in the whole picture.

The summer passed, and the first light frost had just touched the leaves of the huge maples along the stream when he stopped at the farm house one evening, on one of his tours of inspection. The old man came out of the house at the sound of the car, and said that a boy had called in the late afternoon, asking permission to camp in the woods and fish a bit on the stream. He did not know whether Mr. Howland would want anyone to fish, but thought that it would be all right and told the boy to go ahead. It came to John Howland with a start that this was just what he had done it all for, a place for a boy to fish as he had fished so many years ago. He wanted to see what manner of a boy this was who wanted to fish in his little river. He made his way through the gathering dusk, along the familiar paths toward the glow of a campfire that he could see through the trees. As he came nearer, he saw the rising and falling flames of the campfire light up a wee tent, in which were spread the boy's blankets.

The boy who was seated in front of the fire washing the few dishes he had used in the evening meal arose at John Howland's approach, and invited him to a seat before the fire. By a few questions John Howland started the boy to talking. Telling of what a fine place it was to camp, how wonderful it was with the spring so close, and how in the morning he was going to have fish for breakfast. John Howland tried to keep the boy talking. Finally, the boy brought out the best fly rod on earth, which his Dad had bought for him, and had John Howland test the feel of the rod.

All this naturally brought out the question as to whether Mr. Howland was a fisherman. He told the one experience he had as a fisherman so long ago.

The conversation ended by an invitation on the part of the boy to have him fish early the next morning. At the first break of day, John Howland was hurrying through the wet woods,

*(Continued on page 73)*

# GREEN-CASE, Inc.

*Manufacturers of*

## *The GREEN Line*

TOOL CASES — TACKLE BOXES

RACINE, WISCONSIN

December
Third
1926.

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

Attention: Mr. M. A. Bergfeld.

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:

You will no doubt be interested to know that we have again included Outdoor America in our 1927 advertising program.

The large percent of new dealer accounts received during the year that can be traced directly to Outdoor America, as well as the large number of consumer inquiries and orders received, convinced us that Outdoor America was an essential factor in our advertising program.

Thanking you for the cooperation and assistance given us during the past year, we are

Very truly yours,

GREEN-CASE, Inc.,

G M Pendell
Secretary.

GMPendell
JGC

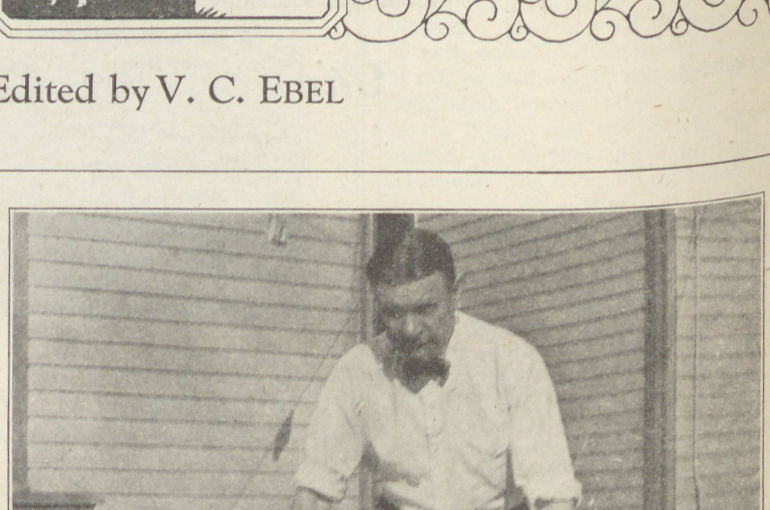
# Your Dog and Mine

Edited by V. C. EBEL

THE trend of medical science is toward preventive medical practice rather than curative; the advantage of the latter being obvious. We, the biped animals, are learning how to take care of ourselves, but neglecting the health of our canine friends. The numerous questions from our readers about the physical condition of their dogs are evidence that we are not applying common sense in the feeding and the care of them.

It is a fact that over 75% of the diseases of dogs are directly traceable to improper diet and unfavorable kennel conditions. Mange, worms, distemper, eczema, and many other major and minor diseases can, in most cases, be prevented by casual observation and ordinary care. Substantial food, exercise and proper kennel conditions will solve the problem, and in order to be able to apply common sense in the matter of diet, some knowledge of dog anatomy or physiology is necessary.

The dog is naturally a carnivorous animal, and the arrangement of his teeth is one of the several indications of this fact. Examination of the mouth of the adult dog will show incisor teeth in the front of both the upper and lower jaw; these are used for tearing flesh away from the bone. Behind the incisors are the long and strong canine teeth also used for tearing, and they are the dog's most formidable weapon in fighting. Back of the canine teeth are the molars, used for crushing the food and shaping it for swallowing. All of the dog's teeth are pointed except the last molar, which is more suited for mastication, but even this tooth has a pointed side on the outer area. This tooth construction indicates mastication unnecessary, and when your dog seems to swallow his food whole do not think this unnatural or worry about indigestion from this cause. The saliva secreted in the dog's mouth does not contain the digestive qualities necessary and existent in humans, but acts more as a lubricant in swallowing. The dog masticates his food only enough to make swallowing easy, for the reason that the digestive secretions of the stomach are so effective on a solid mass food, that chewing of the food is unnatural and unnecessary. The alimentary canal, or the food passage between the mouth and stomach, is unusually large and permits the swallowing of solid masses of food which causes us to wonder how the dog can do it and to often accuse him of being a glutton. This is natural, and the high acid content of the stomach is the principal means of digesting the unmasticated food. This does not mean that the food should be given the dog in large pieces just because he is able to consume it, but is explained to you as a point of information so that you will understand that gulping of food is natural and that the acid content of the stomach bears directly upon the selection of food that is given to the dog.



*F. T. Webb with Pal and Ted.*

Wild carnivorous animals exist mainly on a meat diet. Wouldn't you be surprised to hear of a zoo keeper feeding the wolves, tigers, and bears a diet of starchy, sweet cereals or starchy vegetables. Your knowledge of biology directs you to feed meat to such animals, wild or domesticated. An analysis of the gastric juice indicates that this fluid does not contain starch digesting properties, therefore we should not feed starchy or sweet foods. Meat should constitute the principal food and should be alternated by feeding raw and cooked with sufficient coarser balancing food, such as cooked green vegetables. Meat is almost completely digestible, therefore vegetable bulk must be added which contains phosphates and nitrates, giving a better balanced diet.

Spinach, carrots, beet tops, string beans, celery, onions, lettuce and cauliflower boiled in slightly salted water, are the best vegetable foods. It is well to vary between cooked and raw vegetables, and before feeding raw vegetables they should be finely chopped and mixed with the cereal. Potatoes, beans, and peas should be avoided as much as possible. Raw beef is easier digested than cooked beef and if the dog is in a run-down condition raw beef should be fed. Lamb and mutton are good meats to feed, but it is preferable to boil in salted water. Start the cooking in hot water unless you desire to obtain a broth. Fried food is to be

avoided, for it will eventually cause indigestion.

The amount of meat to be fed depends upon the size, physical condition, climate, and exercise. Working dogs in cold climates require more food, especially more meat. Inactive and small dogs require less. We can prescribe only in a general way the amount of meat that should be given to a dog each day and to do this we will use the more common types of dogs.

Great Danes, and dogs about the same size, should have about one and one-half pounds of meat each day. Shepherds one pound; Springer Spaniels three-quarters of a pound; fox terriers one-half pound, and toy dogs not more than one-fourth pound. As a general rule meat should compose half of the dog's meal; the balance consisting of coarse cereals and the vegetables mentioned. If the meat is cooked, the broth or stock should be used to moisten the cereal food such as prepared dry cereals, dry hard toast, broken dog biscuits, or dry whole wheat or graham bread. A tablespoonful of bran occasionally is good. Do not make the food watery.

The stomach of a dog is small and, therefore, we would recommend feeding the grown dog twice a day—at noon and late evening. Water should not be given immediately before or after meals, and rest and relaxation are advisable after eating.

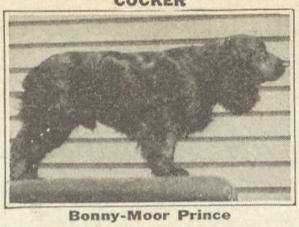
Milk as a diet is not advised for use of grown dogs because it has a tendency to create an intestinal condition conducive to the propagation of intestinal parasites. Large bones are beneficial to a teething puppy, but the food value in bones for the grown dog is so small compared with the hazards, that bones should be left out of the diet, especially if digestion is not normal.

Some dogs seem to thrive and fatten on ordinary table scraps consisting of potatoes, gravy, and sweet or highly seasoned food, but this is not an indication of health. Such dogs present the appearance of health but when they are confronted with disease which requires stamina and reserve energy, their counteractive and recuperative powers are found to be lacking. Dogs must have exercise every day and especially when overfeeding and improper diet is practiced. Exercise and feeding of coarse foods are essential to the proper functioning of digestional organs and especially the intestinal tract. One of the natural ways a dog has of providing roughage is by eating grass and such objects as gravel and wood splinters, which is nature's way of cleansing the walls of the intestinal tract. When you notice such an appetite, immediately give coarser food and include a little bran. If not promptly taken care of through the feeding of proper food, a toxic condition will be caused by the infected intestinal membrane and the result will be a run-down condition with a complication of ailments.

A sanitary and comfortable kennel is important. If fleas are present, do not expect to rid your dog and kennel of


**Sporting Spaniels Cockers AND Springers**

COCKER



Bonny-Moor Prince

TO READERS OF OUTDOOR AMERICA, PLEASE ACCEPT THE SEASON'S GREETING FROM THE OWNERS AND DOGS OF WINNEBAGO KENNELS.

We wish to emphasize upon the getting stock bred by us as to hunting qualities. Our dogs are all hunters and their instinct carries on. Our Field trial record this season is one very satisfactory and at shows we usually attain the highest honors. Our latest Championship won is by Southwick Don.

We advise those of you who wish to have Spaniels trained by methods as in Britton that we will have a Scottish Gentleman with us very shortly that comes to us directly from Scotland highly recommended as efficient in Spaniel training. We are constructing quarters the same as they use there so as to thoroughly train with the best methods. Reservations for ten Spaniels can be made now. No more taken at one time.

STUD DOGS that are siring real WORKING SPANIELS are at the service of your good matron. Use one of our Cockers or Springers and get a litter of good lookers that are working dogs.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY OUR MOTTO

**WINNEBAGO KENNELS, REG., Box A-153, Oshkosh, Wis.**
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Gifford, Owners

**ThoroBread Dog Biscuits**

Build strong muscles and big bones. Contain choice cereals, including whole wheat flour, good lean beef, buttermilk, cod liver oil and garlic. Perfectly seasoned with salt.

Send 35c for 2 lb. trial carton. Postage 15c extra outside 50 mile zone. Address: The ThoroBread Co., Dept. R, Cincinnati, Ohio. In kibbled or meal form ½c more per lb.

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On the results obtained from the regular use of prepared dog food. Letters not over 200 words. Better if accompanied by photographs. Send in your letter TODAY.

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Thousands of dogs are kept healthy every year on Miller's A-1. It gives your dogs more pep. They like its marvelous flavor. Easily digested. Develops bone and muscle. Makes glossy coats.

Ask Your Dealer for Particulars Send Dealer's Name

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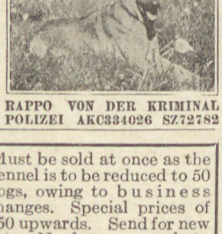
*"Battle Creek Health Food For Dogs"*

**POLICE DOGS**

Sturdy Northern stock sired by a brother of "Strongheart" with over thirty Champions in pedigree.



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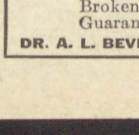

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The most beautiful specimens the dog world can offer. Home guards, loyal companions, useful and intelligent. Low prices. Illustrated circulars free.

**Comrade Farm Kennels, Galion, Ohio**

**CHESAPEAKES AND SPRINGERS**

Broken dogs, youngsters and pups. Guaranteed from soup to nuts.

**DR. A. L. BEVERLY, ARNOLDS PARK, IOWA**

**SPORTSMEN WHO OWN DOGS and want to KEEP DOG** Sanitary hair smooth good natured

ORDER ONE OF THESE COMBINATION BOXES.

COMBINATION BOXES contain two brushes. ONE DOLLAR. *Add thirteen cents West Mississippi River.* BEAGLE, BOSTON TERRIER, BULL DOG, BULL TERRIER, DALMATIAN, FOX HOUND, GREY HOUND, FOX TERRIER SMOOTH, PINSCHER DOBERMAN, POINTER.

COMBINATION BOXES contain two brushes. TWO DOLLARS. *Add twenty-three cents West Mississippi River.* AIREDALE, CAIRN TERRIER, CHOW, COLLIE, ESKIMO, GERMAN POLICE, NEWFOUNDLAND, SEALYHAM TERRIER, SETTER, SHEPHERD, ST. BERNARD, WOLFHOUND.

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GREAT DANE BRUSH B-25-C. SIXTY CENTS. *Add thirteen cents West Mississippi River.*

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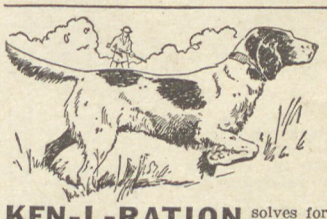
IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES



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For sale by grocers, druggists, sporting goods stores, veterinarians, feed and seed stores, department stores, and pet shops. Write us for sample pound can *free.*

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**Has Your Dog Distemper?**

He deserves the best remedy known. For 32 years Spohn's has been the standard treatment for Distemper. Give as a preventive before too late. Cannot possibly harm the youngest puppies. 60 cents and $1.20 per bottle at drug stores or direct. Write for our free booklet on Distemper and its treatment.

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Feed the BEST—That's
**Perfection Dog Food**

Insist upon Perfection at your Pet Shop, Sporting Goods or Feed Stores or order our **Special Introductory Offer of 5 lbs. at 75c or 10 lbs. at $1.25** Shipped, prepaid, anywhere in U. S.
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**Why Not** Spend Spring, Summer and Fall, gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my Illustrated Prospectus before sending butterflies.

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Food Is the Secret

ASK TERRELL HE KNOWS

Have the ducks been plentiful on your local waters the past year, or did you have to take a long trip to some good wild-duck resort? This is unnecessary. You can bring the ducks to your local waters, instead of going after them if you plant their favorite foods —

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and 35 others for attracting ducks, fish and game. Something for every condition. Liberal discount if ordered during winter. 31 years planting experience. Help with planting problems—descriptive literature, price list free. Write

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Bob White
Pheasants
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Wild Turkeys
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Peafowl
Cranes
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Ornamental Geese and Ducks
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Everything in wild animals, game, fancy birds for parks, menageries, private preserves and collections of fancy fowl.

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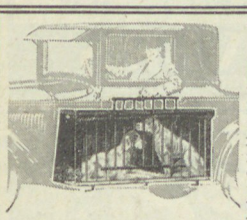

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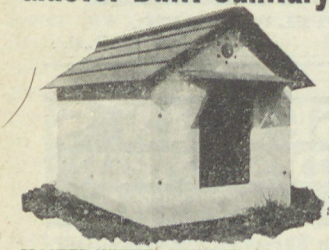
Has adjustable clamps that hold it rigidly on the runningboard of any car in a position so that it does not touch the body of the car. It is built throughout of high quality automobile materials, and finished in beautiful Du Pont Duco. An exceptional value as shown by the many thousands in use throughout the entire United States. Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15.00 for the two-dog size. Immediate shipment. Manufactured by

**The Dwight McBride Yellow Pine Sales Co.**

Golden City, Missouri

**Master Built Sanitary Kennels**



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MASTER KENNEL BUILDERS, Basking Ridge, New Jersey

A Cozy Den for Your Dog

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The New, Patent DOG HOUSE

Developed in our own fifteen-breed kennel.
5 SIZES. $10.00 to $22.50. Ask Us

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**RAISE CHINCHILLA AND BEVEREN FUR RABBITS**

WE SUPPLY STOCK AND PAY $4.00 EACH FOR ALL YOU RAISE.

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STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE COMPANY

1116 Outdoor Building Holmes Park, Missouri


them with one or two applications of flea eradicator. Do a thorough job of disinfecting for a period of at least a week. Fleas and lice are disease breeders and also consume a part of a dog's energy. Several applications of flea dope are necessary to kill the vermin in its progressive stages. Provide a comfortable and dry place for the dog to sleep, for diseases from exposure are common among dogs and he is entitled to this care in return for the protection, loyalty, and devotion that he extends to you.

# Questions and Answers—

Send Your Dog Problems to Outdoor America

## DREAMING

*Mrs. A. O. S., LaCrosse, Wisc.—Our five year old Chesapeake spaniel, which seems perfectly healthy, dreams whenever he sleeps. He appears to be running or chasing something. Can you tell me the reason and some remedy for this?*

Answer: The excessive activity while dreaming may be due to indigestion caused by improper diet. If you are not doing so, feed him a two-thirds diet of raw meat with cooked fresh vegetables, excepting starchy vegetables. Give plenty of exercise and examine for worms.

## REGISTRATION

*E. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.—I own a Scotch Terrier that is eligible for registration in the American Kennel Club. Will you advise the address of the register and if there is any membership required to so register a dog?*

Answer: We are sending an application blank for dog registration to you. This A. K. C. registration blank explains the conditions under which dogs can be registered. The registration fee is $2.00 and the membership of the A. K. C. is made up of clubs located in the United States, devoted to the interests of pure bred dogs. Your last question will be answered by letter.

## DISTEMPER AFTER-EFFECTS

*J. P., Pawhuska, Okla.—I have an Eskimo Spitz. She had the worm fits and distemper at the same time. It left her with the thumps; she jerks when she is awake and when she is asleep. Do you know of anything that will cure the thumps?*

Answer: From your slight description we would judge that your dog has chorea, a nervous disease that is a sequel to distemper. Some cases of chorea completely recover but the percentage is quite small. Feed a two-thirds diet of fresh raw beef and boiled fresh vegetables, finely chopped. Administer a good tonic regularly and do not exercise the dog. Better consult your veterinary and have him examine the case to be sure. If you make further inquiry, please state the age of your dog.

## SORE EYES

*L. C. C., Gladstone, Mich.—I have a Chesapeake about two and one-half years old that, when a pup, had distemper which left him with sore eyes. After doping him all of this time I am about to give it up as a bad job. I have tried everything I heard about without results. If you can advise me of any treatment that would relieve this condition, I will greatly appreciate it.*

Answer: Your description or history is too short. The case may be overtreated and the dog may not be getting the proper food. Let us hear from you with a detailed history and we will try to help you. In the meantime stop using antiseptic washes except a saturated solution of boric acid crystals and distilled water, and also apply petrolatum daily. Feed a well balanced diet and allow sufficient exercise.

## RUNNING FITS

*A. R., Fort Dodge, Iowa.—I have an Irish Water Spaniel pup eight months old and which is bothered with fits. These fits generally come on after he has run around quite a bit, and start by his running around in a circle a few times and then running straight away. He seems to be normal and healthy in every way. Can you tell me what causes these fits and how I can cure them?*

Answer: Judging from the description of your pup, we believe that he has running fits and we would suggest that you consult a veterinarian and have his stool examined for the ova of the hook worm and whip worm. If your veterinarian is unable to arrange for this examination locally, we will advise where the examination may be made. The examination fee is $2.00.

If the hook worm is found, we would suggest a treatment with tetrachlorethylene. If whip worm is reported, ask your veterinary about an operation to remove the dog's caecum or a treatment with santonin. It is a very difficult matter to remove the whip worm, especially if they are present in the caecum.

## INFECTED EAR

*C. C., Weleetka, Okla.—Please tell me what I can do to my old tree dog's ear. He has had a boil and little pimples in his right ear for two months. I have been putting sweet oil in his ear but that does not seem to do any good. He wants to scratch it and will sometimes scratch the inside of his ear until it is all red. It does not affect his hearing, but that is what I want to guard against. Any remedy that you can give me that will cure him will be appreciated.*

Answer: Swab out the ear with a moist cotton swab and treat with a teaspoonful of warm glycerine containing five percent phenol. Do this twice daily for a week or ten days, and then let us hear from you again with a more detailed description if there is no improvement in the condition.

## Credit or Debit

*(Continued from page 68)*

to the boy's camp, where the embers of the campfire were glowing along the ashes. The boy was up, dressed, with the rod together, leader went, and fly tied on. He gave John Howland a few lessons on using the rod, then asked him to watch carefully. The boy waded into the stream, quietly, the line made wide circles in the air, the fly dropped gently on the water a few times before there was a swirl, a quick setting of the hook, the light rod bent, as the line cut the water, and soon a good bass lay on the bank.

The boy handed the rod to John Howland, who waded in as he had seen the boy do, made a few awkward casts, conscious of his lack of skill. The casts improved under the kindly guidance of the softly spoken advice, until at last a fish was hooked. John Howland felt the same thrill along his arms and shoulders that he had felt as a boy, at about the same place in the little river. He felt that he must land that fish at all costs. The man who was so accustomed to handling big business deals with no nervous excitement was trembling in every limb, and putting his whole soul into stopping the rushes of that fish.

When the boy finally slipped the landing net under the fish, John Howland sat down on a rock, unnerved, perspiring and very happy. It seemed to him that the water was never so clear, the rising sun never painted the forest with such beautiful colors and he never saw a boy who could have and express sympathy, approval and good comradeship with the same feeling.

They went back to the camp, both talking at once. The fish were cleaned, and the boy soon had them in the pan sizzling and browning in a most appetizing fashion. When it was done, the boy raked Johnny cake out of the ashes, and these, with potatoes that had been baking in the same splendid oven, brought back a real boy's appetite to John Howland, who sat on a log and ate one of the most delicious meals of his life. The boy seemed to know just how to cook and serve this woodland meal. After the meal, the boy broke camp. Every item of the equipment seemed to fit in closely and well, and when finally assembled and ready for transportation, made a very small bundle. This he threw into a car of well known make, painted in more colors than the rainbow. The boy was ready to go, but he turned and looked about him at the high hills, and the tangled woods, the clear little stream, so beautiful in the waking day. All the joy of being in the out of doors was mirrored on the boy's face, as he took a final look at the entrancing picture before him.

The boy said that he had been excused from two periods at school, and must be back. He cranked up the car


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## Famous Writer of Outdoor Stories

**Every Hunter and Fisherman Reads Them—Outdoor Classics For All**

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*His Latest. Dedicated to the Izaak Walton League. Carries the real flavor of hunting in field and forest.*

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How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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*How to care for your dog.*
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CAVIES DISTRIBUTING CO., 3105 C. C. Sta., Kansas City, Mo.


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# BIG PROFITS
## Raising Silver Foxes

NO other live stock pays larger returns for the money invested. Net profits of 30% are common. There are many cases of even higher returns.

A pair of good foxes costing $1000 should bear from 2 to 6 pups in the spring of 1927. On the conservative basis of only 2 pups, there are big profits after deducting all costs. Good pelts can be sold at high prices without any difficulty.

Foxes are as easy to raise as dogs. No secrets—Sound and practical—Real opportunity for those who start now. Simply follow the experience of successful ranchers, which we can give you.

Good breeding stock and pelts are rare, but in steady demand. There cannot be enough good foxes raised in the next 30 years to supply the demand, which is constantly increasing.

**Read the book, *"How to Raise Live Silver Black Foxes."* It gives you reliable facts about profits, prices, selling, housing, feeding and breeding according to scientific methods. A copy will be mailed without obligation, to responsible persons. Write today.**

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**Ranch and Laboratory at North East, Pa.**

---

*Announcing—*
**Year Book of the Silver Fox Industry**
**1926-1927 Edition**

The Year Book will be sent free to those contemplating purchase of foxes. The aim of the American National Fox Breeders Association, in presenting this book, is to give prospective breeders accurate information about the industry and about fox raising.

**American National Fox Breeders Association**
**424 McKnight Bldg. Minneapolis**
*Official Registration Organization of the Fox Industry*

---

**QUALITY DARK BLUE FOXES**
***Silver Foxes, Interior Mink***

Ten years Breeder. Free Booklet and credit plan giving purchaser one year to pay after delivery. Representatives wanted. I have sold more Blue Foxes for Breeding purposes than any one in the world.
***The reason: Quality at Reasonable Prices.***
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---

**BIG PROFITS**
in raising Silver Black Foxes. Buy a pair of our Registered Grade I foxes and make big money. Our foxes won 10 prizes with 12 entries at the Buffalo Show. Write for prices and terms. Ask for our booklet "The Silver Fox, What It Is". It is free.
**Cass Lake Silver Black Fox Co.**
**Cass Lake, Minn.**

and with a great deal of noise and smoke disappeared up the old woods road, with a wave of his hand. As the rattle of the car died away, John Howland suddenly realized that he had been hunting for an expert on play for two years, and that he had found one, and let him get away, so quick had been the action of the acquaintance that he did not even know the boy's name. He hurried back to his office, instructed his secretary to call the High Schools and find out the name of the boy who had been excused for the two first periods, when she found his name to get the principal, and make an appointment to meet this boy. This information was soon had, and at 3:30 John Howland stood in the wide hall of the High School, in front of the principal's office. It was still and quiet. Suddenly a bell rang and the hall became filled with a quickly moving throng, clear, bright eyed girls, boys who raced along punching each other in the ribs, or mussing each other's hair. He looked intently at each, seeking the boy of his woods, until at last he saw him come along romping with two other healthy looking youngsters, each with a big letter sewn on their sweaters. The boy did not notice John Howland as he turned into the office. John Howland followed with a quick tightening about his heart, as he realized how much it would have meant if he could have claimed one of these boys as his own.

He stepped into the principal's office, gave his name to the young lady, and was ushered into the inner room, where the boy rose with a welcoming smile. John Howland introduced himself to the principal, and told of his search for an expert who could teach him to play and of his belief that this boy was the one he had been seeking.

The principal said that if anyone could do this, he felt sure Roger was the one, for he knew the secrets of the woods, and was a fine companion. John Howland turned to the boy, and said, "I am an old man and maybe hard to teach, but I will appreciate any trouble I may be to you." The boy laughed and replied that anyone who took catching a fish so seriously would be easy to teach, and they closed the bargain, with a clasp of their hands.

The first step was the purchase of equipment, and the two were soon walking down the aisles of the same store into which John Howland had wandered, but with so different an at-

---

**Wild Rabbits**

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Any number in season for restocking or coursing. Now is the time to get your rabbits for restocking, they will become acquainted with their surroundings and therefore will breed earlier in the spring. Live arrival guaranteed. My prices will interest you.

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35 Pairs of Breeders,
31 Pairs of Prize Winners.
Grand Show Champions!
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*The Oldest Ranch in the U. S.*
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Send *now* for this interesting book telling how a beginner started small in backyard with no money, now has a $30,000 plant, ships 150 barrels squabs yearly, paid $75 to $100 a barrel. You can do the same. Price of book is 50c but we will mail it to you for names and addresses of four of your friends and your own. Ask for Book No. Three.

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MAKE BIG MONEY
Mr. Drew made $126.00 from only one doe in 1926. We supplied his start, full instructions and market for all he raised. Fortunes made yearly. Write for our FREE WORKING PLAN. 8634 S. FIGUEROA Los Angeles, Cal.
**PACIFIC FUR CO., INC.**

mosphere, the boy was evidently an old customer of the firm, one known and appreciated, for each clerk had a welcoming smile. He seemed to know just what John Howland needed and to enjoy purchasing a complete equipment of the best. As the purchases were made, plans for their use were discussed, and expeditions planned. As these plans were discussed John Howland found new and entrancing vistas opened before him, of tramps through the woods with this keen, interesting boy.

That evening, in his apartment, John Howland laid out the outfit, and after inspecting it carefully went to his desk, switched on the shaded lamp, drew out a small note book in which he had kept an account of the expense of his lawsuit, the stocking of the stream. His business instinct had been so strong that he hesitated about adding up the total of this expense, which ran into a considerable figure, and was so great in comparison with the value of the farm that he felt it must be charged to "profit and loss." Tonight he added up the figures, and when he found the total, he looked at it and smiled, then he stood up, and looked at his new purchases, and said, "It is worth a lot more than that to find this boy."

## Wood Smoke

(*Continued from page 65*)

star, the events of these wonderful days, and then they will turn over and go to sleep. Or when great worry depresses them, or hard work fatigues them almost beyond endurance, they will close their eyes to the walls of brick and mortar all about them and their ears to the discordant noises of shop and mill and street. Again they will see a gray mountainside and a shining stream running along its foot. Again they will hear the splash of trout and the vesper song of the Wilson thrush. Again sweet wood smoke will be in their nostrils and the sound of running water in their ears. Then their backs will straighten, their shoulders will square, and they will be filled with new courage —a courage born of the mountain and the stream.

The Izaak Walton League has a number of great purposes, but the greatest of these is to save the streams, not only for the men that go fishing, but for the thousands of others that love the outdoors. In the last fifty years I have seen many fine streams despoiled by the greed and the indifference of men, their fish killed and their natural beauty destroyed. Streams that should have been things of beauty and a joy forever, have become things of ugliness and a reproach forever. I have seen so much of this that I finally despaired that things were ever to be better. Now I have pinned my faith to the Izaak Walton League. If it should fail, all hope is gone. But it will not fail, it must not fail. Sorry will be the day when men cease to know and love the smell of wood smoke and the sound of running water.


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RATES FROM $2 PER DAY
Modern, Comfortable, clean, convenient. Central. Twelve years under same owner-management.
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## *Become a Part-Owner in only* Large Cattle RANCH left in Northwest

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*And the hosses rarin' high.*
*And the punchers will be singin'*
*As in the roarin' days gone by."*

Here in the great northwest there is only one large ranch left. 94,000 acres of the choicest grazing land. 35 miles long. Plenty of water. Extends over 8 townships. The present peculiar situation in the land market together with unusual local conditions makes this tremendous tract available at the low original government price of pioneer days.

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Help preserve this heritage of the American People. Nothing expresses the Real American Spirit like the West. Remember it was the West that produced such men as Theodore Roosevelt, Will Rogers, Tex Austin, etc. No more trustworthy, devoted and faithful men can be found than the "wild and woolly" cowboy or puncher.

These men will work for you and help the properties of your company produce real profits. Real Americans are made in this country. Come out and see it for yourself. Spend your vacation here on your own ranch.

You can be a part owner for as little as $25 entire payment. Write for details and illustrated folder. Act quick.

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Read all the ads before buying; our advertisers will be happy to serve you. In writing to advertisers, please mention OUTDOOR AMERICA.


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Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

*Address: Classified Advertising Department*

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

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EVENTUALLY you will cover your springs. The McCleod Patented Spring covers are durable, effective and low priced. A quiet, easy riding car, free from spring squeaks, is the result. The Morris Supply Co., Wheeling, W. Va. (3-1)

## Boats and Motors

16 FOOT rowboat—easily made. Blueprint, 30c. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich. (3-2)

NEW Super-Elto. $100.00. Reason for selling, river not navigable. Theodore S. Ward, Coshocton, Ohio.

## Books and Publications

$1,000.00 PAID for clippings or short extracts on subjects of Liberty and Freedom, from world literature; will be used in our forthcoming book "The Scrap-Book of Human Freedom." Meador Publishing Company, 27 Beach, Boston. (3-2)

MUSKRAT farming now considered a profitable enterprise. Up-to-date information on fencing, farming, general care and marketing. Cloth bound, $1.75 postpaid. Earl Hummell, 1111 Seminary St., Kalamazoo, Mich. (3-3)

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O'NEILL'S Shooting Lodge. New place in the heart of Wild Fowl section of Currituck. Best Rigs and Guides. Guarantee to satisfy your sporting desires. Mrs. A. W. O'Neill & Sons, Poplar Branch, N. C. (3-1)

## Coins—Curios—Antiques

BARGAINS in United States commemorative half dollars. Columbian 69c. Lincoln $1.25. Alabama $1.15. Maine $1.35. Grant $1.23. Monroe $1.15. Huguenot $1.25. Lexington $1.15. Stone Mountain $1.15. California $1.25. Sesqui $1.25. Oregon Trail $1.25. Vancouver $1.25. Pilgrim 3c Nickel and bargain price list 10c. Arcie, Box 483, Muskogee, Okla. (3-2)

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27¢. $½ - size, 53¢. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10¢. Norman Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

$2 TO $500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

DEN Curios, Old Arms, Prehistoric Indian stone relics. Rare Indian beaded trappings. Everything for den. Large lists ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-3)

PEWTER, china, glass, pottery, samplers, cameos, silhouettes, colored prints, maps, candle sticks. Lists free. Antique Store, 8 F South 18, Philadelphia.

50,000 COINS, medals, bills. Lists free. Nagy, 8 D South 18, Philadelphia.

## Decoys

FOR Call Ducks and all varieties Standard prize Waterfowl, Bantams, Guineas, etc., write Lee Kyburz, Lake Beulah, Wisconsin. 230 Blue Ribbons, Best Displays, Wisconsin State Fair, 1926. Satisfaction guaranteed. (3-2)

LIVE decoys for sale or exchange. $3.00 pair. F. F. Meadows, Homer, La.

## Dogs

### Airedales

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Oorang Airedales trained as watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers, and stock-drivers. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $25.00 to $35.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-2)

### Beagles

BEAGLES of good type and best field breeding, backed by twenty years of winners, some well broken, others well started. All registered. Write your wants. Mondamin Beagles, Box C, DeKalb, Ill. (3-2)

PEDIGREED English Beagle pups, 5 to 6 months old, Ch. Wolver Sapper, Ch. Uncle Sam blood lines. Also trained rabbit dogs. Prices reasonable. D. J. Miller, Rt. 2, Shreve, Ohio. (3-2)

BEAGLE puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible to registration. $15.00 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-1)

REGISTERED beagles. Well trained and fine young stock. V. Hershey, Orrville, Ohio. (3-1)

BEAGLES—Shooting dogs; partly trained youngsters and puppies. All A. K. C. stock. Buena Vista Beagles, Storm Lake, Iowa. (3-2)

BEAGLE pups. Males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-1)

### Bull Dogs

FOR Sale. Boston puppies and brood matrons, from fancy show stock, eligible to A. K. C. Reasonable prices. Harry Johnson, Olin, Iowa.

ENGLISH Bull puppies from England's royal blue blood. Catalogue ten cents. Triangle Kennels, Box 9, Jackson Center, Ohio. (3-3)

FOR Sale. Beautiful thoroughbred white Bull dogs. $5.00 to $50.00. Colwell Hatchery, Smith Center, Kansas. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

### Chesapeakes

FOR Sale. Thoroughbred Chesapeake puppies of bench winning stock. At stud, McIntyres Brownie Mack. Real dead grass grand champion. Yellow Lake Lodge Kennels, Webster, Wis. (3-3)

I HAVE in my care to dispose of a kennel of high class Chesapeakes, pups and broke dogs, all pedigreed. Priced where I am going to sell them. Act quick. Ross Stobbart, Chariton, Ia.

### Dalmatians

CHOICE coach puppies, good bone, sturdy, well marked. Eligible to registration. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-2)

## Dogs

### Hounds

LOOK! Look! Gentlemen! Here is your chance to buy a real coon dog. I am offering you my old reliable coon dog. He is four years old, breeding Kentucky English strain, good looking, O. K. in every respect, open trailer, good tree barker, all night hunter, rabbit, fox and stock proof, will trail tree in swimming water. First $55.00 gets him on 15 days trial. Reference First National Bank, Murray, Ky. A. F. Doran, Murray, Kentucky. (3-2)

MERRITT hounds. Developed by years of careful and experienced selection from the finest type of the gamest hunting, surest cold trailing, steadiest driving, stubbornest staying, most melodious voiced, real long-eared old-time foxhounds that the early settlers used for everything from bunnies to bears. One dime for illustrated, descriptive booklet. Address: Merritt Bros., Route No. 2, Nichols, N. Y.

FOR Sale: My coonhound, Raleigh, good as roams the woods, four years old, full blooded hound, wide hunter, and true tree barker, rabbit, fox and stock proof. I pay all express charges and ship C. O. D. $50.00, 30 days' trial. Money deposited with your agent. Bob Sanderson, Box No. 261, Mayfield, Ky.

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $15.00 to $35.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-2)

COON hunters, I offer you my old reliable coon hound, he is four years old and of the best stock, fox, rabbit, and stock proof. Loud musical voice, ranges wide, trails cold tracks, runs a hot track fast, puts his feet on the tree the coon climbed and stays there until you get to him. Clear of blemishes and diseases. I will pay the express on him at $75.00. Ray Moody, Paris, Tennessee. (3-2)

LOOK! Look! Rabbit hunters, I offer you for sale my pair of rabbit hounds. They are 2 ½ years old, good as ever ran a trail, full-blooded hounds, breeding bird song and red bone, medium size, extra good lookers; neither man nor gun shy. Will ship anywhere on 15 days trial. First $35.00 gets them C. O. D. Reference, First National Bank, Murray, Kentucky. A. F. Doran, Murray, Ky. (3-2)

STOP! Stop! Important! Coon hunters, for sale my still trailing coon dog. He is four years of age, all night hunter, good tree barker, rabbit, fox and stock proof, ship anywhere for $60.00 on 15 days trial. Also my three year old squirrel dog, on 15 days trial for $30.00. He is as good as ever lived. Reference First National Bank, Murray, Kentucky. A. F. Doran, Murray, Kentucky. (3-2)

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

FOR Sale—Coon, Opossum, Skunk, Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Your express agent holds your money while you try dog. Coon Hound Kennels, Box 401, Paris, Tenn. (3-2)

TRAINED hounds—Pedigreed coon, cat, bear, deer, wolf, fox and rabbit hounds. Pups that make good with little training. Sharon Kennels, W. J. Lytle, Prop., Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

FOR Sale. Fox, rabbit and tree hounds. Cheap, broke and unbroke. Write for prices. Bert Halbrook, Tower Hill, Ill. (3-1)

TRAINED stag hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-1)

ONE 6 year Fox and Wolf hound. Cold trailer, rabbit and stock proof. $75.00. F. G. Klett, LaValle, Wis. (3-3)

## Dogs

### Hounds—Continued

CAT, Coon, Bear, Lion Hounds for sale. Experienced, Western tree dogs that tree and stay. E. Essex, Victoryway at 130th St., Seattle, Washington. (10x26)

RUSSIAN wolf-hound pups. Sired by Mrs. Cluston's Famous Dog. Dam—also show dog. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. I. A. Anderson, Stanhope, Iowa.

COON, Opossum, Skunk, and Rabbit hounds. Black and tan, blueticks and redbones. Trial; prices reasonable. Joe Sarver, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-2)

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

BEAGLES, rabbit hounds, cheap, trial. C. O. D. Approval. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL Rabbit hound puppies from real hunters, $10.00 each. Lloyd Styron, Nakiague C. G. S., Amagansett, New York. (3-2)

COON, skunk, rabbit, fox hounds, fur finders. No trash. Free trial. V. Langdon, Dressor, Ill. (3-1)

FOR Sale. Hunting hounds. Cheap. Ten days' trial. J. D. Burrus, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-2)

HUNTING hounds. Sold on trial. Descriptive price list free. J. E. Adams, Montgomery City, Missouri. (3-2)

THREE A-1 coon, skunk and opossum hounds. Trial. Reasonable. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (4-1)

FOR Sale. Fox, wolf, deer, coon, opossum, skunk and rabbit dogs. Guaranteed. A. F. Cooper, Knob Creek, Arkansas.

HUNDRED hunting hounds. Cheap. Supply catalogue. S41, Kaskennels, Herrick, Ill.

HUNTING Hounds cheap; trial. Dixie Kennels, B5, Herrick, Illinois. (3-3)

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed Leichtle, Cold Spring, Ky. (3-2)

### Labradors

REGISTERED Labrador Retrievers. Bred from best hunting stock obtainable. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-1)

LABRADOR retriever puppies. Sire and dam real duck dogs. Frank Leaders, Papillion, Nebr. (3-1)

### Miscellaneous Dogs

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox, and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (9x26)

FOR Sale—Great Dane puppies and two fine brood matrons. One dark golden brindle, other light fawn brindle. Male puppies, blacks and brindles. N. S. Vial, Hazelhill Farm Kennels, La Grange, Illinois. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Dachshunds, pedigreed, imported and native stock. Grown dogs and puppies for sale. Mrs. Joseph B. Riess, 296 South Watkins St., Memphis, Tenn. (3-2)

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland; also St. Bernard puppies. Pedigreed. Wonderful pet and guard for baby. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Indiana.

BEAGLES, Rabbit Hounds, Coon Hounds, Setters, Pointers, Toy Dogs, Rabbits, Pigeons. Catalog, 10c. Lester Brown, White Hall, Md.

POLICE—Russian Wolf Hound—St. Bernards. State wants. Springdale Kennels, 1019 Madison, Memphis, Tenn.

HOUNDS and bird dogs. Trial. Guaranteed. Three States Kennels, Somerset, Ky. (3-3)

FOR SALE. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-1)

FOR Sale: German Shepherds and wire-haired Fox Terriers. Ray R. Shepherd, Bicknell, Indiana. (6-2)

## Dogs

### Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

FOX Terriers, Collies, bulldogs, Pretty Puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2)

HUNTING; Toy; Police, Strongheart blood; Wolfhounds. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

IRISH setter and police pups. Bred right and priced right. H. McDowell, Grove City, Pa.

### Newfoundlands

FOR registered black and black and white Newfoundland puppies, write to Lieblein, Dodge, N. Dak. (3-2)

NEWFOUNDLANDS, mammouth, healthy, intelligent registered dogs; pups for sale. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies, pedigreed. Bert Carmony, Shelbyville, Ind. (3-2)

### Pointers and Setters

NATIONAL Champion Doughboy and Champion Fishel Franks blood. Three female pointers, 17 months old, whelped June 19th, 1925. Sire Doughboys Fishel Frank, son of the National Champion Doughboy and Montgomery Girl, she a daughter of Champion Fishel Frank. Dam Granddaughter of Champion De Sota Frank and Cincinnati Nat futurity winner. Price $35.00 each. Five puppies whelped April 10, 1926, sired by Doughboys Fishel Frank, dam daughter of Cincinnati Nat. Price $25.00. One male puppy whelped March 25, 1926. White and lemon, sired by Doughboys Fishels Frank. Price $25.00. One male 17 months old, whelped June 11, 1925. White, black and ticked, sire Dans Nat Son of Imp. Champion Broom Hill Dan and Nats Natilene, daughter of Cincinnati Nat. Price $35.00. All puppies sent C. O. D. Will furnish papers. J. A. Reed, Butterfield, Mo. (3-1)

PEDIGREED Irish Setter Puppies from Field Trial and Bench winning stock. Folder and prices on request. Trained, 2 ½ yrs. old, white and liver pointer dog—$50.00. Trained, 2 ½ yrs. old, white and lemon pointer bitch, good looker and good retriever, $50.00. Will ship C. O. D. 5 days' trial, you pay express if returned. T. D. McLister, Brighton, Tenn. (3-1)

TRAINED Pointer dog, 3 years old. White and liver spotted. Fast all day hunter. Retriever. Staunch on points. Good nose, $75.00. Trained Pointer bitch, 2 ½ years old. White and liver spotted. Staunch on points. Good retriever, not bred. Good nose. Bargain, $50.00. Will ship C. O. D. on five days trial. You guarantee express both ways. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

FOR Sale—Two litters of Irish Setter puppies, all dark mahogany red, from hunting stock and eligible for registration. First litter—two males, five females, whelped August 26, 1926. Second litter—three males, two females, whelped October 16, 1926. Also two brood bitches, dams of the above puppies, one six and the other three years old. Prices cheap for immediate sale. W. N. Crawford, Berlin, Wis.

FOR Sale. 100% Llewellyn puppies. Three months. Sire Mr. Speckle. Dam Frushes Dolly Danestone. $20.00 each. R. W. Funk, Casey, Ill.

IRISH Setter Pups 5 to 11 months; Champion Terry of Boyne Bud Law, Champion Bob of Down and Palmerston Connemara Grand breeding. Chip of Boyne at stud. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

REGISTERED Pointer bitch. Does it all right. Four years old. Wonderful quail dog. Two hundred dollars. Setter dog, real quail dog. Extra fine shooting dog. One fifty. These are most wonderful dogs and will please most exacting sportsman. John Hale, West Plains, Mo. (3-2)

PROMISING Irish Setter puppies. Very best blood lines. Sire and dam broken field dogs. Males $20.00, females $15.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. P. Hansen, Wagner, So. Dak. (3-2)

SETTER, male, broken grouse dog. One hundred. Pointer, high class quail dog. One hundred. Shipped approval. Valstone Kennels, West Plains, Mo.

FOR Sale: Litter of pointer puppies. Both parents registered. Champion Doughboy and Broomhill Dan breeding. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo.

## Dogs

### Pointers and Setters—Continued

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters—Finest pups $20.00. Photos, pedigrees, full description on request. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-1)

CHOICE dark red Irish Setter puppies. Grandchildren of Inter-National Champion Tyrone Larry. $25 up. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-1)

ENGLISH Setter puppies five months old. Riley Frush and Count Moring breeding. All papers. Males, $18.50; females, $15.00. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-1)

HIGH class English and Llewellyn Setters thoroughly broken. Ready for use. Also Stud. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va. (3-1)

ENGLISH and Irish Setter pups. Best of breeding. All papers. Priced right. Fred McGough, Pine River, Minn.

RARE pointer dog. Quality stud. Field trial prospect. Ideal shooting. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va. (3-1)

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35.00. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-1)

POINTERS, real bird dogs; do it all. Cheap. Trial. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md. (3-1)

### Police Dogs

FOR Sale—Thirty beautiful light, dark and silver grey police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kriminalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups, $20.00 to $30.00; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 12 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-1)

POLICE puppies, papers to register. Imported and domestic. Breeding sired by nephew of Strongheart. Grays and blacks. Females, $15.00; males, $30.00. Open and bred females. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-2)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police puppies, all colors. Sired by imported stud dogs. Best of blood lines. Price, $20.00 and up. Shipped any place on approval. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-2)

PEDIGREED Police puppies from litter of thirteen. Priced to sell quick. Chisago Lake Silver Fox Farm, Chisago City, Minn. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL German Police dogs. Handsome bitch, fearless stud, pedigreed pups, reasonable. Dog Kennels, Cumberland, Wis. (3-1)

### Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-2)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Beautiful pups from Avandale stock. For quick sale $15.00 up. Several ready to train, $35.00. Wellsway Shaggy Lad at stud, fee $20.00. H. J. Robertson, Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-2)

COCKER spaniel pups, black, eligible, from hunting stock. Sold pups that retrieved ducks at 8 months last fall. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-1)

CHAMPION bred Springer pups and grown stock. $25.00 up. Registered stud. Fee $25.00. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels—Parti colors and blacks, registered. All ages. E. L. Fuller, Medicine Lodge, Kansas. (3-1)

SPRINGER Spaniels. A fine litter. Liver and white, sired by "Chief of Iowa." Chief is a real duck dog and his puppies are workers. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-3)

CLOSING out. High class Springer Spaniels. Pups, $15 to $25. Grown dogs, $35 and up. Best blood lines. Papers furnished. J. F. Meyer, Chadron, Nebr. Box 467.

WATER Spaniel Pups, half Irish, half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15. Females, $10. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-3)

## Dogs

### Spaniels—Continued

COCKER Spaniel Puppies. Finest blood lines. If interested in something good, write, H. M. Butler, Villard, Minn.

SPRINGER pups from imported stock. Best working blood in existence. O. V. Brown, Dawson, Minn. (3-2)

FOR Sale. Irish Water Spaniels. Genuine curly coated rat tail strain. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-3)

IRISH Spaniels for sale at all times. John Resheske, Redgranite, Wis.

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel pups for sale cheap. D. Ackley, Cattaraugus, N. Y.

### Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

FOXTERRIERS. Registered. Make fine pets, ratters, companions, hunters. Mostly white bodied puppies, $10.00 up. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-2)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

RAT terriers—Fox terriers. Illustrated lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-2)

SCOTTISH Terriers. Pedigreed. Best of breeding. Harry Woods, Dublin, Indiana.

### Trainers—Dogs

WANTED field trial and shooting dogs to train by month or job. Reference with pleasure. J. B. Jefferies, Ripley, Miss. (3-1)

SPANIEL Training—field trials or shooting dog—my specialty. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-3)

## Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and fcund as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

AT last, sure, simple home cure for running fits. Over a thousand cases in last six months with only one loss. Full information two dollars. Money back if you don't get results. W. Nichols, Moose Lake, Minn.

MARNEY'S worm capsules—for puppies or dogs—$1.00 a package. 400 Broadway, East St. Louis, Ill. (3-3)

## Firearms and Ammunition

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser & Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston.

THE OVR/UNDA gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston, Mass.

FLINTLOCK pistols, rifles, swords, daggers. Lists free. Collectors Exchange, 1536 Willington, Philadelphia.

GUNSMITHING—Skilled work. Restocking, rebuilding, transforming. J. J. Henry, Mason, Ill.

RE-BLUE or brown your guns, rifles, etc., at home, small cost. Factory formula mailed for $1.00. E. Simons, Dane, Wis. (3-1)

## Food Products

WHITE clover honey, extra fine grade, five and ten-pound pails, 15c pound; 60-pound cans, $7.50. Lee Waller, Durand, Ill. (3-1)

PANCAKE season is here. You need real Maple Syrup. I've got some for you. Bob Blackman, Neillsville, Wisconsin. (3-1)

ELEVEN pounds Pure Maple Syrup, $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Birchwood, Wis. (3-1)

## Fish and Game Attractions

TERRELL'S Giant Wild Rice seed and 35 other plants for attracting game and fur-bearing animals. 30 years experience. Expert planting advice free. Discount on orders placed during winter. Write, Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 51 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

## Fishing Tackle and Bait

FAN and spent wing trout flies made to order. Leonard Halladay, Mayfield, Mich. (3-3)

## For Smokers

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 fine cigarettes. Large pocket tin Special Blend smoking tobacco also sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 3, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-3)

CIGARS, Jack Miner registered brand, one hundred in handsome Log Cabin Box. Mild, real good quality. Many use box for bird houses. Postpaid $4.35. Hahn Cigar Co., Bay City, Mich. (3-2)

HOMESPUN tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, 90c prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-2)

## Game Birds and Animals

STOP—Read—1926 silver black fox pups. Also adults and proven breeders. Wonderful quality with right prices. Our stock is from prize winners and of the best blood lines obtainable in Canada. We own an eighty-five pair ranch, the largest and finest in Ohio. Let us give you our prices before buying elsewhere. Also have Raccoon, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Pheasants, Waterfowls and Grouse for sale. Hubers Reliable Silver Black Fox and Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (8x26)

TEN THOUSAND Bob White Quail, $2.00 each, for Feb., March and April delivery. Five thousand Quail eggs, 50 cents each. May and June. One thousand native Wild Turkeys (brown tipped feathers). Price $17.50 each. January delivery. Two hundred native Virginia White Tail deer, $50.00 each. English Ringneck Pheasants, $3.00 each, for immediate shipment. Above game subject to prior sale. Prices, F. O. B. my shipping point. Dr. Frank Kent, Box 428, San Antonio, Texas. (3-1)

SPORTSMEN that like fun, fur farming and farthings will do well by getting in touch with me. I raise heavy prize-winning Wausau Strain Standard Eastern Silver Black Foxes. 1927 pup contracts now open. Priced right. Dr. K. W. Baker, Owen, Wis. (3-2)

FOXES: The Northland Fox Exchange of Houghton, Mich., can save purchasers of silver black foxes big money. They watch conditions and represent breeders in some of the best fox breeding states. Write them. (3-2)

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

FOR Sale—Registered Silver Black Fox Pups, adults and proven breeders. Get our circular and selling plan before buying. Twentieth Century Silver Black Fox Co., Box B, New Washington, Ohio. (3-1)

BEST Coyote scent formula on earth, several best trap-set drawings; $1.00. 100 sets of good scent free with order. Trapper Bill, Kimama, Idaho. (3-2)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-4)

SILVER Foxes, Chinchilla Rabbits, Pigeons, Mink, Muskrat. Tell me how you are situated and I'll show you how to make big profits. Conrad's, 721 California Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-1)

## Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

SKUNKS easily raised. Bred females for sale. Also raccoons, minks. Instructive, interesting, descriptive catalog, 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minn. (3-1)

THOROUGHBRED Roller Canaries. Choice breeding stock. Guaranteed full-note singers. Frank Caduff, 317 16th Ave., Newark, N. J. (3-1)

SPORTSMEN: Hunt Clubs. I sell wild cotton tail, jack and snow shoe rabbits, grey and fox squirrels. Quail for stocking purposes. B. F. Tarman, Quincy, Pa.

SCENTLESS—Live Skunks, Split-Caps, Star-Blacks, Stripes, Bred Females for sale; Foxes, Coons, Opossums, Rabbits. Lester Brown, White Hall, Md.

PEAFOWLS, choice breeders, 4 years old, $40.00 per pair, $65.00 per trio. Limited amount. Send cash. Pat. Ator, West, Texas.

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, stock, hatching eggs. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (6-6)

GAME cocks, dead game fighters. W. E. Forrister, Framingham, Mass. (3-3)

SILVER foxes. Get my booklet. Write, Fred Alger, Waukau, Wis. (3-3)

FERRETS. Hand trained. Tame. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-3)

ALL kinds wild geese, ducks and brants, also Pheasants and English Call Ducks. Write, Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-2)

FOR Sale. Foxes, raccoon, muskrats, rabbits, mink, ferrets, opossums, skunks, squirrels. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minn. (3-1)

FERRETS. First class rat and vermin hunters. C. E. Crow, New London, Ohio. R. 3. (3-1)

GENUINE little English call ducks. Good callers. Japanese silky bantams. Audley Russell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-1)

PHEASANTS — Mongolian, Silver, Golden, Lady Amherst, Melanotus, Linneated. Robinson Brothers, Aldershot, Ontario, Canada. (3-2)

PHEASANTS — Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-2)

SPORTSMEN: I sell wild cotton tail, rabbits, squirrels, wild turkey, quail for stocking purposes. Tarman, Quincy, Penn. (3-2)

## Help Wanted

MEN, get forest ranger job; permanent; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap, etc.; experience unnecessary. For details write Norton, 236 McMann, Denver, Colo. (3-2)

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other govt. positions. Write for particulars. Mokane, A-37, Denver, Cclo. (12-7)

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (3-1)

MEN wanting U. S. mail or forest ranger jobs, $125-$225 monthly; steady; experience unnecessary; details free. A. Bradford, 112 Bergen, Jersey City, N. J. (3-3)

## Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

INDIAN beaded moccasins—genuine leather. State size. $2.00 and $2.50. Indian herb tablets, blood and liver regulator, $1.00 per box; sample, 10c. Fred Barth, 400 South 6th Street, Quincy, Ill.

## Miscellaneous

RHEUMATISM, neuritis—why suffer? Ancient Hindu remedy gives amazing results. Safe home treatment discovered and prepared by prominent college chemist. Effective chronic cases. Mr. C. H. Livers, Columbus, O., writes: "Your treatment has given me wonderful results." Recovery guaranteed or money refunded. Order complete treatment, $1.50. Write Prof. Guha, Box L-166, Huntington, Indiana. (3-1)

SALMON and trout fishing, also elk and stag shooting, interesting offers on application. Reliable information and service from experienced salmon fisher. Personally shot 76 elks. Best references. Bernhd Brekke, Trondhjem, Norway. Established 1880. (12-10)

MINERALS, ores, rock specimens. For outdoorsmen, prospectors, Boy Scouts. Special $3.00 and $5.00 educational field collections; attractive, compact. Catalog free. Southern Mineral Supply Company, Lexington, Ky. (3-2)

SURE Method for $1, to bring raccoon from tree, without cutting, shooting or climbing. Two methods of driving foxes, rabbits and skunks from den without digging or smoking. Printed instructions. J. W. Hine, Orson, Pa. (3-1)

TRAPPERS attention—Use modern methods. Take skunks and other fur-bearers from dens without traps, smoke, water or digging. Instructions 50c. David Amstutz, Ransom, Kan. (3-2)

COLLECTIONS—Make 'em pay—My system will make them pay their bills. Write for the acid test. Literature free. Burleigh L. Horr, Horr and Omelia Block, Rhinelander, Wis. (3-2)

WOLF and Coyote exterminator capsules, with formula and instructions. Got 9 coyotes 1 night, brought $121.50. Free circular. George Edwards, Livingston, Montana. (3-1)

DR. M. B. PETRIE, Specialist in the medical treatment of Gallstones. Address, Rock Island, Ill. (3-1)

HIGH Blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-2)

DOG owners. Mailing list for sale. Hulse, Patchogue, N. Y. (3-1)

GLASS eyes for all purposes. Schoepfer, 16-18 West 36th St., New York. (3-2)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

MEXICAN made pistol holsters; cartridge belts; lariats; carved holsters and belts; horse hair articles. Ingersoll Leather Co., 324 Fannin, Houston, Texas. (3-3)

HIGH boots won't leak. Used pair dozen years. Good yet. Get formula. Dollar. Guaranteed. F. Rudat, Box 236, Columbus, Nebr. (3-3)

FORTUNES in mines and minerals. Ore specimen free. Minerals identified, $1.00. Buskett, Assayer, Joplin, Mo. (3-3)

NEW poison kills coyotes instantly. One dozen baits free. Trapper Bill, Kimama, Idaho. (3-3)

QUIT tobacco easily, inexpensively. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-3)

## Music and Musical Instruments

VIOLINS, deep, mellow, soulful—on credit. Easy terms for wonderful instrument. Get details today. Gustav M. Henning, 2424 Gaylord St., Denver, Colo. (3-3)

## Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

## Photography—Cameras

MODERN Photography in all its branches now taught by mail. New, successful method Write for particulars and unusual offer, open for short time. International Studios, Inc., Dept. 7172, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (12-1)

VALUABLE instructions on trick photography 25c. Art catalog free. Victor Matusek, 1518 West 21st St., Chicago. (3-2)

## Poultry

PLANS for Poultry Houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 105, Indianapolis, Ind. (4-4)

## Printing and Stationery

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-3)

## Rabbits

WILD Rabbits—Cottontails and Jacks, any number, priced right. Place orders early, live delivery. Earl Johnson, Rago, Kansas. (3-1)

PEDIGREED Flemish Giants, guaranteed. Close Rabbit Farm, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-3)

## Real Estate

SEIZED and sold for taxes: 2 acres on Georgian Bay, $40.50; 12½ acres, Muskoka, $43.20; 50 acres hunting camp, $63.90; 50 acres, lake front, $142.20; 100 acres, hunting and trapping, $94.50; 200 acres, fine sporting property, $250.00. These prices are not first payments, or price per acre, but the total amount asked. Also beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps for moose, deer, caribou, ducks, partridge, trout, whitefish, bass, etc., best in North America. Summer cottage sites, farms, heavily wooded tracts, acreages large and small, for pleasure and investment, all offered at ten cents on the dollar of their value, and on easy monthly payments of $5 and upwards. Illustrated list describing the above, and hundreds of other properties seized and sold for taxes, mailed free on request. Send no money. Send for a list at once, so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, Room 606, 72 Queen Street, West, Toronto, 2, Ontario, Canada.

FOR Sale. Lake shore home. Nearly one acre of land. A beautiful piece of ground covered with matured trees. Pines. Arbor Vitaes. Hickory Catalpas and Larches. About 25,000 square feet of lawn. Shrubbery and flowers well placed. Garage with heat. Completely furnished, all modern, bungalow, 6 rooms and bath. Hot water heating plant. Hot and cold soft water. Fresh drinking water. Electric refrigeration and range. All cooking utensils. Beautiful fireplace. Radio. All furniture and rugs. First class. 3 miles from city of 50,000 in Southern Wisconsin. Price, $27,500.00. If interested write, Box 11, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

HUNTING preserve for sale in the best hunting section on South Carolina coast, 5,000 acres. Good duck, quail, turkey, deer and fox hunting. Excellent black bass fishing during winter season. Has been well protected from poachers. Located six miles from good town on State Highway. Five miles river frontage. Good proposition for club. Price reasonable considering location and value of property. Terms very liberal. Also several small preserves in same section containing 700 to 1,500 acres. No idle inquiries desired. For full information address Box 528, c/o Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. ***

FLORIDA: Own your own winter home in Minneola "Heart o' the Hills" located on Beautiful Lake Minneola, one of the fourteen hundred lakes of Lake Co. Home of the giant Large Mouth Bass. Shaded lots with running water and electric lights; within 2 blocks of lake and four from post office, directly across the street from the winter home of Mr. Heddon of Dowagiac fishing tackle fame. Special prices and terms to bona fide home builders. H. K. Stokes, Minneola, Fla.

BEST duck shooting plantation on Cooper River, South Carolina. Only six miles from railroad. Two completely rebuilt brick houses with bath and artesian water, surrounded on all sides by the finest duck shooting in the United States. Good upland shooting, deer, quail and turkey. All banks in first class condition in every way. Price, $50,000. Dr. J. H. Marshall, 44 Court St., Brooklyn, New York, Owner. (3-3)

OWN your summer home—Beautiful Lake Northern Minnesota, bordering Itasca State Park. Large Lots $125 upwards, on terms. Write for literature. Guy E. Chinn, 1534 Searle St., Des Moines, Iowa. (3-1)

ONE hundred twenty-seven acre Southern Wisconsin dairy farm, with nice lake frontage, $200.00 per acre. O. Coburn, Whitewater, Wis. (3-1)

## Real Estate—Cont'd

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-1)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

OLD country hotel, in Maine woods, seven miles Moosehead Lake, 140 acres, good hunting, fishing near. $16,000.00. Guy Crockett, Guilford, Maine. Reference, Guilford Trust Co.

FOR Sale—320 acre relinquishment—irrigated—machinery, stock, hay, household furniture, etc., included. Emma L. Fullner, Box 297, Idaho Falls, Idaho. (3-3)

## Stamp Collecting

QUALITY approval of 1c net stamps. Omar Hartman, 3803 Humboldt St., Denver, Colo. (3-2)

BUY stamps from Cole's Approvals. They satisfy. Cole, 3019 Wallace Street, Chicago. (3-1)

PENNY approvals that Satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-2)

## Taxidermy

GAME Hunter: Life-like taxidermy. To be sure to get your trophies mounted true to nature, they should be mounted by Professor Stainsky. Skins made from your own skins by Master Furrier. Stainsky Fur Taxidermy Co., Colorado Springs, Colo. Our famous Chamois Tanning has no equal. (3-1)

FOR Sale. Rare newly mounted 37 point woodland Caribou head, double boon palms, a wonderful, perfect head. Mounted Elk and Deer heads. Antelope heads. Mountain sheep heads. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-3)

FOR Sale. Two large newly mounted moose heads, wide palms, perfect heads in every way. Reasonable prices. Reference, 2 years advertising in this magazine. Edwin Dixon, Canada's Leading Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-3)

TAXIDERMY and fur work of distinction. Taxidermists' order work. Tanning. Write for illustrated catalog, skinning instructions. Jones, Naturalist, Bainbridge, N. Y. (2-1)

WANTED—First class man for tanning department. No amateurs. The Clearfield Taxidermy Co., Clearfield, Pa. (3-1)

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ALL kinds of seedlings for reforestation. Deciduous or evergreen. Nursery grown. Full line of fruit trees, shrubs, roses and plants. Low prices. Catalogue free. Established 1858. Fremont Nursery, Fremont, Ohio. (3-3)

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100 CARBON Papers, 3 Typewriter Ribbons, highest quality, guaranteed, regular price $3.75—Special $3.00 shipped C. O. D. Nelson Carbon & Ribbon Co., Elmhurst, Ill.

## Wanted

WANTED. Old Colts and Remington Revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-3)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 71. (7-7)

## Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing", hand woven and hard-wearing. Sport Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macauley, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-1)

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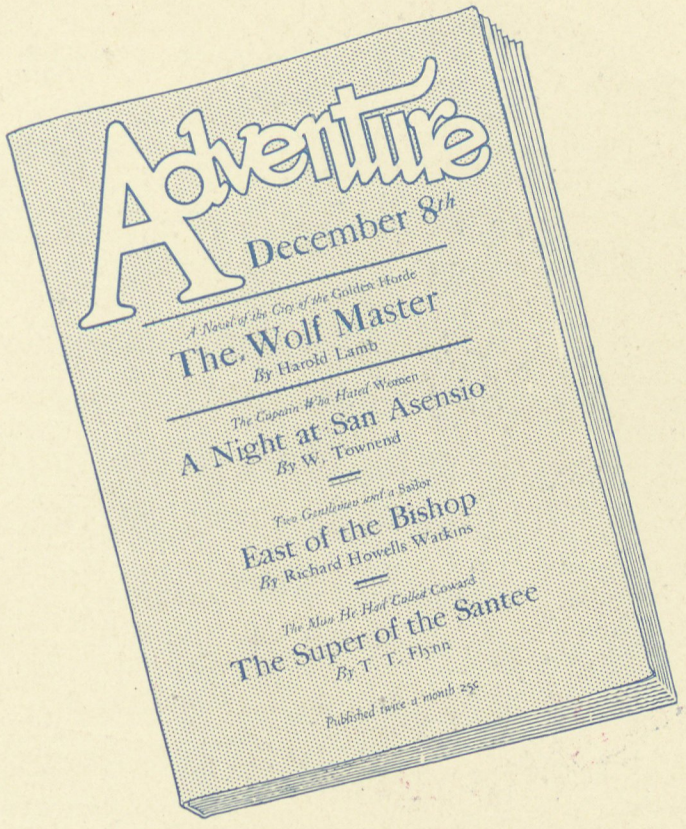
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